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The Outlook

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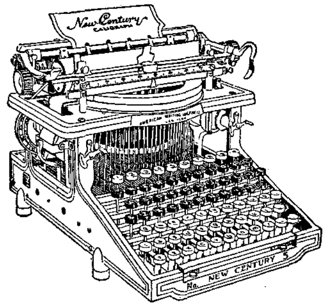

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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In part of the edition of The Outlook for November 26, page 746 was omitted and a duplicate of page 764 printed in its place. This occurred through an error in handling the plates in the printing establishment where the presswork of The Outlook is done. Readers who received the imperfect copy may obtain correct copies on application by mail or in person to the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

* * *

Dr. Abbott's Resignation The letter addressed by Dr. Lyman Abbott to his congregation, resigning the pastorate of Plymouth Church, will be found on another page, and is a full statement of his reasons for taking this step—a step which, on account of the National and historic position of Plymouth Church, is a matter of general public interest. Dr. Abbott's health is not impaired, but he finds it impossible to do justice any longer to his work while carrying the double burden of the administration of a great parish and a growing paper. Dr. Abbott will hereafter concentrate his energy and time upon his editorial work on The Outlook, of which he has been for twenty years the Editor-in-chief.

* * *

Spain Yields It is not improbable that before the end of the week the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States will have been signed. At the joint session of the Peace Commission held in Paris on Monday of this week Spain completely and finally yielded to the demands of the United States with regard to the Philippines; and as all other points named in the protocol have already been discussed and a determination reached upon each, all that really remains to be done is to put in formal and diplomatic terms the treaty itself, and to have it signed by the representatives of the two countries. The reply of Spain, presented on Monday by Señor Montero Rios, the President of the Spanish Commission, was quite brief. It said, in effect, that while the American propositions were, in Spain's opinion, inadmissible on legal principles, and not even a proper compromise, still, Spain has exhausted all diplomatic resources, and, for "reasons of patriotism and humanity, and to avoid the horrors of war, resigns herself to the power of the victor." With regard to the American offer of $20,000 000 for the Philippines, Spain's reply urges the view that this is a totally inadequate sum, and will be accepted, not as a compensation, but as a partial offset and a necessary condition of peace. No special reference was made, so far as the cable dispatches show, to the proposition of the United States with regard to the Caroline Islands or to some other minor points in the new demands presented by the American Commissioners at the last previous joint meeting. It is to be presumed, however, that in all these matters Spain will consent to the requests of the United States. After the presentation of Spain's reply the joint session of the Commission was adjourned until Wednesday of this week, when it is probable that a draft of the treaty will be submitted.

* * *

In Cuba It is now understood that the Spanish Commission in Cuba will formally turn over Havana to the United States authorities on Christmas Day. Some progress has been made in the evacuation of the island by Spain, and at least one military province, that of Holguin, has already been evacuated. The Spanish soldiers have been paid some part of the money due them, and in consequence there have been no further mutinous demonstrations. The Cuban forces are reported to be gradually diminishing as the men return to their homes, but there has been no formal disbanding. The Commission appointed by the recent Congress of Insurgents to put their views as to the future of Cuba before President McKinley and the United States is now in this country, headed by General Calixto Garcia. The members of the Commission declare that they represent the universal sentiment among the native Cubans in accepting gratefully the aid of the United States, and in trusting implicitly to the promise of the United States that a free and independent government should sooner or later be established in Cuba; they deny absolutely that there is any considerable Cuban desire for annexation. Reports continue to show that there is terrible distress in the country districts in Cuba. Readers of The Outlook who wish to assist in relieving this distress are advised to write for circulars of information to the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, Treasurer of the Relief Fund of the Cuban Central Relief Committee, 45 Ferry Street, New York. Distribution of food sent from this country by the Government took place last week under the direction of Mr. C. W. Gould, counsel to the American Evacuation Commission at Mariano.

* * *

Porto Rico and the Navigation Laws The New York "Evening Post," on the same page and in parallel columns, speaks of the "closed door" in Porto Rico and of the "open door" in the Philippines. The second column should have sufficed to correct the mistake of the first. On the significance of the open door in the Philippines we have commented editorially in another column. What the "Evening Post" calls the "closed door" in Porto Rico is simply the announcement of the President that the navigation laws of the United States are applied to the ports of Porto Rico. We are inclined to agree with the "Evening Post" in calling these laws "mediæval." We think they sorely need revision; but the work of revising laws is one which, under our Constitution, belongs to Congress, not to the President; and as Porto Rico, under our treaty with Spain, is now a part of the United States, and its coast is really a United States coast, the President has no option but to apply to the ports of that coast the law which in terms is applicable to the entire coast of the United States. It is true that the treaty is not yet ratified, and Porto Rico is therefore not, in one sense, annexed; but, pending the action of the Senate, the President is bound to apply provisionally the laws of Congress to an island which is provisionally subject to those laws. The policy and purpose of the Federal Government in dealing with the islands which are not annexed to the United States is sufficiently clearly indicated by the proposed treaty with Spain respecting the commercial relations of the Philippines.

* * *

The Army Investigation If any of our readers have not happened to see Colonel Roosevelt's testimony before the Army Commission, they should by all means make a point of obtaining it and reading it in its entirety. We say this, not only because of the value of Colonel Roosevelt's narrative as bearing on the points under investigation by the Commission, but also because it is an extremely picturesque, stirring, straightforward tale of personal experience. Just as it stands it would make an exceedingly good magazine article, quite the equal of most of those being printed. Colonel Roosevelt, as might be expected, talked without a trace of pessimism or of carping. At the same time, as might also be expected, he did not hesitate to speak plainly about actual facts. Very important was his suggestion that the army should be exercised in peace as well as in war; if, for instance, he argued, an army of 10,000 or 15,000 men were marched once a year from, say, San Antonio to Galveston and then embarked for Cuba, this would give a practical lesson in handling troops which would make us in the future prepared for war emergencies. As to the experiences of the Rough Riders in the field, Colonel Roosevelt testified that at Tampa there was a great deal of avoidable confusion; at first rations were not good; no one pointed out the place for camping, and "I had to take matters into my own hands so as to get my horses watered and fed and get provisions for my troops;" in answer to a question whether he was reimbursed for outlay then made in buying supplies, Colonel Roosevelt characteristically answered, "Oh, Lord, no! that was a personal matter entirely." The general situation at Tampa was described as having "a good deal of higgledy-piggledy business" about it. When the time came to go to Cuba, again the officers were thrown on their own resources, and the Rough Riders would never have gone if they had not gone on their transport in advance of orders. Among the defects noted in Cuba were: the issuing of canned fresh beef without salt, so that the beef "nauseated the men;" the absence of any means of boiling water; lack of transportation; refusal of the quartermasters to sell vegetables for the use of the men, so that Colonel Roosevelt had to buy "as large a quantity of beans as my elastic conscience would allow me to say could be used by the officers;" heavy flannel shirts "such as I would use in Montana in the fall;" other clothing inferior to the Spanish clothing; lack of smokeless powder; insufficient medical supplies; and (on the transport coming back) no ice, insufficient disinfectants, insufficient medical attendance, and bad drinking-water. Colonel Roosevelt gave a clear idea of the fundamental trouble when he said, speaking of getting food, "It was a case of every individual rustling for himself and not the Government rustling for him;" similar phrases describe what was done by the Rough Riders in many other ways. Those who know the full history of the campaign know that the splendid record of the Rough Riders is very largely due to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt and other officers did, in truth, "rustle" for the men constantly and energetically. Thus, he told the Commission, "We got from the Red Cross, and purchased with our own money, supplies that we could not get from the Government." No questions were asked by the members of the Commission about the immediate circumstances that led to the drawing up of the famous "round robin" said to have been penned by Colonel Roosevelt, nor about the letter on the same subject printed under his own name. It is interesting to note, however, that the witness more than once referred to a letter, or report, sent by him to the War Department, and urged the Commission to get this report and embody it in their record. It is certainly to be hoped that this report in some form will be given to the public.

❀

Secretary Long's Report Secretary Long's report is naturally chiefly occupied with an account of the naval history of the war with Spain, which, as the Secretary says, has, for the first time since the rehabilitation of the navy, put it to a supreme test. With absolute truth the Secretary comments: "Years of patient, persistent training and development had brought it to a point of high efficiency, which resulted in the unparalleled victories at Manila and Santiago—victories which have given the names of our naval commanders world-wide fame, and added an additional page to the glorious naval history of our country." We need not here analyze or summarize the historical narrative contained in the report, the chief facts of which are familiar to our readers. One point which is not fully explained is the curious conduct of Admiral Schley before and after the arrival of his squadron at Santiago. Every one has the fullest confidence in Admiral Schley's courage and ability, but the public should have a fuller explanation of his insistence in leaving Santiago unguarded in order to coal his ships elsewhere. Secretary Long includes in his report extracts from a dispatch from Admiral Schley which declares, under date of May 28: "Much to be regretted, cannot obey orders of department. Have striven earnestly; forced to proceed for coal to Key West by way of Yucatan Passage. Cannot ascertain anything respecting enemy positive." Asterisks show that several passages in this letter have been omitted by the Secretary. Of special importance as relating to the future history of the navy are the recommendations for the building of new ships. These include three each of battle-ships, armored cruisers, and protected cruisers, to be respectively of 13,500, 12,000, and 6,000 tons each, and six sheathed and coppered cruisers of 2,500 tons each. The total cost of these ships will be about $37,000,000, exclusive of armor and armament, which will cost about $13,000,000. Secretary Long bases his belief in the need of this increase upon what is almost the certainty of our occupying the Philippines; if we do not, he thinks that three new armored cruisers will suffice.

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Territorial Affairs The report of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Bliss, is an exceptionally thorough document. The portion devoted to Indian affairs puts present conditions clearly before the public. The total Indian population of the country is stated approximately at 262,000, or very nearly the estimated number when the country was first explored. Over 80,000 belong to the Five Civilized Tribes or to the Indian population of New York State. Under the act of 1887 providing for the allotment of land in severalty to Indians, 55,000 allotments have been made, averaging a little over a hundred acres each. The Indian appropriation for the present fiscal year aggregates $7,600,000, or nearly $150 for each Indian family. While our Indian policy has been despotic, it has not been niggardly. In regard to education the report states that there are now over 24,000 Indian children attending schools—an increase of seven per cent. over 1897. With respect to our Territories, the Secretary summarizes the reports made by their Governors. All of them claim a rapid increase in population during the past year of prosperity in the West. The Governor of New Mexico estimates the population of that Territory at 283,000, and states that 150,000 children are now enrolled in its public schools. He claims that, owing partly to the school and partly to new population, the percentage of illiteracy has been reduced from forty-four in 1890 to twenty-one to-day, and that the percentage unable to speak English has been reduced from sixty-one to fifteen. The Governor of Oklahoma reckons the present population of that commonwealth at 333,000, or six times the population of Wyoming and more than that of even Vermont. The rapid increase in the population of Oklahoma and New Mexico, coupled with the substantial Republican majorities polled in both at the recent election, makes it possible that one or both will receive Statehood from the newly elected Congress. Such, of course, is their demand.

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Tax-Dodging Vermont has narrowly escaped becoming a Botany Bay for tax-dodgers. The Governor of this commonwealth recently proposed a measure designed to draw rich people from other States by allowing a board of tax-examiners to make thirty-year agreements with them on condition that they became residents of Vermont. The tax agreed upon at the outset was not to be increased during the thirty-year period. Governor Smith's bill did not propose to relax the taxation of personal property belonging to bona-fide residents of the State, but merely to relax the taxation of personal property belonging to the residents of other States who would transfer their residence to Vermont. In the lower House this effort to help Vermont by embarrassing her neighbors was accepted with great unanimity, but in the Senate last week it was rejected by a vote of 15 to 14. The narrowness of the majority against it, however, indicates a danger that the vote may be reconsidered and the statute passed. If it is passed, still other States may bid against each other in a similar way, and in the end this competition for tax-dodgers may react upon Vermont. But whether it does or not, the plan has no moral justification. The moral principle underlying our present system of taxation is that every citizen should be taxed in proportion to his property. The fact that richer people, as a rule, pay a smaller rate than the middle classes is already an admitted public evil, and the step proposed in Vermont would increase it, for only the rich could take advantage of the offer. The whole system of taxing personal property needs revision, but the Vermont plan is not the one to promote justice or honesty, or the increase of the public revenues from exempt personalty. So long as personal property is taxed, every State ought to tax all the personal property existing in its own borders, and abandon the attempt to tax any personal property existing in other States. This is the system already pursued regarding real estate, and, as a result, all real estate is reached for taxation, and the conscientious owner is taxed no more than the perjurer.

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Decreased Fares vs. Increased Taxes In Milwaukee, Wis., where the Federal Court overthrew the ordinance reducing street-car fares to four cents, the street-car companies desire an extension of their franchises, and the public is considering whether to demand four-cent fares or large cash payments for the city treasury. Singularly enough, the Mayor, who was elected as the special champion of the working classes, seems to have thrown his influence on the side of cash payments instead of reduced fares. Apparently, to his mind, there is no evil in extortionate rates, provided the public receives the benefit of the extortion. If there were competition, every one knows street-car fares would probably have fallen from five cents to three during the last twenty-five years of falling prices. Wherever, as in Toronto and Detroit, the public has required three-cent fares during the hours that working people go to and from their work, the profits of the roads at three cents have been nearly as great as their profits at five cents. It is easier for a road to accept a forty per cent. reduction in fares than to pay a tax amounting to ten per cent., for the tax increases operating expenses without any compensating advantage to the roads, while lower fares secure an almost counterbalancing increase in traffic. It is easy to understand why the large taxpayers in Milwaukee should prefer that the railroads make a heavy cash payment to the city treasury and maintain five-cent fares; but it is difficult to understand why a Mayor elected as an anti-monopolist should not prefer to secure for the working people just fares, and thus save each of them from six to twelve dollars a year, or greatly increase the service rendered them. From the standpoint of private profit five-cent fares are remunerative, but from the standpoint of public service and the relief of the poor from extortion there is nothing to be said in their defense.

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"Confessions of Three School Superintendents" The November "Atlantic" contained an unsigned article the value of which is greatly enhanced by its want of signatures. Three school superintendents speak of school management in a way in which no superintendent could speak if a local public could call upon him to explain, prove, or justify the opinion he expresses. The first, whose experience has been in New England, says that while the majority of every school board consists of "high-minded men," yet he never had a school committee a majority of whose members would disregard "pulls." High-school books, he says, are usually selected by the teaching force, but "the case is entirely different" with books which have a large sale, such as readers and geographies. Here, he declares, "the rival publishers divide the committee into two or three hostile camps," and, he confesses, ". . . I have learned to keep out of book fights, even to the extent of displeasing my friends who really desire my advice as to which is the best book." With regard to the appointment of teachers, "working for one's friends" is the bane of the schools. The man who is worst in this respect is usually a politician. "The man next to him in evil influence is likely to be the pastor of a church." Physicians on school boards are also likely to be influenced by personal relationships to a degree almost unknown among lawyers and well-to-do business men. As to politics, in the general acceptance of that term, he states that "in twenty years I have not known any school question to be decided by Republicans or Democrats as such." School politics is of a more personal sort, and demoralizes the teaching force, by inculcating the feeling that backing instead of efficiency is the thing needed to retain their positions and secure promotions. The second superintendent, whose experience has been in the West and South, makes a delightful confession of personal mistakes. The great difficulty, he says, about securing good teachers is the public willingness to pension needy persons through the school fund, and also, he suggests, the public unwillingness to pension teachers outworn. The third superintendent had his experience in two large cities diametrically opposite in character. In one a well-educated public was represented by a school board which put the interests of the schools foremost. In the other a low level of popular intelligence was reflected in a school board which made appointments almost entirely through favoritism. Like the first superintendent, he had had little trouble with politics in the ordinary use of the term. "Church influence," he says, "is often more embarrassing to a superintendent than politics." Regarding the corruption of school boards by text-book publishers, he reports that the regular agents of publishing houses try to use the most honorable methods the school boards will allow, but that some houses employ local politicians for work their agents will not do. On all of these questions frank speaking is demanded, and it is to be hoped that these anonymous confessions will be continued until the public knows what school superintendents, members of school boards, and school-book agents really think of the character of our public school management. A fearlessly expressed opinion embodies invaluable evidence that cannot be weighed in courts.

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Prize-Fighters as Swindlers Tammany interprets the law as to prize-fighting liberally when the manager of the affair is a Tammany magnate, but with virtuous strictness when athletic clubs not under Tammany control ask for licenses. Mr. T. D. Sullivan is a Tammany politician, and controls, in part or whole, the Lenox Athletic Club in this city. Hence, what was really, if not technically, a prize-fight between the bruisers Corbett and Sharkey met with no police or legal interference. Ten thousand people paid from one to twenty dollars apiece to see the fight; $15,000 was the amount of the purse; bets by individuals doubtless ran up into the hundreds of thousands. With all this money involved, it is not surprising that suspicions of trickery should exist. The brutality of the affair needs no special comment; it was not an exhibition of scientific boxing; it was a fight, and is so described by the daily papers, many of which, as usual, deprecate the brutality editorially and spread the sickening details with gusto over as much space as all the genuine news occupies. There is nothing particularly novel, either, in the fact that a foul was claimed, and that the referee granted the claim and decided the fight in Sharkey's favor, calling all bets off. This is not the first fight of late years that has ended in much this way. The referee openly intimated his opinion that the foul (made by an experienced second who knew the rules perfectly) was purposely perpetrated with the object of saving a total defeat; and there seems to be little doubt among the sporting fraternity that the whole affair was prearranged from the beginning, and that the real object of all in the inner ring was an amicable division of the immense sum of gate money, said to be not far from $50,000. In the "palmy days" of prize-fighting, celebrated by Thackeray and Conan Doyle, brutal as the sport was, it still had a semblance of honest contest; nowadays the man who confesses an interest in a prize-fight is usually encouraging, not only brutality, but swindling and humbug.

❀

Ticket "Scalping" It is no longer a State's prison offense in New York for a person to sell the unused part of a railroad ticket. When the act creating this offense went into effect in September of last year, the ticket-brokers decided to make a test case. At that time, owing to a cut in rates between Baltimore and Norfolk, they were able to sell tickets from New York to Norfolk for $6.50, instead of $8.50 charged at the New York railroad offices. One of their members sold tickets at the reduced rate, and his case has been before the courts ever since. The lower courts decided against him, but last week the Court of Appeals, by a bare majority of four to three, declared the law unconstitutional. The statute, it may be recalled, required the railroads to redeem the unused part of tickets at such a rate that the buyer would merely be charged full local fare, but prohibited under heavy penalties the sale of the ticket by the buyer, or by any one else not authorized by the railroad. Offices in which tickets were sold without the authorization of the railroads were even deemed disorderly houses, and their keepers were punishable by imprisonment in county jail. This act, the majority of the Court of Appeals holds, is inconsistent with the clauses in the State Constitution guaranteeing personal liberty. The Court points out that ticket-brokerage has existed as a business for years, and that the traveling public has gladly made use of its facilities. The fact that some fraudulent tickets have been sold by brokers does not warrant the suppression of the business when it is honestly conducted, any more than the sale of coal at false weights authorizes the coal trade to be made a felony. "No business," says the Court, "can be suggested through which innocent parties may not be occasionally victimized; but because of that fact, honest men cannot be prevented from engaging in their chosen occupations." The decision is especially important because of its bearing upon the campaign which the railroads have been making to secure from Congress a National law prohibiting the business of brokers in inter-State tickets. The passage of such a law would, of course, make it easier for the railroads to fix rates, as competition for passenger traffic usually takes the form of lower rates to the brokers. If the ticket-brokers could be outlawed, the roads would in a large measure be protected against competition with each other, and even when they did compete between certain points only through passengers between these points could get any benefit from the lower rates. The brokers and travelers who wish this proposed statute defeated are naturally encouraged by the New York decision.

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The Waring Memorial Fund The death of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., from yellow fever a few weeks since shocked the whole country. The disease was contracted while making an investigation of the health conditions of the city and harbor of Havana, undertaken at the request of the President, to determine what should be done by the Nation to prevent the periodic outbreaks of yellow fever in that city which have threatened our seaports and interfered with our commerce. The sacrifice of his own life was the last gift Colonel Waring made to his country. After his death it was found that his family were unprovided for. The Chamber of Commerce took action the pressure of recent events, which compels the Latin peoples to come together, there seems to have been a complete settlement of all differences, and an agreement by which each nation concludes with the other what has been called the favored nation arrangement with respect to all goods except silk. The cordiality between this country and England is misunderstood very generally on the Continent of Europe, and especially by the Latin peoples, to whom there seems something menacing in the coming together of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not surprising, therefore, that men of Latin blood are drawn toward each other; and the combination of the three countries, taking into account the resourcefulness and the genius of the French, is by no means an unimportant factor in the modern world, representing as it does nearly eighty millions of men. The struggle between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, however, will not be with navies or armies; it will be a competition of character, intelligence, and political organization.

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A Great African Highway The practical settlement of the Fashoda difficulty has evidently led to a more vigorous and definite policy of expansion in Africa on the part of England. The English Ministry clearly intend to consolidate their possessions on that continent, and to define their position so that there will be no chance of misunderstanding it in the future. The well-known French traveler, Lionel Déclé, who has led various exploring expeditions in South Africa and Madagascar, but whose admiration of British colonial methods has separated him from his own countrymen, has become a British subject, and has received a commission to conduct a surveying expedition through the heart of Africa, from Cairo to Cape Town, a distance of about six thousand miles, which he hopes to traverse in about nine months. The determination of England to establish an unbroken line of influence and authority from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope has been many times pointed out in these columns. One of the necessary steps to that end is the building of a great highway. A considerable part of the country through which this expedition will pass has already been traversed and surveyed. General Kitchener will make the survey possible by establishing safe conditions in the section through which it is to pass. This is one of the first and most practical fruits of the victory at Omdurman.

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The Open Door

The report briefly referred to in last week's Outlook, that in our proposed treaty with Spain we agree to "maintain in the Philippines an 'open door' to the world's commerce, in which Spain may share freely," is more significant than perhaps our readers realized from so brief a reference. Of course all reports of this treaty are unofficial, but there seems to be little doubt respecting its general features. These include the payment of twenty millions of dollars as a compensation for the amounts expended by Spain in permanent improvements in the islands; the mutual relinquishment of all claims for indemnity, national and individual, of every kind, of the United States against Spain and of Spain against the United States, that may have arisen since the beginning of the late Cuban insurrection and prior to the conclusion of the treaty of peace; and a provision that for a term of years, said to be twelve, Spanish ships and merchandise shall be admitted into Philippine ports on the same terms as American ships and merchandise. As our Nation has treaties with most of the other great commercial nations of the world containing what is known as the "favored nation" clause—that is, a clause providing that the people with whom the treaty is made shall have as favorable commercial terms as are accorded to the most favored people with which America has any treaty relations—the proposed stipulation with Spain would give to practically all the great commercial nations the same conditions of admission to Philippine ports as would be given to America and her products. It does not mean free trade, it does not mean necessarily even a low tariff, but it does mean as low a tariff and as free a trade between the Philippines and the great commercial nations as between the Philippines and the United States.

The negotiation of such a treaty appears to us to make very clear the purpose of the present Administration in one important particular: it puts an end, or ought to put an end, to the charge that the Administration proposes the subjugation of the Philippines, or their annexation to the United States. For the Constitution of the United States provides explicitly that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;" and, again, that "no preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one State over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another." It is true that the second clause does not in terms apply to Territories of the United States, and it is conceivable that the Supreme Court might hold that the Federal Government has authority to impose duties between a Territory of the United States and the States, and that it is not required to make uniform duties, imposts, and excises throughout all the Territories belonging to the Nation, provided it makes them uniform throughout the States. But this is not a very probable supposition; and it is quite safe to assume that the Administration in its treaty with Spain is not taking the chances of any such possible interpretation. It is clear, therefore, that *if the Philippines are a part of the United States*, all exports from the United States must enter the ports of the Philippines free of duty, in which case the treaty with Spain would establish free trade with the Philippines with all the great commercial nations of the earth. Nor is that all. Since the Constitution provides that all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States, it would establish free trade for the entire Nation. Of course no such result would follow if the Philippines are not a part of the United States; it would not follow if the Philippines are under a protectorate of the United States, or are under such relations as those in which Egypt stands to Great Britain; nor, probably, would it follow even if the Philippines became a colony of the United States, related to it as Canada is to Great Britain; but it certainly would follow if the Philippines were annexed to the United States and became a part of the National dominion.

At a dinner given to the Sons of the Revolution last week in New York City, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who is one of the most influential of the anti-expansionists, and a man of the most sincere patriotism, spoke against imperialism. The New York "Times' reports him as saying in the course of his address: "It is proposed to change this great Republic into a conquering Empire," upon which he was interrupted by cries of "You are wrong! you are wrong! It is not so!" We think if Dr. van Dyke will consider the significance of the "open door" clause in the proposed treaty with the Philippines, he will see that he was mistaken and that his interlocutors were correct. It is not proposed to change this great Republic into a conquering Empire. We think Dr. van Dyke would find it difficult to quote a single reference of any speaker or writer of National importance, North or South, East or West, who has made any such proposition. We think he will find it difficult to quote any sentence or paragraph from any platform embodying or implying any such purpose. We think it will be difficult for him to point out any act of the Administration looking in that direction. He may, indeed, think that the policy on which we have entered will result in converting the Great Republic into a conquering Empire; he may think that these consequences will inevitably follow from the propositions which are made and the action which will be taken. If so, he should give his reasons for his opinion. Actions speak louder than words, and it appears to us that the act of the Administration in directly according to Spain and indirectly according to the other commercial nations of the world the same commercial relationship with the Philippines which America will claim for itself, ought forever to put an end to the strange assumption that the Administration is endeavoring to make the Philippines a part of the United States, and the still stranger assumption that it is endeavoring to transform the Nation from a free Republic into a centralized Empire.

The action of the Administration in Cuba, through the authorized government of General Wood, is scarcely less significant. General Wood has appointed a Cuban Mayor of the city of Santiago. This Cuban has appointed natives as subordinates in the various departments of the city, and General Wood has indicated his purpose to transfer the administration of the city from the military to the civil officials as fast as it can be done without impairing the cleanliness, order, and peace of the city. This act also looks as though the purpose of the Administration were not the exercise of military authority over a subjugated people, but the enfranchisement of a before subjugated people and their preparation for self-government. Such a transformation must necessarily be gradual. The steps by which communities so long under despotic control as Cuba and the Philippines can be led into something akin to the freedom of the United States must be many. It is a law of physics that an object cannot be carried from one point to another unless it is carried through all the intermediate points. This is equally a law of morals. The Cubans and the Filipinos cannot be carried from a condition of absolute despotism to a condition of absolute liberty without being carried through all the intermediate stages. The process by which the Anglo-Saxon people have become a free people can be greatly accelerated, but the process cannot be dispensed with altogether. The incubator may hurry up the hatching of the bird, but the egg cannot be transformed into a bird by the stroke of a magic wand. The child may grow to manhood rapidly, but manhood comes only through growth. What the miscalled "imperialists" propose is to guard the egg during the process of incubation, to protect the boy from attack by others, and from irreparable injury from himself, until he has come to manhood; and although we have no right to speak for the President of the United States, it appears to us, alike from all that is known of the President himself and from all that can be seen in the policy which he has thus far pursued, that this is his purpose.

The President has done wisely to keep silence. We think he would have done more wisely if he had not made those Western speeches. We suspect that he made them as the result of pressure from others, not as the result of his own judgment. Since he did make them, he did wisely to say nothing very definite respecting purposes or policy in them. A silent Administration is generally the wisest Administration. A Government must be judged by its deeds, not by the utterances of its chief, still less by the utterances of his supposed organs. This Administration is to be so judged; and its deeds have done nothing to justify the imputation to it of imperialistic schemes. The reported treaty with the Philippines indicates this and only this: that the President is determined that Spain shall relinquish all authority in the Philippines, as she has already relinquished all authority in Cuba; that to bring about this result peaceably he is willing to pay Spain the expenses to which she has been put for public improvements in those islands, and even to overpay her; that when the Philippines are thus freed from the dominion of Spain, they are to have the largest commercial freedom possible, with the maintenance of their own revenues, with all the commercial nations of the world, and that in dealing with them the United States shall ask no favors; that the object of the United States is not to secure special benefits for herself, but to confer special benefits upon a long subjugated and outraged people. We believe that this policy is as wise as it is beneficent, and that we shall best serve our own commercial interests by co-operating with Great Britain in making commerce as free for other nations as for ourselves. No nation has a right to ask more than this. We ought not to grant less. And this policy, as we have shown, is, under our Constitution, absolutely inconsistent with pursuing toward the Philippines an imperialistic policy, with annexing them, or making them in any proper sense a part of the United States. It is not inconsistent with exercising over them a protecting care and giving to them in their period of transition friendly guidance and strong guardianship.

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One Hundred Thousand

The Outlook prints this week as its regular edition one hundred thousand copies. This registers the highest point of prosperity of The Outlook. The fact is mentioned here not so much for the purpose of emphasizing the success of The Outlook as for the purpose of expressing the appreciation of the generous co-operation of its readers by all who are interested in that success. The circulation of one hundred thousand has been secured through the friendly endeavors of its readers, and substantially without the usual methods of advertising and canvassing. Its subscribers have made the paper's interests their own, and have brought it to the attention of new readers with rare discernment; for the new reader of The Outlook has a pleasant habit of becoming a permanent subscriber. In this cordial co-operation of its readers The Outlook takes the profoundest satisfaction; it is the highest reward which the effort that has been put into the making of the paper could receive. And it is due largely to the fact that The Outlook has always aimed to treat its readers with absolute frankness and candor. It has never consulted their convictions in expressing its own convictions; it has never hesitated to give the mind of its editors the fullest and freest expression. It has endeavored to address the intelligence of its readers, rather than their interests, their prejudices, and their passions. That they have come to regard it as a friend rather than as an impersonal journal is due, perhaps as much as anything else, to the confidence which this treatment has inspired. And as a friend The Outlook will continue to address its readers.

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An Unpatriotic Position

There are ample grounds for radical and honest differences of opinion respecting the policy of this country in dealing with the Spanish colonies which the sudden change of conditions effected by the war has placed in its hands, but there is one ground on which no American has a right to stand: the ground that there are not, in the service of the Nation, wisdom and character enough to deal justly and adequately with the problems of the hour. In too many quarters there is a disposition to assume that, because questions of domestic administration have not yet been finally answered, questions of foreign administration are beyond our skill and strength. Instead of solid argument, sneers at American capacity are offered; and for rational discussion a cynical skepticism is substituted. This attitude is not only humiliating; it is distinctly and unequivocally un-American and unpatriotic. Patriotism is the one word in the language which adequately expresses love of country; but there can be no love without faith, and to love one's country without believing in her is a contradiction in terms. It is this lack of confidence in American political character which has gone far to destroy the influence of many highly educated citizens, whose convictions and intelligence ought to have given them great weight in public affairs. Free and frank criticism of specific measures and of individual public men may sometimes anger great bodies of voters, but if the criticism be sound these same voters are likely to be deeply affected by it in the end; what they resent, and what they ought to resent, is skepticism of their ability to take right courses and seek generous ends. The men who lose faith in their fellows lose the power of leadership at the same time. If the best men had shown more faith in our ability to move towards higher ideals of public life, the distance which still separates us from these ideals would not be so great. The country has not made up its mind as yet on the question of the best method of dealing with the Philippines; it is open to argument from any and every question; but it is impatient with the lack of faith of those who declare that we could not rule the Philippines wisely if we attempted the task. The great majority of Americans believe in the capacity of the country to bear such burdens and discharge such tasks as are laid upon it; and the majority are right. The country is quite competent to do its proper work in the world, and those who doubt its capacity are either ignorant of its moral resources or out of sympathy with its life. There ought to be the fullest and frankest discussion; but there is no proper place in that discussion for the sneer or the doubt. Love and faith go together.

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The Advent Season

Once more the Christian world approaches the anniversary of the birth of Christ; the beginning of what Dr. van Dyke has happily called the human life of God. In the imagination of children the lights begin to glow from the Christmas trees; in the memory of Christendom the song of the angels begins to swell over the tumult and strife; in the hearts of devout men and women the purpose to prepare for His coming becomes more distinct and authoritative. For that first coming at Bethlehem there was a marvelous historical preparation; an ordering of conditions which opened society for the first time to the advent of a universal truth—not a body of truths. but the Truth. For the second coming, which so slowly makes its way, there is first needed a preparation in the hearts and lives of men, and then in the structure and organization of society throughout the world. God seems remote from us, and his coming uncertain and elusive, because we are not ready to receive him. If to-morrow all men became pure and true and unselfish, all doubt about God's presence and rule in the world would vanish like a mist of the night. Skepticism, cynicism, distrust of the divine and the human, would disappear. We doubt because we do not see, and we do not see because our vision is distorted or blinded by our misuse of the organs of spiritual sight. When the world becomes righteous in individual character and in outward organization, we shall see God with unclouded vision. It is every man's duty to gain this vision of God for himself by uprightness of life and unselfishness of spirit, and to impart it to his fellows by working to bring laws and habits and standards into conformity with the divine will. The fundamental question for each man in every act, and for society in the settlement of every public question, is "Will this prepare for the coming of Christ?" Everything that makes ready for the advent of God in his world is right, and everything that postpones that coming is wrong; this is the sum of the whole matter. To love righteousness and pursue it with unfaltering courage in character and law is the only true preparation for that coming which will bring final peace and health and joy. When human history is read in the light of another and diviner day, it will seem that this was its true significance. Those things which made for righteousness, justice, and service, however obscure and hidden from contemporary recognition, will be honored and remembered; and those things which barred the spiritual progress of the race, however imposing and influential at the time, will be discarded and forgotten. Human greatness is measured at last in terms of service, and the heroes of the race are those who make ready for His coming.

The Word in the Book

It is pitiful to read the story of man's heroic and pathetic attempt to impoverish his world and his life by expelling God from one province after another, until Nature was denuded of divinity, art lost to the soul which craves the image of its own beauty and the emblems of its own immortality, science shut out on the threshold from the home it would have lighted, warmed, and protected! For centuries there was, as the result of an inadequate conception of the universe and of the divine nature, a persistent endeavor to circumscribe the spirit of revelation within the limits of a single literature, to identify beauty and pleasure with evil tendencies and instincts, and to exclude the order and majesty of the visible world from the fellowship of the influences which minister to the soul. But it was quite impossible to exclude God from His world, and the great spiritual fact of the last two centuries has been the recovery of noble territories to the sovereignty of God and the uses of the soul. Once more the light plays over the whole surface of life instead of over a little section of its vast expanse; nature becomes a symbol and a revelation of the Infinite; art is the Word using the forms and speech of beauty; and human history is one unbroken disclosure of the spiritual order and of the destiny of the human spirit under historic conditions.

When Petrarch brushed aside the webs of artificial interpretation which monkish teaching and mediæval speculation had spun over the texts of the great writers of antiquity, and read his Virgil as the living work of a living soul, he not only set the great tides of modern life in motion, but he made himself the representative of modern men by performing a symbolic act: in rediscovering the human in the literature of antiquity he rediscovered the divine. It is often assumed that men needed for their guidance and growth only the revelation of the divine; but the revelation of the divine would be incomprehensible without the revelation of the human, and we should be incapable of comprehending God if we had not a certain measure of knowledge of ourselves. The spiritual history of the race is to be found in this double revelation; this continuous, interwoven, inseparable disclosure of the nature of God and the nature of man. Along these two lines of discovery the mind of the race has made its real progress and registered its real achievement; for the measure of man's real achievement in his earthly life is the measure of the knowledge of God which he has attained, and the reflection of that knowledge in his life. The Bible is, in a unique degree, the revelation of the nature of God; but it is also the revelation of the nature of man, and no one can understand it who does not understand how completely it has its roots in the soil of human history, and how deeply it is penetrated and permeated by influences that rise out of human character and conditions. The significance of this complete commingling of the divine and the human we have not yet fully mastered; it is one of the deepest and one of the most luminous of the mysteries which make us aware of the spiritual greatness of life.

The great books into which men have poured the energy of their souls, and in which they have consciously and unconsciously uncovered the secrets of their hearts, are not, therefore, in the deepest analysis, products of individual genius and fruits of individual art; they are the sacred records of the revelation of the soul of the race. He who opens them opens that sublime Bible of humanity which is one long and luminous interpretation of that other Bible which was also the work of prophets, poets, and teachers. The plays of Shakespeare form one of the richest and most vital commentaries on the Old Testament and the New; and the student who has not discovered the wonderful play of light from one to the other has not gotten to the heart of either of the two aspects of the one complete disclosure of truth. For no truth is ever understood when it is detached from the divine order in which it belongs. The Bible, studied apart from history, nature, art, and science, has been grossly misunderstood; and the attempt to comprehend Nature and Art apart from the play upon them of the light of the spirit has been equally misleading and disastrous.

The first step towards a real understanding of literature is not technical but spiritual preparation; it is not a mastery of forms, but an insight into the soul which inhabits and fashions the form. To study the Book of Job, the epics which bear the name of Homer, the "Divine Comedy," the plays of Shakespeare, and the great works of fiction, as if they were only splendid pieces of artistic skill, superb triumphs of expression, is to cut the roots of their greatness and rob them of their significance. They were conceived in the depths of the human soul, in the greatness of its human sorrow and toil, and they were born in the secret places of the souls of the great artists whose names they bear. This is their inner history and the explanation of their spiritual power and significance. And it is because of this deep, invisible unity of origin that one great voice answers to another from age to age and from literature to literature, reaching us through all differences of tongue and speaking a common language to the whole race. As there are differences of mood and message between Moses, Isaiah, and David, and St. Paul and St. John, and yet essential harmony of truth, so there are wide differences of temper, form, and accent between Homer, Shakespeare, Browning, and Emerson, and yet fundamental harmony of disclosure. They all speak to the human spirit of the things which make its life.

Out of the depths of that vast consciousness which has received and preserved all that has happened to the race, its deep experiences, its prime necessities, its irrepressible aspirations—the substance and soul of its being—have risen into clear view in the great works of art, as the seeds buried in the darkness of the earth climb into sunlight and witness to their hidden vitality in flower and fruit. And this deep inward life, struggling always toward harmony with itself and its world, and instinctively seeking that perfection which is at once its justification and the visible proof of its immortality, has sought and found the language of art—that final speech in which thought and insight and life attain ultimate clearness and beauty. And because man cannot speak of himself in any moment of insight without speaking of God, cannot disclose the structure of his own nature and the order of his own life without revealing the purpose and spirit of the Infinite, therefore the great art of the world—to the fashioning of which all passion and prayer and deed and skill have gone—is the revelation of God as well as of man.

There are certain words of St. Augustine which lead us to the very heart of this conception of the inevitable discovery of God to man in every real disclosure of man to himself: "Since, then, I too exist, why do I seek that Thou shouldest enter into me, who were not, wert not Thou in me? Why? because I am not gone down into hell, and yet Thou art there also. For if I go down into hell, Thou art there. I could not be there, O my God, could not be at all, wert Thou not in me; or, rather, unless I were in Thee, of whom are all things, by whom are all things, in whom are all things? Even so, Lord, even so. Whither do I call Thee, since I am in Thee? or whence canst Thou enter into me? for whither can I go beyond heaven and earth, that thence my God should come into me, who hath said, *I fill the heaven and the earth?*"

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America in the Far East

The second of the series of five articles by Dr. W. E. Griffis bearing the above title will appear in the next issue of The Outlook, and the other articles will be published in successive issues. The publication of this series is intermitted for the present issue because of the special demands upon space due to the fact that this is the annual Book Number.

A YEAR'S BEST BOOKS

CHOSEN BY OUTLOOK READERS

Life & Letters of Tennyson

Penelope's Progress

Helbeck of Bannisdale

Caleb West

Story of Gladstone's Life

Bismarck by Moritz Busch

Rupert of Hentzau

Letters of Mrs. Browning

The Workers

Old Virginia & her Neighbors

THE editors of The Outlook, on the first of October, invited a vote from its readers as to the Ten Books published during the year ending September 30, 1898, which, "all things considered, are the most important." Technical books and reprints of books previously published were excluded. The Ten Books named by the majority of those voting are as follows, in the order of preference indicated by the vote:

The Life and Letters of Tennyson, edited by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The Macmillan Company.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The Macmillan Company.

The Story of Gladstone's Life, by Justin McCarthy. The Macmillan Company.

Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Workers, by Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bismarck, by Dr. Moritz Busch. The Macmillan Company.

Penelope's Progress, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

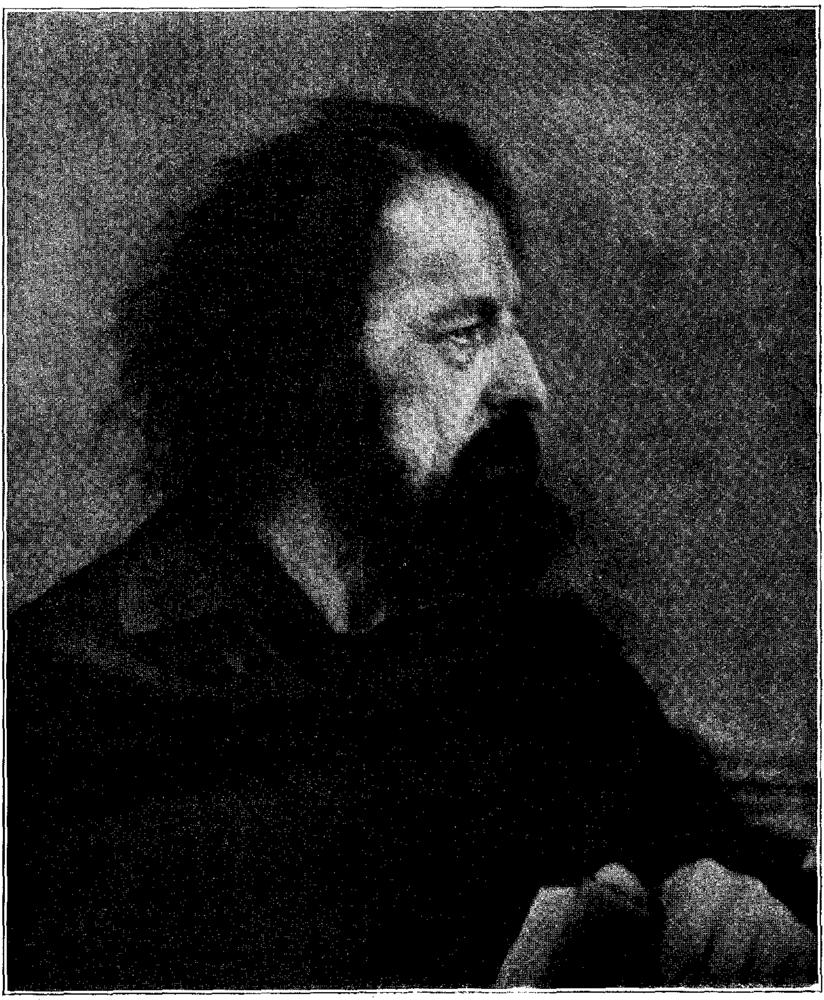
The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by F. G. Kenyon. The Macmillan Company.

Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbors, by John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Although no one list contained all the books selected by the combined vote, and therefore the prize offered was not technically won, we are glad to send the Ten Books chosen to the author of the list which contained the largest number of the winning books (eight), Mr. John Parker, of Waterbury, Vermont; while the five persons whose lists contained seven of the books will each receive four of them. The winners of this second prize are: Charles L. Thompson, of Newnan, Ga.; Harriet C. West, of Sandusky, Ohio; George T. Little, of Brunswick, Me.; Martha F. Gere, of Northampton, Mass.; and Henry R. Howland, of Buffalo, N. Y.

One book named on many lists had to be thrown out of the contest, as it had been published earlier than September 30, 1897—Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne." Other books receiving a large vote were Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous" and Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers." Some of the works named in many lists, like "The History of Our Navy," "Marching with Gomez," Captain Mahan's "Interest of America in Sea Power," Mr. Kidd's "Control of the Tropics," and "American Ideals," by Theodore Roosevelt, point to the special recent interests in National topics. The lists showed much individuality. Some of them, evidently written by clergymen, abounded in theology, others contained works on education, while some were compiled by librarians from the most popular novels called for at the library. One man wrote sarcastically to inquire whether "fiction" was excluded under the head "technical books," explaining that he found that such competitions were generally confined entirely to novels;



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From the photograph by Lord Tennyson's friend, Mrs. Cameron. This portrait, from its pose and costume, is known as "The Dirty Monk."

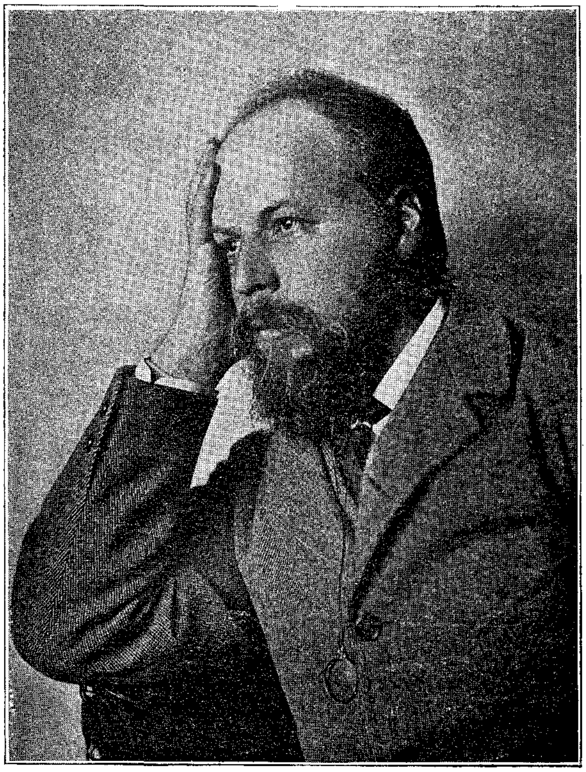
another indorsed his list of representative works as "These are the books *I* want." One California woman writes: "I am in entire sympathy with The Outlook on the suffrage question, but I do want to vote on books." One vote was cast for the Polychrome Bible.

Mr. John La Farge has said that we do not judge a work of art; it judges us. The same remark may be made concerning the estimate we place on books; we do not determine the rank of books by our opinion of them so much as we reveal our own tastes and standards. One of the chief uses of criticism is the disclosure of the critic's mind and temper. What a man thinks of certain books is of very little consequence so far as the books are concerned, but of immense consequence so far as the man is concerned. The indifference of a man to the splendor and majesty of Niagara Falls cannot possibly diminish the impressiveness of the cataract of rushing waters, but it makes very clear the man's lack of imagination. Shakespeare is now so securely seated among the immortals that any attempt to dislodge him from that illustrious society would interest the world only as an exhibition of an individualism of opinion which had its root in some defect of mind or nature. When society has finally recognized and crowned its great men, these elect souls no longer solicit our suffrages; they calmly and implacably judge us; and by our success or failure in piercing their meaning and grasping their magnitude we inevitably show ourselves great or small.

When the readers of The Outlook cast their votes for the best ten books of the year, therefore, they not only passed judgment of some importance on current literature, but they also disclosed their own intelligence and discrimination. That they have agreed upon ten books of such high interest and value as those which are set in order at the head of this article must be a matter of gratification to all who are interested in the welfare of The Outlook and its constituency.

A glance at the list shows both catholicity and discrimination, breadth of interest and care for quality. In the case of certain books—the biographies of Tennyson, Gladstone, and Bismarck, for instance—the human interest of the subjects may be said to dwarf the method of the biographer; considered with sole reference to their qualities as pieces of literature, it is not probable that these biographies will find a place with Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold or Sir George Trevelyan's life of Macaulay; and yet both Lord Tennyson and Dr. Busch have written for many generations, because they have given the world "human documents" of such extraordinary and enduring value. In selecting these three biographies the readers of The Outlook have fastened attention upon three representative men of the century; men of genius, of rare good fortune (for the best of good fortune is being born in the same hour with a great opportunity, arriving on the stage when the curtain is just being rung up), of world-wide reputation; but men also of highly representative nature and work.

Tennyson was from every point of view a striking figure; one of the most impressive-looking men of his time, cradled in the ripe beauty of rural England, under the tradition of English religion, with the roar of the sea as it breaks on the shore of Lincolnshire almost within hearing; bred in a home full of refinement and manliness; trained in the atmosphere of Cambridge in a college which has put its hand on a long line of English singers and writers; brought into intimate fellowship with a group of men as variously gifted as any that England has known since the days of Elizabeth; living in an age of immense activity and range of interests; and so finely tuned by the sensitiveness of his imagination that the crude and inarticulate passion and cry of the time, passing through his great personality, became a deep and spiritual music. The poet of "In Memoriam" knew his age on many sides, and became its prophet by virtue of his reading of its deepest experience. In the same year in which "In Memoriam" saw the light, Tennyson found what he always regarded as the supreme good fortune of his life—the perfect sympathy and intimate fellowship of his wife. Years before he had come upon her on a beautiful summer day in the woods, and had cried out with delight at the lovely apparition, "Are you a dryad or oread wandering here?" and at the very end, in advanced old age, the soul of youth still glows in the dedication to this "tender, spiritual nature" of the last of his many volumes. There were two sons of that marriage—Hallam and Lionel. Lionel married the daughter of Frederick Locker,



HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON

JUSTIN M'CARTHY

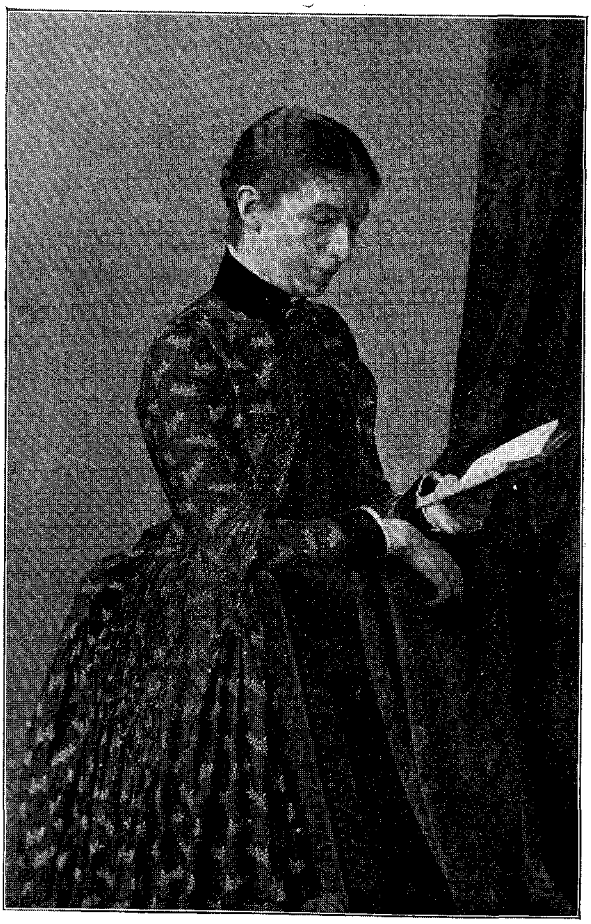
whose "London Lyrics" will long be read. The writer of these words saw, not long ago, a letter in which Tennyson announced to a friend the birth of his oldest son. The poet was as fortunate in his children as in his marriage; they were both English gentlemen of the finest type. Three times the poet declined a baronetcy, and when Mr. Gladstone offered him a barony in 1883, while he did not undervalue the honor, he was reluctant to accept it. The Prime Minister was of opinion that his real ground of hesitation was his unwillingness to forego wearing his wide-awake in the House of Lords! His reluctance was overcome, however, by the claims of his position as a representative of literature, and by care for the interests of his children. By his acceptance of this distinction, his eldest son is now Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The chief qualification of the present Lord Tennyson to write the biography which heads the list of ten selected books of the year was his intimacy with his father and his perfect sympathy with him. A more beautiful relation between father and son has not been known in the history of English letters.

The high place in importance among the books of the year accorded to Mr. Justin McCarthy's "The Story of Gladstone's Life" is not due solely to the fact that the reading world has been avid for knowledge about the great English statesman. The book itself is a thoroughly good piece of literary work. It is not, and does not assume to be, a complete and final biography; to the accomplishing of that work Mr. John Morley is to devote at least three years of his time, and the immense labor involved is indicated by the report that Mr. Morley has had over a hundred thousand letters placed in his hands for examination. Mr. McCarthy's aim was rather to follow Mr. Gladstone through the important political episodes of his career, to show how he influenced great public policies, to tell how he took part in making English history, and to give a clear, strong picture of his personality. For this task Mr. McCarthy was admirably equipped, for he has himself been active in English politics, literature, and journalism for many years—his memory of political events includes the listening to a speech by the great Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords. In Mr. McCarthy's Parliamentary experience he came to know Gladstone well—sometimes as a keen and strenuous opponent, later as an ally and colleague. In a paper of autobiographical reminiscence written for The Outlook by Mr. McCarthy before his "Story of Gladstone's Life" began to appear in our columns in its serial form, he says of Gladstone: "It is one of the triumphs of a life to have known such a man and to have been permitted to understand his high, unselfish, noble, hopeful nature. I count it the great success of my life to have known such a man and some other men of genius and single-hearted purpose." In his exceedingly readable "History of Our Own Times"—a book read almost if not quite as widely in the United States as in Great Britain—Mr. McCarthy had admirably proven his power of writing history clearly, simply, and with due perspective and grouping. These methods, and also the colloquially easy but not undignified style employed in that book, are utilized with excellent effect in his narrative of Gladstone's personal and political history. Of other books about Gladstone there are not a few, but none treats the subject in the same way, and—at least until Mr. Morley's authoritative biography appears some years hence—one knows not where else to obtain such a direct and comprehensive account of what was vital and essential in Gladstone's history.

Mr. McCarthy's own life has been one notably busy and varied in its activities. His volume of "Reminiscences" which is about to appear will contain notes and incidents of personal acquaintance with Lord Brougham, John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Lewes, Matthew Arnold, George Meredith, and a long list of other statesmen, authors, artists, and actors—indeed, it would be hard to name many men and women of great prominence in political, art, or literary circles with whom Mr. McCarthy has not had some acquaintance. In the United States during a visit of two years begun in 1868 he met Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell, Sumner, Greeley, and many other people of note, and his recollections of men and things in this country form a considerable portion of the forthcoming book. As a leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons; as successively reporter, critic, leader-writer, and editor of a journal; as the writer of a long list of novels of varying power but always entertaining from their social and political glimpses of reality; as historian and biographer—in these and other capacities Mr. McCarthy has shown rare talents and has done good and lasting work.

Dr. Busch's "Bismarck" bears the sub-title "Some Secret Pages of His History." Yet it is not for any startling revelations that this work will be valued, but for its clear-cut, photographic presentation of the man Bismarck. When the book appeared, hardly any reviewer failed to compare Busch's pen-picture of Bismarck with Boswell's Johnson. The methods are certainly the same; both jot down the exact words of the great man as they fall from his lips; both care nothing for personal dignity so long as their record is faithful—when Busch tells how Bismarck rebuked him for loud speaking and commented on his dressing for dinner, one thinks of Johnson's threat to tie Boswell to the bed-post if he didn't stop talking; both make no concealment of their master's personal peculiarities and defects; both love their great men with a strong mixture of awe. It is because the portrait is not flattered or smoothed down that one feels it is accurate. With Dr. Busch's means of knowledge there could not but be a constant and strong side-light thrown on historical events and the relations of personages of European consequence; but dominating everything is the individuality of the masterful, relentless, keen-sighted founder of the German Empire.

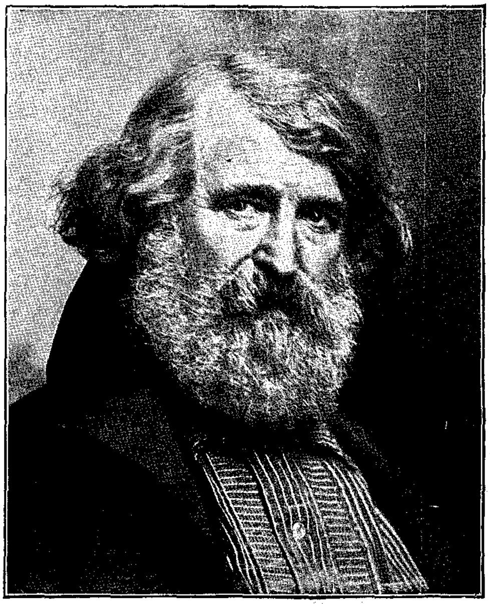
The biographer in 1848 had been a revolutionary and was forced to flee to this country, where he wrote a book on Mormonism.



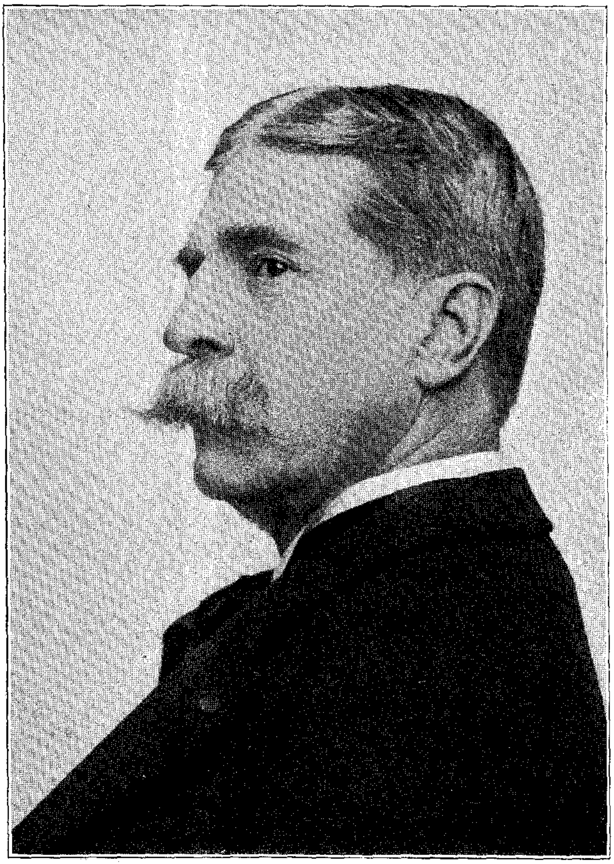
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Returning after a few years to Germany, he became a political newspaper writer, and as such was commended to Bismarck as a suitable aid in managing the press. The frank revelations of the book about the control of newspapers by the German Government almost make one despair of the possibility of the existence of a genuine German public sentiment or of real free speaking. The intricate system of furnishing editorials, suggestions, and orders included newspapers which were directly organs, others which were supposed to be independent, and still others which were nominally opposed to Bismarck's policy. It is not surprising that under this system the term "reptile press" came into use.

Bismarck was frankly cynical about all means to an end, whether he were corrupting the press, browbeating foreign diplomats, cajoling his own monarch, or recasting a telegram (as in the famous Ems dispatch) so as to make war inevitable. That he was firmly convinced of the ultimate righteousness and justice of his purpose is made equally clear. No passage of the book is more striking than that in which he reiterated again and again his belief in revealed religion, duty, and God. "If I were no longer a Christian, I would not serve the King another hour. . . . If I did not believe in a divine Providence which has ordained this German nation to do something good and great, I would at once give up my trade as statesman. . . . Orders and titles have no attraction for me. A resolute faith in a life after death—for that reason I am a royalist; otherwise I am by nature a republican." And in this, as in his loyalty to country and his belief in absolutism, he was undoubtedly sincere. Yet, with all his belief in God working for Germany through anointed kings, he could and did comment with startling freedom on the frailties and weaknesses of his royal masters, even of the William I. whose name his faithful servant Bismarck ordered carved on his own tombstone. Indeed, it is astonishing to see how freely Bismarck, while yet in power, allowed his irony to play about anointed heads and great personages. Much of what Dr. Busch repeats was read to Bismarck before his death, yet he seems not to have objected to its future publication. Apart from sarcasm and attack, he had a wonderful faculty for striking out sentences never to be forgotten, keen characterizations, summings up of great questions in a dozen words. It is the fascinating record of Bismarck's sayings and doings, the constant revelations of a great man's self through a faithful and colorless reporter, that makes Busch's diary a really important contribution to the literature of biography. It will be of peculiar interest to compare this work with the authorized memoirs of Bismarck himself which will soon be made public. The latter book may well have more directness and completeness of narrative and a better sense of proportion than Dr. Busch's book; it cannot well have more frankness or reproduce more vividly the man as he talked, worked, planned, and lived.


CALEB WEST, MASTER DIVER

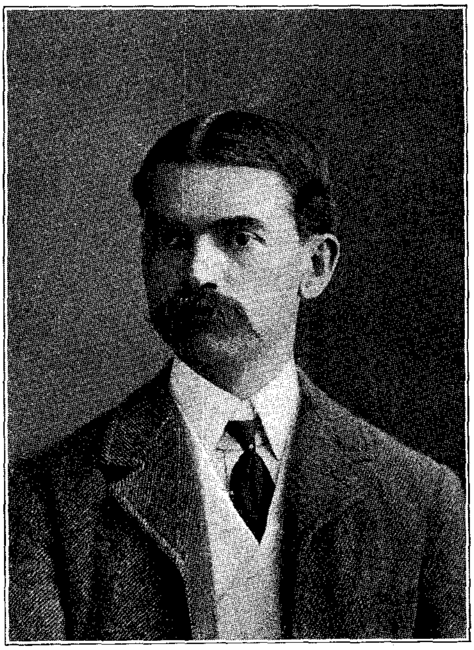
The widespread interest in the Brownings has two distinct sources: the feeling for genius which is one of the noblest characteristics of the race, and the recognition of the almost ideal relations between them. Men and women of genius evoke a deeper response than that of admiration; they give satisfaction to the imagination, which is always demanding a full and adequate expression of the potentialities of human character. Such men and women are accepted by the race at large as representative of its capacity and power; they realize the dreams of their fellows. The Brownings did this and something more; they realized in its noblest form the most intimate and beautiful of all human relationships. Thus in two ways they met those expectations which men always carry in their hearts, but which are so rarely realized. There has been an interesting change in the relative positions of the two poets, in the judgment of cultivated readers. It cannot be said that Mrs. Browning's reputation has gained ground since her death on June 29, 1861; but it is evident that Robert Browning's fame and influence have made immense advances. If Mrs. Browning's reputation has held its own. Robert Browning's reputation has greatly expanded. During the past decade no English poet has been more thoroughly discussed or has exerted a greater influence; and while he can hardly be said to have become a popular poet in the sense that Tennyson is popular, he has become domesticated among a great class of readers to whom he meant little or nothing ten years ago.



F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Mrs. Browning has her own place and will not lose it; her lyrical quality, her passionate sympathy, her aspiration, have saved a considerable part of her poetry for tne future; her indifferent and often careless workmanship is fast consigning some of her work to oblivion. She caught the ear of her time, and tasted the pleasures of her fame at its fullest tide; Robert Browning had to wait until well on toward the end before the long-silent world began to break into applause about him. He wrote much that will be cast aside because of its lack of genuine craftsmanship; but he wrote more that will live and touch the most deeply poetic minds. The lives of the two poets have become so completely united in the thought of the world that fame will be substantially equalized between them; any possible decline of reputation in the case of one poet will be repaired by the vitality of reputation in the other. Mrs. Browning was, fortunately, an ardent and indefatigable letter-writer, and her letters, unlike those of her husband, were preserved. Mrs. Orr's biography of Browning owes something of its failure to disclose the poet's inner life to the fact that he had so unsparingly destroyed nearly all the letters, journals, and memoranda which would have furnished his biographer with invaluable material. Mrs. Browning's letters serve, therefore, the double office of disclosing her own character and her husband's as well. They throw light chiefly on her character and on their common life. Some of these letters are of notable value and significance; one especially, reprinted in these columns on the publication of the letters, sheds a beautiful light on the union of these two sensitive and highly imaginative souls. It will live with the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Cowper's Grave," and "Dead Pan."

No book of the year has done so much to widen human sympathies as "The Workers." Mr. Wyckoff has made the reading public put themselves in the places of the manual workers and enter into their experiences. The emotions which he felt his readers feel, and his own fine brotherly sympathy with the unprivileged has deepened the rising tide of public feeling that at least intellectual and spiritual privileges must be the birthright of all. The development of this sentiment is, we believe, the most marked characteristic of the religious as well as the political life of our time; and it has interested us to find that Mr. Wyckoff, like so many other leaders of thought along humanitarian lines, comes of a deeply religious family, and has merely expressed the old religious spirit in the form demanded by the spiritual life of the world to-day. Mr. Wyckoff's father was not only a minister but also a missionary, and the author spent his childhood in the Himalayas. After graduating from Princeton in 1888 he was for a time a student of theology as well as sociology, and in his later sociological work has carried forward his religious work unbrokenly. It was this type of a man to whom the suggestion that he ought to know the lives of working people at first hand made him the pioneer explorer of an undeveloped world of human interests. The suggestion, he tells us, came upon this wise. After he had become interested in certain economic questions, he met a thoughtful business man, who had not read as many books as he, but knew about the same subjects in a thoroughly practical way. This man confronted Mr. Wyckoff with the fact that he really knew nothing of how the great mass of men work and live, and gave him this sensible advice: "Instead of going back to your books, spend the next year or two in a study at first hand of some of the facts of life. Earn your bread with your hands; live with the people with whom you work; share their life as far as it is in you to share it; and then you may go to your books with some prospect of studying to some purpose." A man with less modesty or less moral earnestness would have dismissed this suggestion and gone through life a mere writer of what he thought about what other men thought, who themselves perhaps had learned from books instead of from life. In other words, he would always have spoken "as do the scribes" to their little audience of scholars, instead of speaking with authority to the great audience of men and women who are ready to accept whatever lays hold of their heart and conscience. The volume upon "The East," which we reviewed some months ago, has now been followed by a volume upon Mr. Wyckoff's experiences from Chicago West, and the two volumes present the best picture that has yet been given of the lives of American working people, as seen by one who shared their daily experiences.


WALTER A. WYCKOFF

John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" revives the life of our Southern colonies with the dramatic power that made his "Beginnings of New England" reveal the growth of civil and religious liberty through the struggles of every-day men and women who but dimly comprehended the principles for which they wrought. The life at the South was at so many points in contrast with that in New England that there is in these volumes no repetition of the story previously told, though the line of march was the same, and the character of the men and women who led in the march was less dissimilar than is commonly supposed. Indeed, Mr. Fiske has impressed in these volumes no general truth of more importance in the clearing up of the early history of our Nation than that the South and the North of our country did not respectively represent the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, but that the South as well as the North was Puritan in all except its uppermost and lowermost classes. Cavalier society was reproduced nowhere except on Chesapeake Bay, and even in Maryland three-fourths of the people

BISMARCK

were Puritans. The South, Mr. Fiske says with judgment, is to-day more Puritan than New England, and its Puritanism, like that of New England, has its roots in the earliest colonization.

There is in this history no straining after originality, but the independence of the investigator has made every chapter full of freshness, and made the whole work an original creation. In one or two chapters, it may be, Mr. Fiske's independence becomes iconoclastic, especially where he is himself dealing with the iconoclasts who have attempted to transform Captain John Smith from a National hero into a lying braggart. Mr. Fiske's judgment regarding Smith's high qualities will hardly be accepted by those who have examined Alexander Brown's "First Republic in America;" but where one's judgment does not follow the author, his sympathies do, and one welcomes with delight the restored hero of his younger days. There is no chapter in any American book that could so well be given to a young boy who thinks he doesn't like history as John Fiske's "Land of the Powhatans" and "Starving Time," in which Smith's adventures are chronicled. But to particularize

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

interesting chapters in these volumes would be to name all but two or three in the entire work. The story is one that lives. Almost any boy who likes a good novel will like Mr. Fiske's book; for his characters (a rare thing in histories) are as lifelike as characters in fiction.

That, however, which is the greatest quality of Mr. Fiske's work is the way in which he recognizes the working out of great principles in the seemingly petty work of colonists belonging often to the humbler walks of life. The following sentence in his account of the London Company, which made Virginia a stronghold of republicanism, indicates his spiritual vision: "In the unfolding of these events there is poetic beauty and grandeur, as the purpose of infinite wisdom reveals itself in its cosmic processes, slowly but inexorably, hasting not but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of short-sighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current and making all contribute to the fulfillment of God's will." To have the formative period of American history written by an author with this religious insight into the springs of all life is a benefaction to every student of American history; and we can only hope that the work which has been carried so far in "The Discovery of America," "The American Revolution," "The Critical Period of American History," "The Beginnings of New England," and the present volumes, may be completely rounded out by those upon "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies" and the struggles of New England after the accession of William and Mary, which Mr. Fiske tells us he is now at work preparing.

It was "The Birds' Christmas Carol" which first fastened attention upon Kate Douglas Wiggin, and marked the sudden expansion of a reputation which has become national and international; for the English have been quick to recognize and appreciate the distinctly American quality of Mrs. Riggs's work—its alertness, brightness, sensitiveness to pathos, and overflowing vitality; and the "Carol" has been translated from Sweden to Japan. But the humor and pathos of the "Carol," combined with such easy skill and fused into flowing narrative with such freshness of feeling, was not apprentice work; Kate Douglas Wiggin had already written "Half a Dozen Housekeepers" and "The Story of Patsy." "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was first published in San Francisco; but its republication in the East found a host of readers, who seemed to be waiting in all parts of the country for this tender and sympathetic interpreter of childhood. The magic of the deep feeling for children and their fortunes which made itself felt in that buoyant and fascinating tale had been learned in the kindergarten, and those who know what the kindergartner brings to her classes and what she finds in them do not have to search far or long for the charm which has reached so many hearts and become the germ of a gift for story-telling which seems to have been imparted by nature herself. It is this blending of reverence for childhood, of insight into its life, of deep fellow-feeling with its dawning intelligence, and of enjoyment of its fountain-life spontaneity which lies at the root of Mrs. Riggs's insight and humor. The "Carol" has been taken to the heart of the country, and wherever it has gone has evoked tears and smiles. In this April weather which always prevails in the child-world of Mrs. Riggs's earlier stories tender and touching traits come to light at the touch of an intelligence which is so keen and warm that, like the April sun, it evokes all manner of shy and frolicsome life from the soil. "Timothy's Quest" and "Polly Oliver's Problem" followed in swift succession, and the circle of readers widened as each appeared. Then came the stories for older readers, without any loss of the earlier charm but with a touch of new skill and with the breadth of a maturer humor. In "The Village Watch Tower" there were glimpses into the idealism of older children, there was keen observation of character, and there was that delight in life which is one of the deepest sources of artistic power. "A Cathedral Courtship" caught the charm of an older country without subduing a sense of humor which found fresh inspirations and occasions in a contrast of manners and of national points of view; and then came Penelope, who has made a kind of royal progress, not only through Scotland but through America as well. It is impossible to escape Penelope's enthusiasm, her abounding spirits, her contagious love of saying the frank thing at the dramatic moment. Edinburgh, staid, classical, touched with the traditions of a romantic history, of a great soberness of spirit, of a scholarly tradition not entirely devoid of self-consciousness, found in Mrs. Riggs a chronicler so sensitive to its beauty and so delightfully irreverent of its conventions that the freedom of the city was instantly in her hands, although the ancient ceremony has never been performed. The lightness of touch in this refreshing and buoyant story conceals a genuine skill in the artistic use of materials which would have led astray an instinct less sure. The story is always on the verge of pure fun, and yet it never slips from the firm grasp of a writer who knows the radical difference between true comedy and farce. In "Penelope's Progress" Kate Douglas Wiggin gave clear evidence of the progress of her art. It has carried health and wholesome sentiment and ease of mood where these qualities were sorely needed, in a time which has come to identify the art of painting with monotony of low tones, and life itself with unrelieved tragedy. And this fountain-like quality is Mrs. Riggs's distinctive trait; the source alike of her freshness, her variety, her humor, and her literary skill. It has deep sources in her nature, as they know best who know her personality as well as her work.

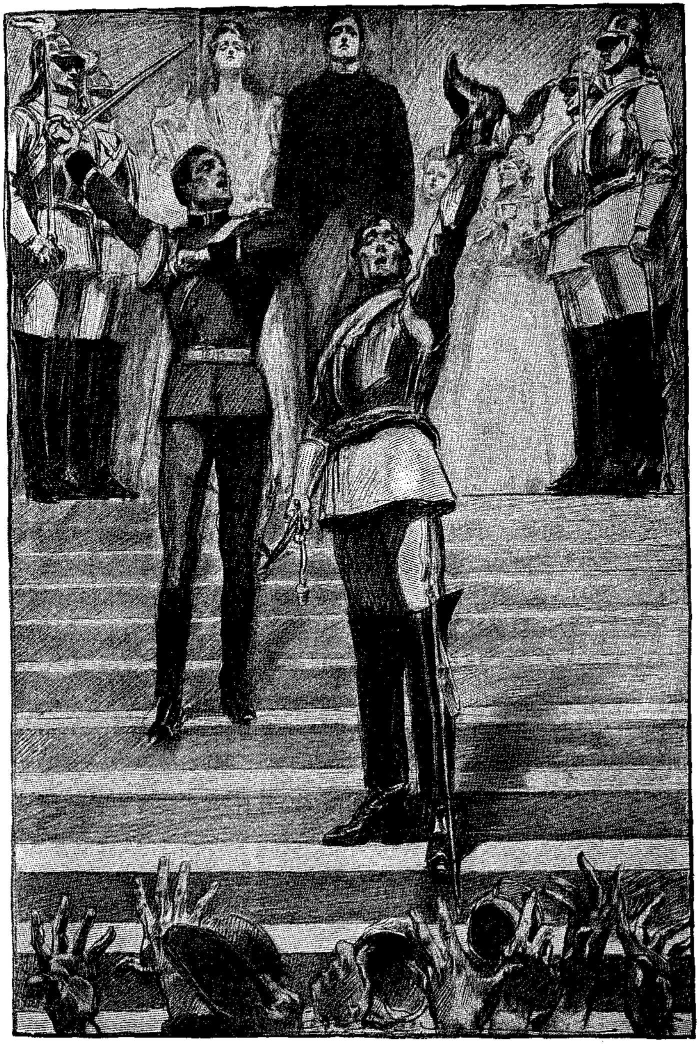
MRS. BROWNING

It is now ten years since Mrs. Humphry Ward took the English-reading world by storm with "Robert Elsmere." The success of that story, taking into account its extreme seriousness and remoteness from the interests which engage the attention of the average novel-reader, was extraordinary, and is only to be explained by the fact that it expressed in terms of human experience one of those spiritual tragedies through which a host of men and women have been going in recent times. If Mrs. Ward had attempted to state the problem in an abstract way, she would have caught the attention of very few people, for it had been often stated in that way before; but when she, so to speak, incarnated it in the lives of a small group of men and women and worked it out with a kind of passionate intensity, she struck a chord which vibrated to her hand. The story had its obvious limitations, and it was too close to a passing phase of thought to last; but it showed genuine ability, and, above all, it revealed a pressure of life behind the literary form which seemed to promise much for the future work of the novelist. "David Grieve" was not so well knit together; it was really two stories in one, and the two stories were not always co-ordinated. But there are chapters in "David Grieve" which show Mrs. Ward at her best, and which mark a distinct advance on anything done in "Robert Elsmere." Again the novelist was dealing with a problem, but this time the problem was more temperamental and individual, and was, therefore, more clearly within the limits of art. In the story of "Bessie Costrell" there was no problem; there was a bit of human portraiture done with extraordinary skill and yet dealing with an extremely painful subject, so painful as to fail of securing for the story a just recognition of its artistic quality. In "Marcella" Mrs. Ward returned again to an individual problem, and, so far as construction is concerned, rose to a greater height than she had attained in "Robert Elsmere." She seemed to be on the point of liberating herself from what may be called the pedagogical element, or purely philosophical quality. In "Sir George Tressady" she failed to maintain this advance. The best-drawn characters in the story were the most frivolous and unattractive; the characters upon whom the novelist had spent her force were not convincing. In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" another problem was put into dramatic form, with the result of producing a tragedy of a very painful kind.

ANTHONY HOPE

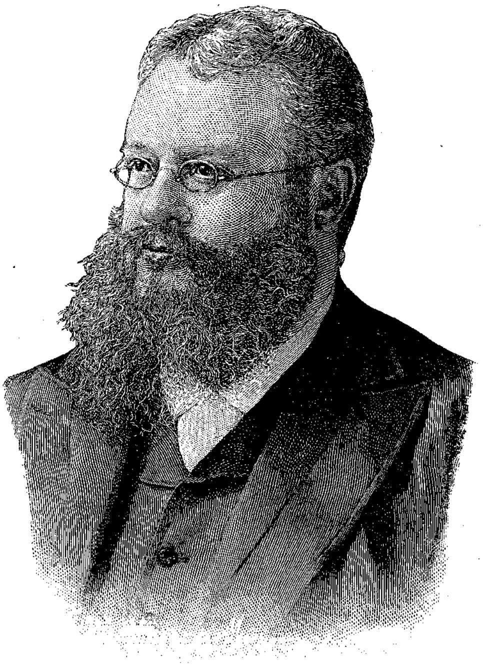
It is impossible for Mrs. Ward to do anything without showing her extraordinary ability. In power of concentration, in sustained strength, in the ability to grasp and hold, until she is done with them, all her materials, she is probably the ablest woman now using our language. She is a woman of intense ethical life and of profound sympathies with the problems of her time. She has also a very rich culture, manifested in everything she writes. Her equipment as a novelist is extraordinarily rich and ample; so rich and ample that she needed a great native literary impulse—the dramatic impulse, the power of making principles concrete, of incarnating ideas, and of translating abstractions into terms of human interest. It is still an open question how far Mrs. Ward will go: whether the dramatic or the philosophical quality will become supreme in her; whether her artistic instinct will finally disengage itself and work itself clear from her pedagogical tendency, or whether, as in the case of George Eliot, the pedagogical instinct will triumph over the artistic instinct. Mrs. Ward reveals the qualities of her inheritance. She has the Arnold temperament—its moral earnestness, its courage, its instinctive interest in the religious life, its intelligence, its passion for knowledge. In "Helbeck" she has drawn a charming picture of the Lake region, which her uncle, Dr. Arnold, and his son Matthew loved with such ardor. The passion for nature is, indeed, inwrought in Mrs. Ward's imagination, and she sometimes rises to a great height in her descriptions of scenery. The collision between the ascetic religionist in Helbeck and the intensely individualistic temperament with a pervading skepticism found in Laura predicted a tragedy from the very beginning of the story. That tragedy is wrought out with a great deal of psychological insight, and at times with a great deal of dramatic skill. To serious-minded people the story is a human document. It is to be questioned, however, whether it is likely to live long as a piece of literature, not because it lacks some great literary qualities, but because, on the whole, the dramatic force of the novelist does not seem to have been equal to the complete amalgamation of the materials with which she was dealing.

It is not difficult to understand the charm of "Caleb West." The story has the quality which so many modern stories lack, and without which all writing is but a vain, idle thing—vitality. One may criticise it in detail, one may find fault with its construction, but no one can deny the impulse of life behind it. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has not had his reading public very long, but he has made a very definite impression upon its mind, because he has spoken to it with such directness. The power of his work lies in its distinctness and individuality. The novelist (if one for the moment may detach Mr. Smith from all his other activities and identify him solely with his fiction) is alive to the ends of his fingers. His energy has never been able to find vent through any single avenue, and it has been mainly constructive. On the practical side he has built lighthouses, and built them, it is said, with skill and solidity. On the art side he has painted pictures touched with a certain vivacity and brilliancy which have prevented them from hanging very long on the walls of exhibitions or of the artist's studio. He has interpreted his own stories from the platform in many parts of the country, and has made his readers aware, by their personal contact with him, of his abounding life. He has written at least one play, and his name is found on the title-page of a number of books of travel and of three or four novels. Of these the earliest was "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"—a study of a certain type of old-time Virginian which was quite captivating in its geniality, humor, and kindly character-drawing. Mr. Smith is himself a Virginian, and is to be counted in the ranks of that group of Southern writers which has done so much during the last decade to enrich our literature with original portraitures of American types; but


"GOD SAVE THE KING"
From "Rupert of Hentzau." Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

he has lived in the metropolis so long that something of its vitality and breadth of interest has entered into his work. He has shown a remarkable aptitude for understanding and sympathizing with working life on the side of honest, capable, and patient toil. "Tom Grogan" was a capital piece of vigorous portraiture—a woman who entered the competitive life of the world without asking for a handicap, and who made her success on her own terms. "Caleb West" has the same charm. The real part of it—the part which shows the native genius and force of the writer—is what might be called the construction side: it is the laying of the foundations of the lighthouse and the descriptions of the life among the men. Here Mr. Smith is at his very best, striking the real note with a strong, convincing hand again and again, making his readers aware of that kind of individual force which is the stuff of which literature is made.

The author of "Caleb West" is a methodical worker, as all men must be who accomplish so much, and thoroughly elaborates his stories before he puts pen to paper. Every novelist of any originality has his own method; Mr. Smith's method seems to have been borrowed in part from his experience as a builder. He sketches in clear and definite outline the general construction of his plot, and fills in the interstices with ideas, incidents, and bits of conversation; and, when the story lies clear in his own mind, locks himself up with his note-book and fuses his materials together in a consecutive narrative.



JOHN FISKE

From the time of Homer to the time of Kipling mankind has hailed with acclamation the born story-teller, the narrator of stirring things, the man who, as Sir Philip Sidney said, "cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." Works of more serious literary value may be slow in finding recognition, but he who has the true spirit of romance leaps into the reading world's affection. Such a born romancer is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Four years ago comparatively few knew of the existence of the English barrister and journalist, who had, nevertheless, written several novels of some merit. One day, without special heralding, he puts forth a little volume breathing the very spirit of romance and adventure, and within two months his name is more widely known in England and America than that of Walter Pater, or R. H. Hutton, or others who had for many years produced literary work of the finest and highest type. And this year Anthony Hope follows his "Prisoner of Zenda" with a sequel (disregarding the predictions of the wiseacres that a second book on the same subject would surely be a failure and an anti-climax), with the result that "Rupert of Hentzau" is shown by the records of published sales to be in the very front rank of the novels of 1898.

What is the secret? Not merely an exciting plot, the clash of arms, the passion of love, the skillful leading up to a dénouement. Mr. Hope has also that indefinable and fascinating quality which reviewers are wont to call "dash," or "touch and go," or "spirited style"—the quality that makes Dumas's D'Artagnan and Rostand's Cyrano and the many characters of Scott and Stevenson stand out in memory. It is a distinct triumph to have made of his heroine an older and more serious woman without in the least losing her charm; and the hero, also, is a strong and distinct character.

ALFRED DREYFUS

The Dreyfus Case

By Adolphe Cohn

Professor of the Romance Languages and Literatures in Columbia University

DANIEL WEBSTER, in the opening of his celebrated Reply to Hayne, remarked that it was decidedly not useless, after all that had been said in the discussion, to return to its beginning and state again what it was all about. Perhaps the same thing may be said now about the Dreyfus case, which has been more or less before the public for the last four years, and which we do hope may now be reaching its final crisis. What will be attempted here is, not to provide with arguments either those who believe the ex-Captain of artillery to be guilty, or those who hold him to be, according to Major du Paty de Clam's dramatic expression, the greatest martyr of this century, but simply to state those facts which lie on the surface, and which, in the heat of the discussion to which this celebrated case has given birth, may have been somewhat forgotten by the public.

Late in the fall of the year 1894, a Paris newspaper, which had then gained neither the notoriety nor the circulation it now possesses, "La Libre Parole," announced that a Jewish officer, who belonged to the offices of the General Staff in the War Department, had been put under arrest and was soon to undergo trial under an accusation of treason.

Although "La Libre Parole" was known to be a fanatical anti-Semitic newspaper, and as such had time and again leveled at members of the Jewish race accusations which had proved totally groundless, the statement at once produced in France the greatest excitement. In the midst of the violent discussions to which political questions had given rise since, and even before, the establishment of the Republic, the army had been the one subject upon which the French had felt that, in sentiment at least, they were all absolutely united. Especially had it been so since the disasters of the Franco-German War, and through the long and persevering efforts which had been made with the object of reconstituting the military strength of the nation. An accusation of treason against an officer in possession of important military secrets could not fail, therefore, deeply to stir public opinion; and it was at once admitted that no such accusation would be formulated unless it rested upon the most serious grounds. Surprise was, however, expressed at the channel by which the public was made acquainted with a fact of such national importance.

It was soon learned that the statement of "La Libre Parole" was correct. The name of the suspected officer was Alfred Dreyfus. He had already been incarcerated in the military prison of Cherche-Midi for more than two weeks. He belonged to an Alsatian family, and was one of the most brilliant officers of the French army. After graduating from the École Polytechnique and the special artillery school at Fontainebleau, he had for a while served in an artillery regiment, and then entered the École Supérieure de la Guerre, which is designed to provide the General Staff with officers familiar with every branch of military science. It was owing to the simple force of his demonstrated merit that he had been called to the confidential position he occupied in the central offices of the General Staff. It was also stated, and not denied, that he belonged to a wealthy family, and that his fortune placed him, in appearance at least, above the reach of temptations of a pecuniary nature.

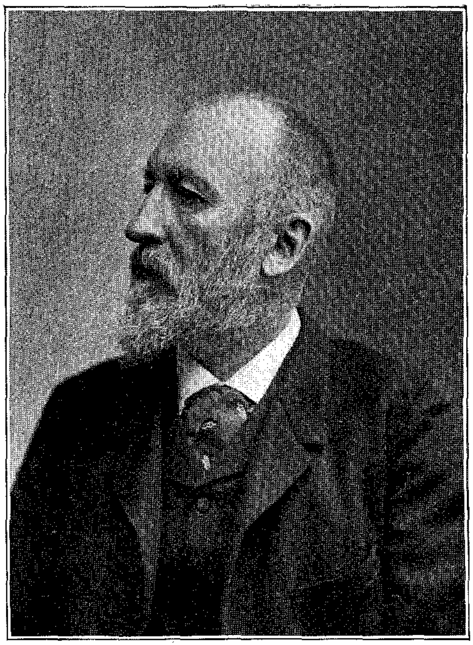
M. ÉMILE ZOLA

There was, therefore, from the start in the case a mysterious element. What motives could have induced a son of Alsace to betray the country to which Alsace remained so passionately attached, in spite of its annexation to Germany? What motives could have induced a Hebrew to betray the country which of all countries in Europe had proved most generous to his race? The anti-Semitic papers had a ready answer to these questions. Captain Dreyfus was a traitor because he was a Jew—that is, a man without a country. But the credit of the anti-Semitic papers was then very small, and in the press as well as in public opinion there was, on the whole, a widespread disposition to suspend judgment until after the meeting of the military tribunal before which the suspected captain was to appear, and a hope that, after all, it would be found that the ranks of the beloved French army did not contain any traitor.

This hope was doomed to disappointment. The military tribunal met on December 19, 1894. The proceedings were secret. It was said that a publication of the evidence might have brought about a declaration of war of Germany against France. The culprit was ably defended by the foremost criminal lawyer of the Paris bar, Maître Demange, and at the close of the trial was declared guilty as per the indictment. The charge was that of having communicated to a foreign power documents of such a nature that they might result in a declaration of war. The penalty was that of degradation from the army and transportation for life in a fortified spot. It is to be noted here that one of the chief witnesses for the accusation had been an officer holding a high position in the secret information department of the War Office, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry.

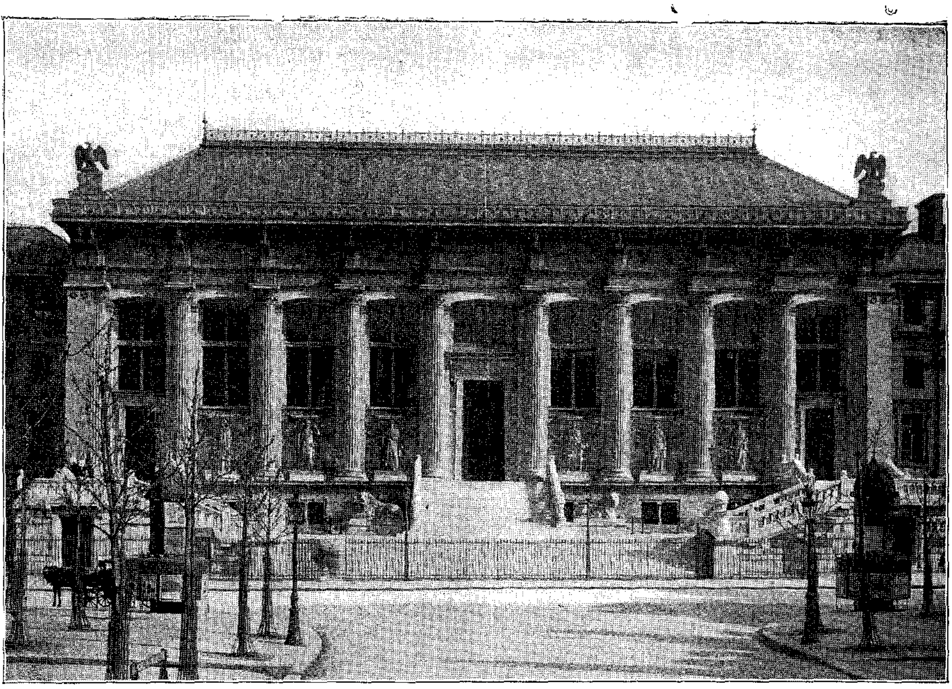
What had been thus far the attitude of the man who had just been declared by his peers a traitor to his country? Consistently, continuously, from the very first day of his imprisonment, he had protested his innocence, and no word had escaped him which might be construed into an admission of guilt. What was his attitude after sentence had been passed upon him? In public it remained what it had been before. He went through the terrible ordeal of public degradation in the presence of detachments from all the bodies of troops then garrisoned in Paris, surrounded by thousands and thousands of spectators, whose hearts were filled with execration for the crime of which he had been declared guilty, and who found even his terrible punishment too lenient for such a crime. He never flinched. From the moment when he was brought before the troops to the end of that terrible marching past in front of every detachment, after having the insignia of his rank and his uniform buttons torn from him, and after having been proclaimed unworthy to belong to the French army, his firmness never deserted him. Hardly any words escaped his lips except these: "I am innocent! Long live France!" Was his attitude the same when far from the public gaze? Here the cautious historian must refrain from making any positive statement. The authorities contend that some words that escaped the condemned man contained a virtual admission of his guilt; his friends deny it; and we do not intend to enter here upon any discussion of the weight of evidence upon one side or the other.

On the whole, public opinion in France accepted the verdict as a just one. There was no disposition to doubt either the correctness of the proceedings or the intelligence and honesty of the military judges. It was known, moreover, that at the War Office, from the Minister, General Mercier, down, everybody was convinced of Dreyfus's guilt; and confidence in the motives and ability of the members of the War Office was then universal in France. Here and there only some of the co-religionists of the degraded captain refused to believe in the guilt of one of their race; and it was soon known, in addition, that two other men, at least, were firm believers in his innocence. One was his counsel, Maître Demange, who declared publicly that he never would have appeared for him if he had not believed him innocent. The other was the officer in charge of the military prison of Cherche-Midi, Major Forzinetti. But, in spite of these scattered expressions of dissent with the finding of the court, there was really no discussion of the



M. SCHEURER-KESTNER

MAÎTRE LABORI



PALAIS DE JUSTICE, FAÇADE DE LA COUR DE CASSATION

merits of the case, of which, moreover, very little was known; and what interested the public was to learn how the sentence that had just been passed would be carried out. It was universally regretted that the military code had not allowed the passing of a death sentence, and any alleviation of the penalty would have been universally condemned. It was soon announced that the spot selected for the enforcement of the judgment of the court was a small island near the coast of French Guiana, known by the name of Devil's Island. There the Captain was to remain alone with his keepers, and every precaution was to be taken against his possible escape. The programme was carried out to the letter, and soon Alfred Dreyfus was on his way to his terrible abode of confinement.

Chief among those who considered him a victim either of a mysterious fate or of a base conspiracy were, of course, the members of his family. Whatever opinion be held about the man, no words of praise can do more than simple justice to the admirable wife whose faith in him never wavered for a moment and whose efforts in his behalf have known neither rest nor discouragement. She first asked to be allowed to share her husband's captivity, but this, of course, had to be denied. At the same time, surrounded by her relatives and a few friends, and guided by the experience and devotion of Maître Demange, she went to work, trying to discover some flaw in the procedure which had resulted in her husband's conviction, and which had upon appeal been upheld by the highest court in the land, the Court of Cassation. Her hope was that the discovery of some new fact might enable her to appeal to the Minister of Justice for a revision of the trial. She and her friends also tried to influence public opinion, and their warm advocacy of the ex-Captain found a ready ear among the Hebrews in and outside of France, and also, to a certain extent, in the most intellectual part of the Paris population. Protestants and freethinkers especially were impressed by the fact that nearly every one of the officers of the War Department who had been most hostile to Dreyfus were graduates of a celebrated Jesuit school in Paris, which made a specialty of fitting young men for admission to the two great military schools, the École de Saint Cyr and the École Polytechnique. Ground, therefore, had been well prepared for a pamphlet which was published in Belgium in the fall of 1895 under the title of "Une erreur Judiciaire," and the author of which, though at first not named on the title-page, was soon known to be a talented literary critic of Hebrew parentage, M. Bernard Lazare.

From that moment the question of Dreyfus's guilt or innocence was before the public. Outside of France opinion seemed to be almost unanimous that the military court had sentenced a guiltless man. The Governments of Germany and Italy, the two countries which were believed to have been the beneficiaries of Dreyfus's treason, took pains to assert that they never had had the slightest dealings with him, and it was even reported that the German Emperor had gone so far as to state that he knew Dreyfus to be innocent. In France opinion was divided. While the mass of the nation persisted in the belief that seven officers of the French army, sitting as a military court, could not have been capable of sentencing a brother officer for treason unless his guilt was absolutely demonstrated to them, the number grew daily, among the most intellectual members of the population, of those who believed that there had been some gross irregularity in the trial, and that the case for the prosecution was not as strong in law as it was said to be. It was stated that the chief proof against Dreyfus was a *bordereau* or list of documents sent to a foreign embassy, which he was charged with and denied having written, and that the experts who had examined the document had been divided as to its authorship. This division of public opinion was made more dangerous and violent by the injection into the case of race feeling. Up to the opening of the Dreyfus case there had been very little of this in France. The anti-Semitic leaders had but a small following, much smaller than had been the case in Germany during the Stoecker agitation, or than was actually the case in Austria under the leadership of Dr. Lueger and Prinz von Lichtenstein. But the Dreyfus case made matters decidedly worse in this respect. Anti-Semitic newspapers pointed to it as a proof that they were justified in their hatred of the Jews. They called attention to the fact that all over the world, and even in France, Hebrews were more ready to believe that seven French officers had sentenced an innocent man than that a Jew had been proved a traitor, and they soon found ears willing to listen to them when they accused the whole race of hatred against the French army. The almost unanimous stand taken abroad, especially in England and Germany, against the finding of the court did not help matters; rather the reverse. It was considered an intrusion of foreigners into matters that did not concern them. It enabled the anti-Semitic papers to state the case thus to the people: On one side the foreigners and the Jews, on the other our own generals; choose between the two. As for the Government, which was time and again questioned in the Chambers about the case, its answer was always the same: The Dreyfus case is *res adjudicata*, and unless an application is made in due form to the Minister of Justice for a revision of the case, an application based upon new facts which were not known at the time of the 1895 trial, there is no longer any Dreyfus case.

That there still was such a case became, however, evident when Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, who had been for quite a while at the head of the secret information department in the War Office, was suddenly removed from his post and sent to command a regiment in Tunisia, for it was known at once that the reason of this decision was a difference of opinion between the Lieutenant-Colonel and his brother officers in regard to the whole affair. About the same time the rumor grew that Dreyfus's conviction had

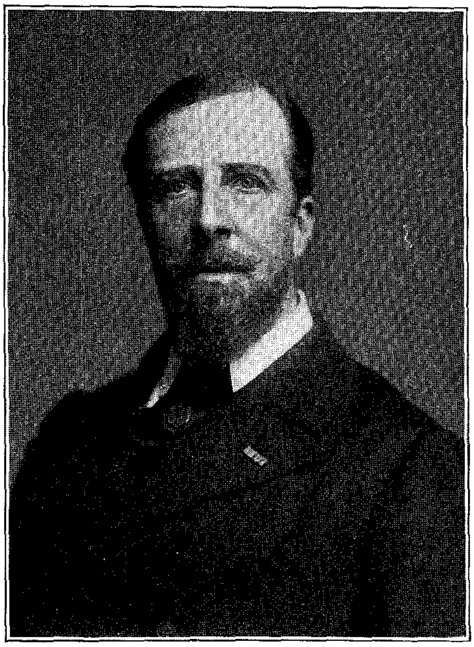
COLONEL PICQUART

been procured only by the production before the military judges of secret documents which had not been placed in evidence during the trial, and which had never been shown to the defendant or to his counsel. Finally, in the fall of 1897, it was announced that one of the most eminent members of the Republican party, M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, had become convinced of Dreyfus's innocence and would ask the Government to grant him a new trial. Events after that began to follow each other in rapid succession.

M. Scheurer-Kestner's appeal to Prime Minister Méline, and to General Billot, then Minister of War, was not followed by any practical results, except that in an interpellation to the Cabinet an ex-Minister of War, M. Godefroy Cavaignac, insisted that there was in the hands of the Minister a report of Captain Lebrun-Renault, who had had Dreyfus in his keeping on the day of the military degradation, and that that report contained an admission of his guilt by the ex-Captain. This, it must be said, was at once indignantly denied by Dreyfus's friends and family, but it was later shown that there was some foundation for M. Cavaignac's assertion.

The next step in the development of this dramatic case was a letter from M. Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of Alfred Dreyfus. This letter, addressed to the War Minister, plainly stated that Alfred Dreyfus had been sentenced for another man's crime, and it gave that man's name. He was Count Ferdinand Valsin Esterhazy, a major in a regiment of infantry, and was declared to have been the author of the *bordereau* which had played an important part in the trial of 1894. At the same time facsimiles of the *bordereau* began to appear in the daily papers, together with specimens of the handwriting both of Dreyfus and Esterhazy, and numbers of people began to declare that these documents pointed to Esterhazy and not to Dreyfus as the guilty man. Among those who thus openly declared themselves was M. Émile Zola, the celebrated novelist. The publication in the daily newspapers of letters purporting to have been written by Esterhazy, and which were grossly insulting to the French army, compelled the War Minister to proceed against him, and he was sent before a military court, similar to the one which had judged Dreyfus. His trial was a short one, conducted part of the time with open, part with closed, doors, and he was acquitted. The next day, in a paper, "L'Aurore," edited by a prominent politician who had espoused Dreyfus's cause, M. George Clémenceau, appeared a letter in which Émile Zola, using the most violent expressions he could find in the French language, denounced the Esterhazy trial as a mere sham, accused the War Min-

COMMANDANT ESTERHAZY



M. PAUL DÉROULÈDE

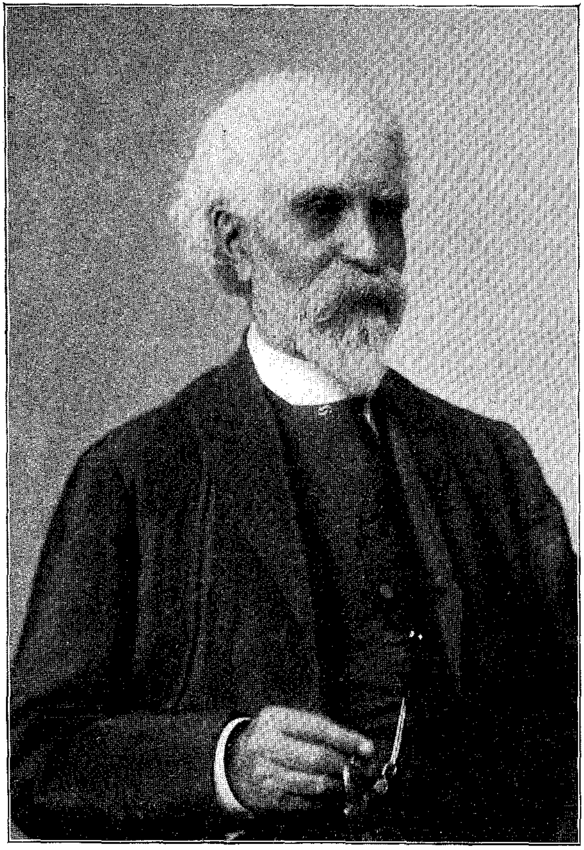
ister and all the officers of the General Staff of being members of a conspiracy of fraud and deceit, proclaimed Dreyfus innocent, and dared the Government to prosecute him.

The challenge was answered. The prosecution of Zola was decided upon, but it was determined to base the accusation simply upon a few lines of the letter, charging the judges in the Esterhazy trial with having acquitted, upon orders, a man whom they held to be guilty, and not upon the whole letter.

In the trial, which took place before the Court of Assizes of Paris, every effort was made by M. Zola's counsel, Maître Labori, in order to bring about a complete examination of the Dreyfus case, but these efforts were generally thwarted by the presiding judge, Justice Delegorgue, and the trial resulted in Zola's conviction. He was sentenced to one year of imprisonment and a fine of five thousand francs, for libel against the military court. A sensational incident of the trial had been the assertion by one of the witnesses, General de Pellieux, that there was in the War Department a letter, written in 1896, which contained additional and absolutely convincing proof of Dreyfus's guilt. General de Pellieux's assertion was corroborated by the Chief of the General Staff, General de Boisdeffre.

One of the results of the trial was that it began to be generally admitted that Dreyfus's conviction had been procured by means of secret documents which had not been in evidence at the trial. Upon this Madame Dreyfus based a new request for revision, which was answered negatively by the Government, as they held that the fact of the introduction of secret documents had not yet been proved.

Upon appeal, the Court of Cassation annulled the proceedings against Zola, upon the ground that they ought to have been initiated, not by the War Minister, but by the libeled court itself; and when an attempt was made to begin a new trial, Maître Labori managed to force a postponement of the same, and Zola disappeared from the country.



M. MANAU, PROCUREUR-GÉNÉRAL

In the meanwhile new elections had taken place, and a new Cabinet, of more radical tendencies than the Méline Cabinet, had come into office. It had for its War Minister M. Cavaignac, who, a few days after taking office, delivered before the House a speech setting forth some of the proofs of Dreyfus's guilt. Among these proofs he quoted the letter of 1896, which had been alluded to in the Zola trial. The next day, in an open letter, Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, who had been retired on account of his advocacy of Dreyfus's case, offered to prove that this letter was a forgery.

A few weeks later Lieutenant-Colonel Henry admitted that he had forged the letter himself. He was instantly put under arrest, and a few hours after being led to the Mont Valérien fortress committed suicide.

Colonel Henry's confession and suicide brought about a complete revulsion of public feeling. Irrespective of their opinion about Dreyfus's innocence or guilt, the people insisted that a trial in which a self-confessed forger had been one of the principal witnesses must be revised, and it was soon known that the Cabinet agreed with the people.

In spite of the opposition of two successive War Ministers, the first steps prescribed by the law for the revision of a criminal trial were soon taken. A letter of the Minister of Justice placed the whole matter in the hands of the Court of Cassation.

On October 25 the Houses, which had adjourned for their summer vacation three months before, resumed their sittings. Their first session will ever remain a memorable one in the parliamentary annals of France. Goaded into complete loss of self-control by an insulting attack of the anti-Semitic leader, Paul Déroulède, General Chanoine announced from the speaking stand his resignation of the office of War Minister—not, however, until after asserting that he shared his two predecessors' views in regard to Dreyfus's guilt and the inadvisability of a revision of his trial. The discussion which followed this unprecedented announcement resulted in a defeat for the Brisson Cabinet.

Two days later the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation met, in consequence of the letter of the Minister of Justice referring to it the question of the revision of the trial of 1894. It heard three very able arguments: first one by one of the Justices, Justice Bard, who had been commissioned, according to the practice of the Court, to prepare a preliminary report; second, the *réquisitoire* of Procureur-Général Manau, representing the people; third, an address by the lawyer representing the family, Maître Mornard. Every one of these arguments had for its conclusion a request to the Court to order a revision of the judgment of 1894 and a retrial of Dreyfus. Procureur-Général Manau even asked for a suspension of the penalty inflicted by the military tribunal.

GENERAL MERCIER

Three courses were open to the Court: first, a rejection of the request for a revision; second, the quashing of the judgment and the issuing of an order for a retrial; third, a declaration that more information was needed, and that such information would be searched after by the Court in secret sittings, but with full power to call for all documents, summon all witnesses, etc., as specified in a law of 1895 relating to the revision of criminal trials. The Court decided for the third course, and it has already begun to hear witnesses and examine the documents relating to the case.

The Cabinet which opened the revision proceedings is no longer in office, but the new Cabinet, which, curiously enough, has for its head the Prime Minister of December, 1894, M. Charles Dupuy, has neither the desire nor the power to interfere with the court of supreme jurisdiction in France.

The ground is now cleared. Nearly every one who was concerned in the Dreyfus and Esterhazy trials has had to step aside. Esterhazy himself has been put out of the army by decision of a military Board of Inquiry and expelled from the Legion of Honor by the Council of the Order. General de Boisdeffre resigned his position of Chief of the General Staff immediately upon the detection of Colonel Henry's forgery. Colonel du Paty de Clam, who was one of the chief informers against Dreyfus, has been put on the retired list. General Gonse, who was at the head of the secret information department of the War Office, has left the War Office, and Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart is in the military prison of Cherche-Midi.

This is the past history and the present state of the case. Let us hope that the new trial of Dreyfus, which is now inevitable, will clear for all sincere minds the question of his guilt or of his innocence.

Poets on Their Own Poems

By Jeannette L. Gilder

SOME years ago, before most of the great poets were dead, I conceived the idea of making a volume of selections from their poems, the poets themselves to do the selecting. This, I confess, was not so much because I thought that they would be the best judges of their work, but because of the novelty of the idea, and because the volume could not but have a certain unique value. The poets responded courteously to my call, but not as eagerly as the cynic might imagine. Some of them almost declined at first to accept my invitation to immortality, and only by hard coaxing did I induce them to respond. What I asked them was to name four or five of their poems that they thought best represented their muse. Not their "favorite," because I did not suppose that they had favorites, but I wanted them to be satisfied with the selections in the book, and I could think of no better way of getting at this desired end than the one I proposed. I shall not quote from all the letters that I received; that would make a book, and this is merely an article. I will only give a few extracts from the letters where they seem to me to be particularly characteristic. To take them alphabetically, Matthew Arnold was the first poet to respond to my call. Either he did not understand my request or he begged the question. "I cannot," he wrote, "undertake to select the three or four poems of mine most likely to suit the general public in America. All I can say is that the poem most liked by the public here is, I think, 'The Forsaken Merman;'" so this is the only one of this poet's poems printed in my book. Sir Edwin Arnold wrote: "It is very difficult for me to say by what poems I would be represented. I forget what I have written—being a most careless author in this respect, seldom preserving a copy of my own books." He asked me to make the selection, stipulating, however, that "He and She" be included. But in another letter he named "A Home Song," "The Rajah's Ride," and "A Serenade." Our own Mr. T. B. Aldrich wrote: "If I were to select four lyrics from the writings of that middle-aged young poet whom you mention in your note, I should take 'On Lynn Terrace,' 'Identity,' 'Prescience,' and 'Unsung.' If I wanted his best sonnet, I'd take 'Sleep.'"

I don't know just how I got it into my head that Mr. John Burroughs was a poet, unless by much reading of his prose; but I wrote to him for his selection, and he thought that I was "poking fun" at him. "When and where have you read any poems of mine?" he asked; but he confessed to a little one, printed years ago in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," and republished in Whittier's "Songs of the Centuries." It is called "Waiting," and a very pretty poem it is. The late Mr. H. C. Bunner wrote that I asked him an embarrassing question. "But if you want to know by what I should *desire* to be represented as a writer of verses, I will name 'The Way to Arcady,' and let it go at that. Only, I pray you, *don't* use any of my light and humorous iniquities. I would fain put them behind me." I need hardly say that his wishes were respected; nor need I add that he could scarcely have made a better choice.

The late George William Curtis seemed to be almost as much surprised as Mr. Burroughs that I had his name among my poets. "How you must delve in obscure literature," he wrote, "to know that I ever wrote verses! I never did write many, and you can put all your selections from my lyre upon a page." He then named some lines that had found their way into Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," and added, "I send also some lines to Theodore Winthrop which I wrote in June, 1861, sitting on Grymes's Hill, where we used to sit together, looking at the ocean." Now both are dead, the brave young soldier who died for his country, and the equally brave writer, who did battle with his pen and served his country just as devotedly and died when he could least have been spared.

Mr. Austin Dobson thought that I could make a better selection than he could; but as that would have been against the design of my book, he kindly selected "Good-night, Babette," "The Dead Letter," "The Sick Man and the Birds," "The Ballad of Prose and Rhyme," "A Ballad of Queen Elizabeth," and "The Paradox of Time." "Forty years ago," wrote the late Charles A. Dana (this was in 1885), "I wrote perhaps eight or ten sonnets and short poems. The whole of them would not fill two columns of 'The Critic.' I had once manuscript copies of them, and lost them, and I could not possibly reproduce them. Three or four maintain a dodging existence in collections of verse, where they owe a place to the kindness of friendly hearts." Most of these were published in the "Dial" and the "Harbinger." I hunted them up and found them. "One of them," wrote Mr. Dana—"I can't remember its title—began, 'Utter no whisper of thy human speech;' that was written at Brook Farm." I found it and have it in my book. It was called "Eternity."

Mr. Edmund Gosse was good enough to get Browning for me. He doubted his ability to succeed when I asked him, but he won a victory, for of all men Browning was the least likely to bother himself with anything of that sort. He did it, however, and most gracefully, as the following letter shows. It is dated 13 Warwick Crescent, and reads:

> *My Dear Gosse:* "Your poems of moderate length, which represent the writer fairly:" if I knew what "moderation" exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say—at a venture—lyrical, "Saul" or "Abt Vogler;" narrative, "A Forgiveness;" dramatic, "Caliban upon Setebos;" idyllic (in the Greek sense), "Clive." Which means that, being restricted to *four* dips in the lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples—so far as they go, for there is somewhat behind still!

"Of my own 'stuff,' as Matthew Arnold would say," wrote Mr. Gosse, "print, if you please, 'Lying in the Grass,' 'To My Daughter,' 'The Mænad's Grave,' 'Timasitheos.'"

Dr. O. W. Holmes said: "If I named a few pieces, they would be 'The Last Leaf,' 'Old Ironsides,' among the earlier ones, 'The Chambered Nautilus,' and 'The Voiceless.'" Mr. Bret Harte, then United States Consul at Glasgow, suggested "An Idyl of the Road" and "Wind Over the Chimney," as he called it, though in his published poems it is called "What the Chimney Sang." He considered them characteristic of his work. He said that I might take the "Heathen Chinee," as it is called, if I wanted to, but I did not. Colonel John Hay's letter is marked "confidential," for which I am very sorry, as it is particularly characteristic and amusing.

There was no one who helped me more in getting up my book than the late Arthur Locker-Lamson. He not only sent me a list of his own poems, but he enabled me to get a selection from the late Lord Tennyson, who was even harder to induce to go into an anthology than Mr. Browning, much less to take an interest in the making of one. Of his own poems Mr. Locker-Lamson selected "An Invitation to Rome," "The Unrealized Ideal," "To My Grandmother," "Beggars," and "At Her Window." Mr. Andrew Lang wrote: 'I cannot pretend to say which of my lines are most representative, and much prefer, like the cabman, to 'leave it to you.' I have a sneaking liking for 'Almæ Matres,' but no one can be a judge of his own attempts." In another letter he mentioned, besides this, "Twilight on Tweed," "Homer," and "Romance," adding, "I feel uncomfortable at these scraps being in the same volume with real poets. I only aim at versifying, and make no pretense of poetry." Certainly Mr. Lang has the modesty of the true poet.

Poor, dear Mr. Lowell misunderstood the number of poems that I asked for, and thought that I said forty-five, so he sat down and wrote me out a list of that many titles. He was in Boston when my first letter reached him, and he wrote, "The list of my offenses is at Southboro'. The truth is, I have no choice, but 'hate 'em all without distinction.' Really, you must put 'em into a hat (if you can borrow one), and take 'em out by lot." Women did not wear hats as commonly in those days as they do to-day, and I suppose he thought that I wore a bonnet. His final selection was for "A Parable," "The Present Crisis," "What is so Rare as a Day in June," "The Courtin'," and an extract from "The Commemoration Ode." Mr. R. H. Stoddard wrote: "Let us *talk*, not *write*. I hate pothooks." And so we talked, and he named "Abraham Lincoln," "Songs Unsung," "The Flower of Love-Lies-Bleeding," and "The Flight of Youth." The late Robert Louis Stevenson, then at Bournemouth, wrote: "No, I find that I cannot select any of my own verses. I have tried, and it won't do. I like the trio 'Northwest Passage' in 'The Child's Garden.' That for a first. But I can say no more."

Mr. Stedman thought that I showed tact in "consulting the poets as to selections." He advised me not to use such pieces of his as "Pan in Wall Street," "Toujours Amour," etc., as they were "too hackneyed." Then he names me a list from which I chose and submitted to him for final approval. It was "The Discoverer," "The Hand of Lincoln," "Kearny at Seven Pines," "The Lord's

Day Gale," "Mine," "The Old Picture Dealer," and "The World Well Lost."

J. G. Whittier wrote that he scarcely remembered what he had written, and that he had no time just then to look over his verses, but he did mention "The Slave of Martinique," "The Two Angels," "The Pageant," and "My Playmate."

I confess that I was put in a rather embarrassing position by Mr. Swinburne's selections, which his friend Mr. Theodore Watts (this was before he had added Dunton to his name) was kind enough to get for me. They were too long to go into my book and leave room for any others, so I was obliged to use heroic measures and leave them out, much to my annoyance, for the book hardly seemed complete without him. What he selected were "Hymn of Man," "Hertha" (in "Songs Before Sunrise"), "Off Shore," and "By the North Sea."

In looking over my letters I am shocked to find how many of the poets have joined the majority.

A Back-Log Song

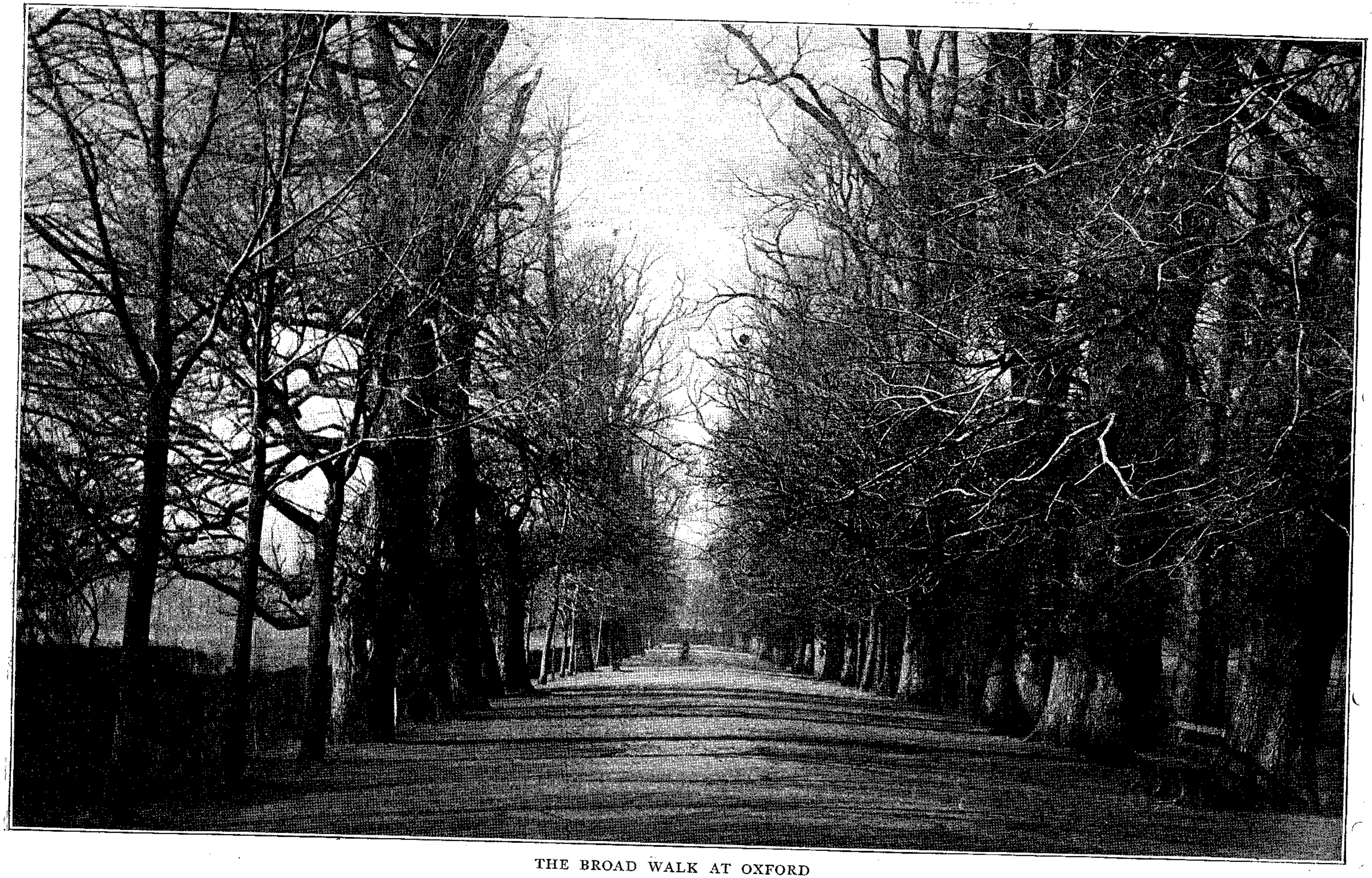
By Paul Laurence Dunbar

De axes has been ringin' in de woods de blessid day,
An' de chips has been a-fallin' fa' an' thick;
Dey has cut de bigges' hick'ry dat de mules kin tote away,
An' dey's laid hit down and soaked it in de crik.
Den dey tuk hit to de big house an' dey piled de wood erroun'
In de fiah-place f'om ash-flo' to de flue,
While ol' Ezry sta'ts de hymn dat evah yeah has got to soun'
When de back-log fus' commence a-bu'nin' thoo.

Ol' Mastah is a-smilin' on de da'kies f'om de hall,
Ol' Mistus is a-stannin' in de do',
An' de young folks, males an' misses, is a-tryin', one an' all,
Fu' to mek us feel hit's Chrismus time fu' sho'.
An' ouah hea'ts are full of pleasure, fu' we know de time is ouahs
Fu' to dance er do jes' whut we wants to do,
An' dey ain't no ovahseer an' no othah kind o' powahs
Dat kin stop us while dat log is bu'nin' thoo.

Dey's a-wo'kin' in de qua'tahs a-preparin' fu' de feas',
So de little pigs is feelin' kind o' shy.
De chickens ain't so trus'ful ez dey was, to say de leas',
An' de wise ol' hens is roostin' mighty high.
You couldn't git a gobblah fu' to look you in de face—
I ain't sayin' whut de tu'ky 'spects is true;
But hit's mighty dange'ous trav'lin' fu' de critters on de place
F'om de time dat log commence a bu'nin' thoo.

Some one's tunin' up his fiddle dah, I hyeah a banjo's ring,
An', bless me, dat's de tootin' of a ho'n!
Now dey'll evah one be runnin' dat has got a foot to fling,
An' dey'll dance an' frolic on fo'm now 'twell mo'n.
Plunk de banjo, scrape de fiddle, blow dat ho'n yo' level bes',
Keep yo' min' erpon de chune an' step it true.
Oh, dey ain't no time fu' stoppin' an' dey ain't no time fu' res',
Fu' hit's Chrismus an' de back-log's bu'nin' thoo!



THE BROAD WALK AT OXFORD

Some Famous Schools: New College and Oxford

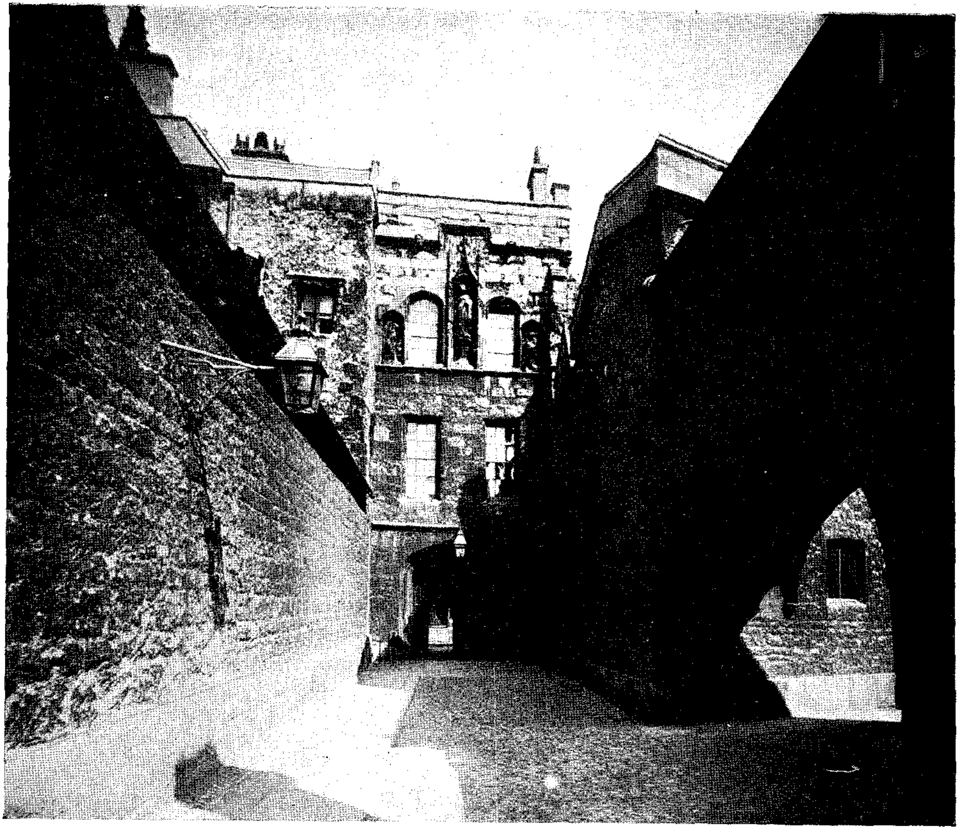
By Hamilton W. Mabie

IN England few things are made out of hand; most things grow. In this fact lies the secret of much of that vitality and reality which are characteristic of the best English life. There are survivals of ancient forms in abundance; for the English love to carry their history with them instead of relegating it to the libraries: there is a studious observance of certain conventions; for English society has come slowly into its present order, and is tenacious of its social forms: there is often a humorous absence of logic in laws, institutions, and customs; for the English do not share the Gallic, or rather the Latin. passion for abstract uniformity. In all these English qualities one sees the evidence and results of that process of vital evolution which has kept institutions in close relation to character, and has held all classes of society together in a long historic evolution.

The distance in instinct and education which separates the French from their political institutions sometimes suddenly widens into an abyss; but the English, though always critical and sometimes restless, are never out of touch with their organic political life. When the House of Lords really checks or defeats the sober determination of the English people, it will be mended or ended, to recall Lord Rosebery's phrase. The contradiction which lies in the very nature of modern German society, which shows itself in the unflinching determination to exercise complete spiritual, intellectual, and social liberty, and which makes Germany, as Kuno Francke has recently said, "the classic land of queer people, . . . the land of Quintus Fixlein, Onkel Bräsig, Leberecht Hühnchen, and the host of 'Fliegende Blätter' worthies," and the docile submission to the most irritating restriction and supervision in matters of state, does not exist in England. There are hosts of contradictions in the English social, political, and religious order, but they have their root in the irregularity of the progressive movement, which in some departments has gone to great lengths, while in other departments it has been carried but a few stages.

The English do not mend their roofs until the rain begins to beat in, and they are more likely to repair than to rebuild; the result is that English civilization is like an old house which has been enlarged and modified from time to time to meet the needs of a growing family, but which still rests on the old foundations and preserves unbroken the associations, traditions, and experience of successive generations for a thousand years. Such a house is likely to exhibit some incongruities of architecture and to be lacking in some conveniences; but it has the immense advantage of having been lived in so long that it seems to be part of the landscape, and of being a real expression of the family character as well as a monument of the family greatness and a record of the family history. It is neither so convenient nor so consistent in structure as a house built from a complete plan in a decade; but the family is very much at home in it.

The marks of this vital process are nowhere more distinct than in the Universities, of which Oxford may serve as a type. Nobody knows when the town had its beginning, nor when the foundations of the schools were laid; nobody is quite certain of the origin of the name. One looks back at prehistoric Oxford very much as Turner looked at the Oxford of fifty years ago when he made that poetic study of its distant spires and roofs from Bagley, through the imagination; but it ought to be added that no one can see the real Oxford without the aid of the imagination. There is, as there ought to be, a background of tradition behind the earliest history of the town. Recalling the great place which religion has always held in the life of the University, one is quite willing to accept without too careful scrutiny the charming story of St. Frideswyde as Anthony Wood tells it in his badly arranged and leisurely account of the antiquities of Oxford. "About the year of our Lord 727 lived in the city of Oxford a prince named Didan,"



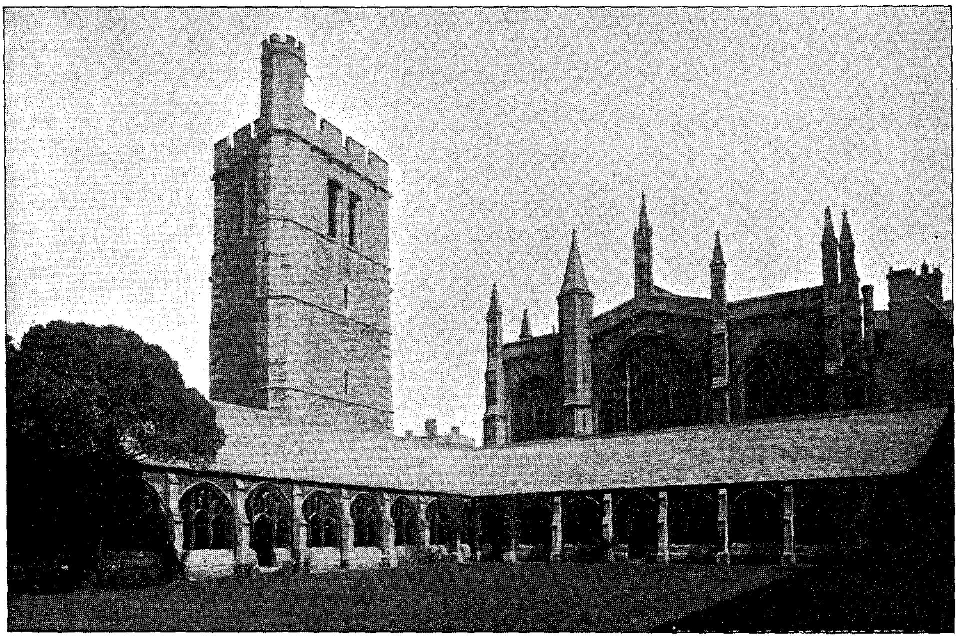
NEW COLLEGE ENTRANCE

who built for his daughter a church or convent of her own in which she took the veil, intending to separate herself from the world and give herself wholly to the worship of God and the offices of a religious life. But the future saint was also a princess of no mean personal charms, "being accounted the flower of all these parts;" and Algar, King of Leicester, who is described as "a sprightly prince," not only desired her in marriage, but, when his suit was rejected, set out to devastate Oxford with fire and sword. The princess fled from her importunate suitor into the woods of Bampton, and Alger, pursuing her into this retreat, was smitten with blindness. Three years later the princess returned to Oxford, and ever after "lived, if I might say, in a golden age, for no king or enemy durst approach Oxford." From that day to this, Oxford, though sometimes hard pressed, has kept her privileges against the assaults of kings, and has never failed to throw a spell over her enemies. She has been singularly fatal to kings. St. Frideswyde died and was buried in her own church, of which there remains perhaps some fragment in the wall of the Choir Aisle and Lady Chapel of Christ Church Cathedral—the nave of which Wolsey cut in two in order to secure space for the great quadrangle of his College. The significant part of the legend of St. Frideswyde is that Oxford grew up about a shrine; incidentally the position of the town on a spit of gravel between the Isis, or upper Thames, and the Cherwell, famed for water-lilies, with broad stretches of rich pasturage watered by a navigable river, made it early a place of importance. The Conquest lighted many torches in England as it worked out its relentless subjugation of the island, and nowhere more effectively than at Oxford, where two-thirds of the taxable houses were destroyed, and the Castle, of which a single tower remains to disclose its massive construction, was built—one of that group of strongholds in which the Normans intrenched themselves.

Why teachers and pupils should have selected this particular place and gradually taken possession of it no one knows, although there are all manner of speculations about it. The simple fact seems to be that in the twelfth century the beginnings of the University were to be found in the presence of a small number of students or clerks who were already arrayed against the monastic clergy. It was the age of university-building; medicine was collecting students at Salerno, law at Bologna, and theology at Paris. There was no far-seeing design in any man's mind to organize the means and material of education to reinforce the movement for civilization which the western world was sharing; the Universities originated in the needs of men and the conditions of the time. They were not made; they grew. Teachers gathered students about them and taught them chiefly by discourse; that seems to have been the simple origin of the University; and it is well to remember that the germ of the University is always a group of teachers, never a group of buildings. The success of one teacher in attracting students brought other teachers to the same locality, which became identified with special opportunities of instruction; men of kindred pursuits came together, and in a very loose and informal way divided their field; the more promising students carried their work beyond the limits of the curriculum and became instructors in turn, very much as a *privat docent* makes a place for himself in a German university to-day. The assembling of increasing bodies of men in particular localities quickly brought about a certain adaptation of these localities to the needs and pursuits of a new population.

From these simple beginnings it is not difficult to follow the course of development which finally brought the University as an institution into existence. "It would be altogether erroneous," says Savigny, "were we to look on the earliest Universities of the Middle Ages as educational institutions in our sense—as foundations in which a monarch or a town might have in view the provision of instruction for a native population, the admission of strangers being, however, recognized. It was not so. A teacher inspired by a love of teaching gathered around him a circle of scholars eager to learn. Other teachers followed, the circle of listeners increased, and thus by a kind of inner necessity an enduring school was founded. How great must have been the reputation and influence of such a school at a time when they were but few in number throughout Europe, and when oral instruction was nearly the only path to comprehensive knowledge! How great the pride of the professors, how great the enthusiasm of the scholars, who perhaps had traversed Europe to spend long years in Paris and Bologna!"

There were no school or university buildings; teaching was carried on in private rooms, in hostels, in churches, in the porches



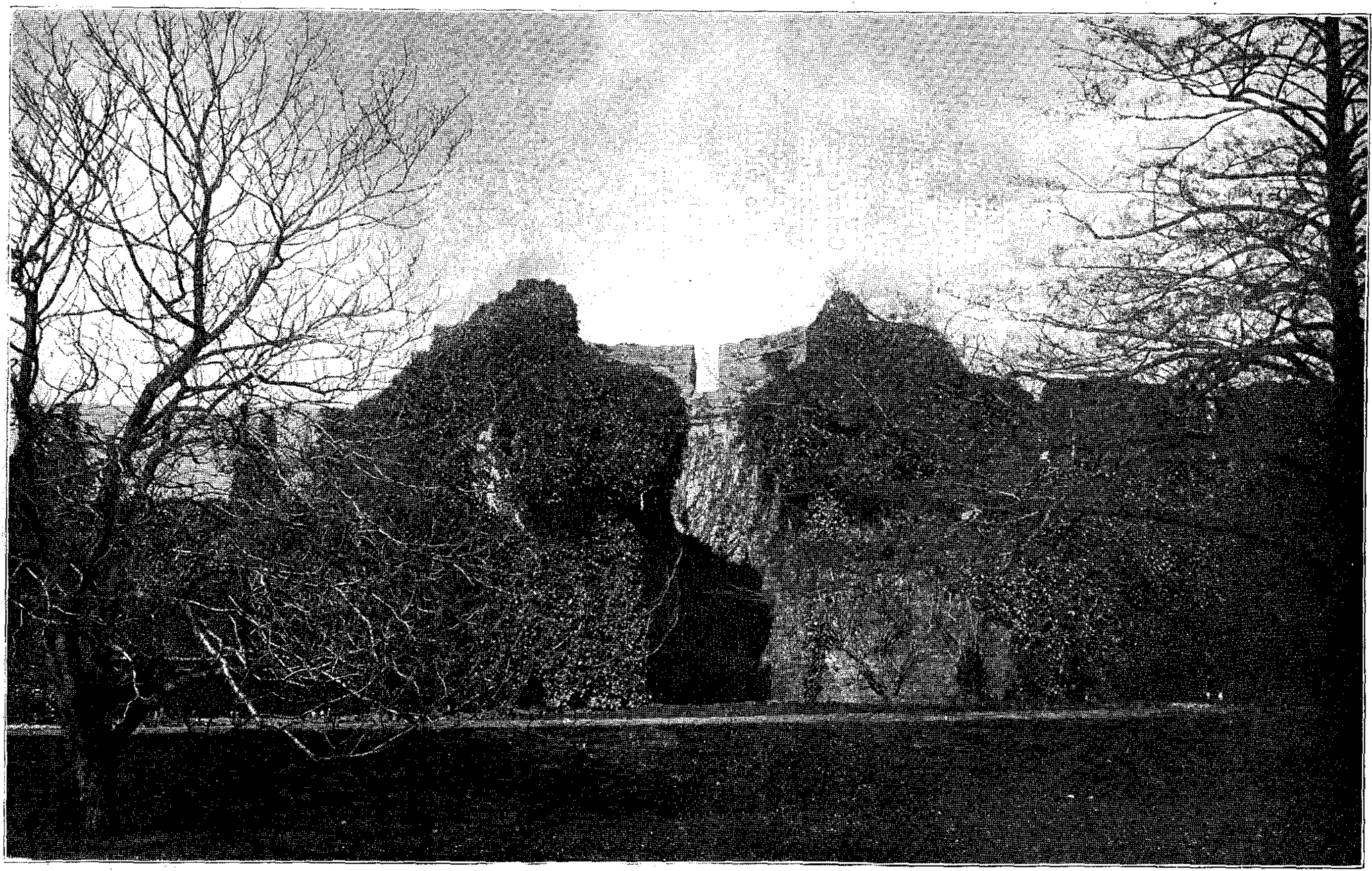
NEW COLLEGE BELL-TOWER

of houses. In fact, so slight were the ties which bound these groups of teachers and students to localities that more than once the early universities packed their few and primitive belongings and sought more congenial quarters. In 1228 there was a very serious student riot in Paris, and, by way of injudicious punishment, many students were subsequently killed or wounded; whereupon the University migrated to Orleans, Rheims, and other towns, and carried on its work without reference either to the Church or the State. A century later, in 1334, grave disturbances in Oxford led to the withdrawal of a large number of students to Stamford. When the King, in order to secure their return, forbade the performance of scholastic exercises in that town, the recalcitrant seceders, with a touch of that independence which is never lacking in wholesome student communities, declared that they had left Oxford on account of disturbances which interfered with serious work, that they were seeking only the privilege of studying in peace, and that they had as good a right to stay in Stamford as the members of any other profession! Five months later they were compelled, however, to yield to those persuasions which kings in the fourteenth century knew well how to use. A great secession from the University of Prague in 1409 resulted in the founding of the University at Leipsic.

Of the Oxford of the thirteenth century nothing survives save the Castle tower, the tower of St. Michael's Church, and remains of the city wall, best seen in the beautiful gardens of New College; and, possibly, a bit of the wall of St. Frideswyde's ancient church. The great University, as one looks down upon it from the top of the Radcliffe Library, its towers and spires and ivy-grown walls set in the loveliest gardens in the world, bells pealing across the city in an almost continuous wave of sound, did not exist; but the University was there, nevertheless, for within the walls there was a body of teachers and an increasing assemblage of students. The breath of the morning was in the air of Europe after the long night which fell upon society when the worn-out civilization of the antique world succumbed to the onslaughts of a vigorous barbarism. Among the signs of the new day were the lights which the new universities had kindled at Salerno, Bologna, and Paris. The impulse of that forerunner of the great awakening of the sixteenth century, the Mediæval Renaissance, was felt by ardent young men, and the fable of an attendance of thirty thousand students at Oxford contains this element of truth: it expresses in the most concrete way the passionate desire for learning which was taking possession of Europe. The teachers were teaching wherever they could find convenient places.

A complete course of study included the *Trivium*—grammar, logic, and rhetoric—and the *Quadrivium*—arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. It must be remembered that in these earliest forms of modern educational organization the University covered the whole field; it was preparatory, academic, and professional school in one. Its students were, therefore, of every age up to middle life, with a large representation of boys. Latin was the common language of western Europe, and all teaching began with Latin grammar and was carried on in Latin. Virgil, Ovid, Livy, and Tacitus were scanned or parsed, but students were spared the pangs of translation. Cicero and Quintilian were text-books in the schools of rhetoric; Aristotle and Porphyry in the schools of logic. These seven liberal arts, or studies, all converged, in that ecclesiastical age, to a single point: the better reading of Holy Scripture, the clearer understanding of the Fathers, and the greater ability to confute heresies.

The instinct for organization, which was so characteristic of the later Middle Ages, speedily made itself felt at Oxford. Every profession and trade was a close corporation in those days, and guarded its privileges of admission, and, in a way, ruled the action of its members as arbitrarily as the modern trades-union. The world of scholars was completely organized throughout Europe; its privileges were many and of great importance; its degrees had a fixed and definite value because they admitted the recipient to these privileges. The teachers formed a guild; the students were in the position of apprentices; the degree made them members of the guild and gave them the right to teach. To this body of teachers and students charters were granted by royal authority, under which the University chose its own Chancellor and academical legislature, and was clothed with jurisdiction over its own members. It thus became an *imperium in imperio*—a State within a State. The students constituted a community by themselves; the civil authorities had no control over them, and every attempt to bring them under local



NEW COLLEGE GARDEN. ROMAN WALL

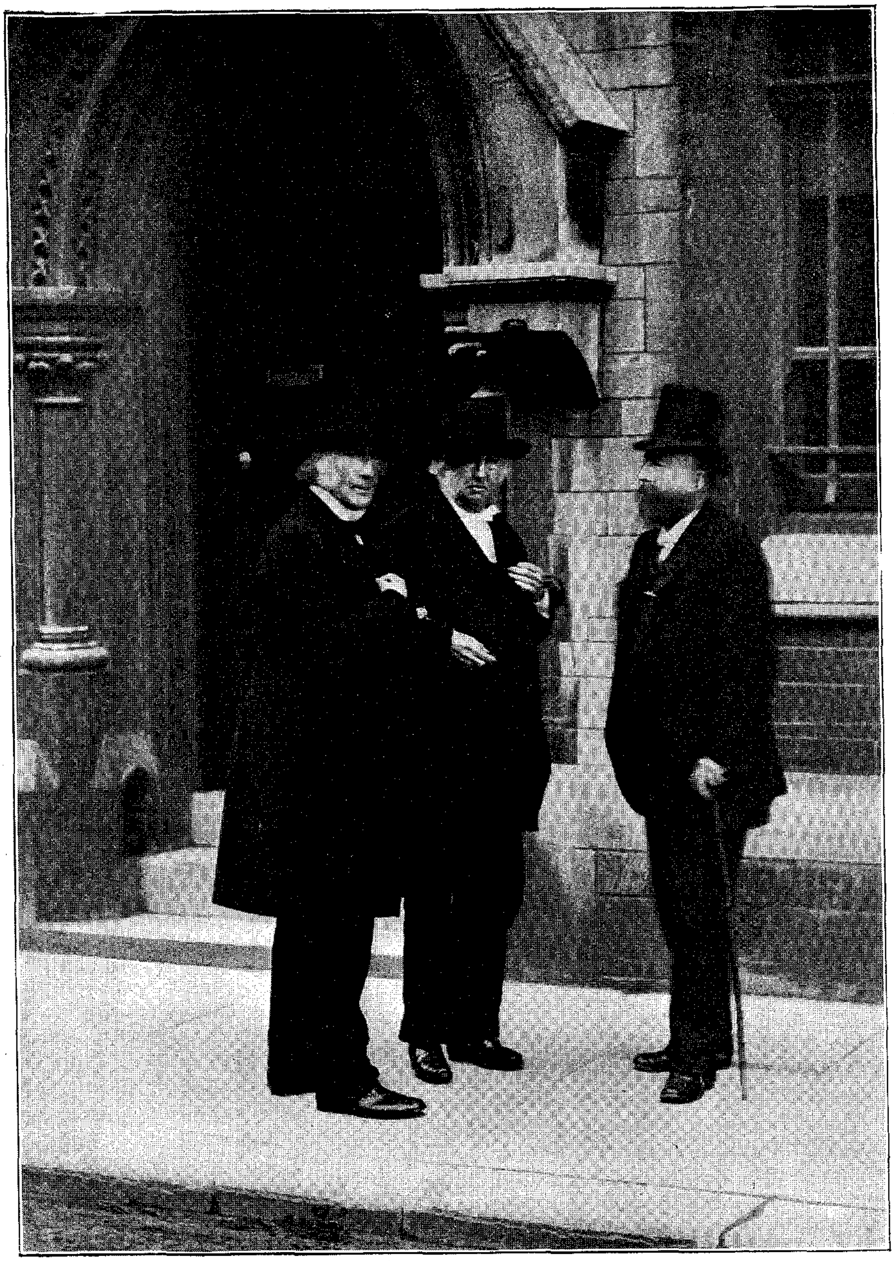
ordinances or to diminish their privilege of self-government was stoutly resisted. As numbers, both of teachers and students, increased, there was a natural evolution of organization; regular Faculties of theology, law, medicine, and arts were formed. Theology was still the queen of sciences, with metaphysics as its handmaid; disputation was the chief instrument of the higher training, and preternatural subtlety and acuteness were the products of endless discussions, culminating in elaborate public debates, which afforded the mediæval students as much delight, apparently, as races and games bring to the soul of the modern collegian.

Upon the difficult task of bringing Aristotle, who was the master of European thought for centuries, into line with mediæval theology, the undergraduates of the universities sharpened their wits to a razor's edge, and developed an ingenuity which bore little immediate fruit, but which gave conclusive evidence of much severe intellectual gymnastic. Lovers of English literature must not forget that, as Hamilton has said, "it is to the Schoolmen that the vulgar languages are indebted for what precision and analytical sublety they possess."

Theology held the place of honor, but then as now the practitioners of the civil and canon law secured the largest material returns for their labor. Science in the modern sense was dimly anticipated by Roger Bacon, astrologist and alchemist, but one of the first of modern men and one of the greatest figures in Oxford history.

As teachers and students formed independent, self-governing communities in society, so the universities as a group belonged to Latin Christendom rather than to the nations within whose borders they were placed. Race lines were in a sense obliterated in the world of scholarship, and every great university had large numbers of foreign students. These students organized themselves into smaller groups which were known as "nations." At Paris the undergraduate body was divided into four "nations"—the Norman, the Picard, the French (including Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks), and the English. Both Oxford and Cambridge received large accessions during the reign of Henry II. as the result of the serious disturbance in Paris to which reference has been made, and of an order of the King commanding all students to return to England. It was about this time that Giraldus Cambrensis made his famous visit to Oxford,

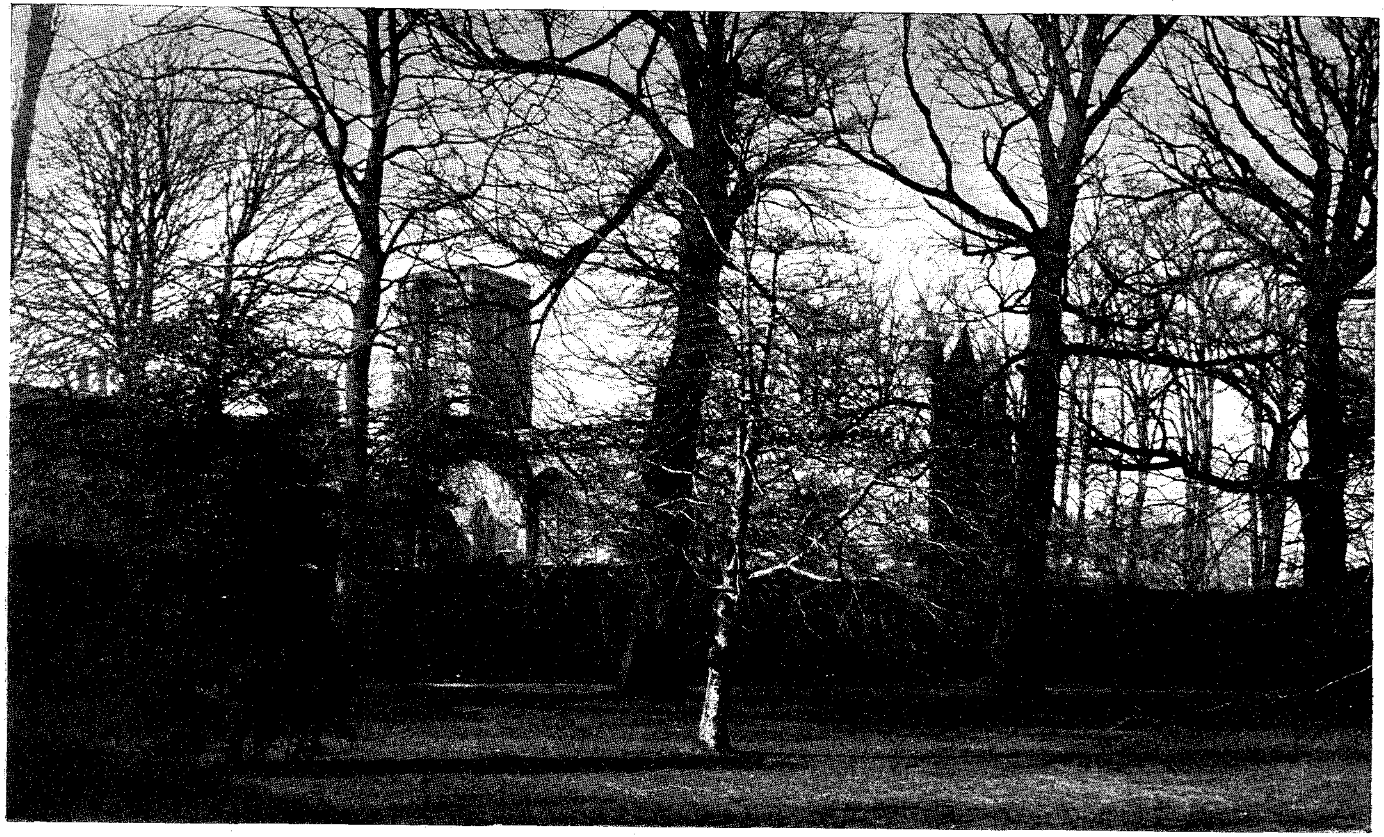
NEW COLLEGE. CHAPEL INTERIOR



A SNAP SHOT IN OXFORD

Sir Henry Acland, Professor Jowett, and Dr. Wood.

bringing his recently finished "Topography of Ireland" with him. The power of mental concentration and the capacity for attention which mediæval methods developed are suggested by the fact that this distinguished scholar held Oxford in the palm of his hand while he read his fascinating narrative. "The readings lasted three successive days; on the first day he entertained all the poor of the whole town, on the second all the doctors of the different faculties, on the third the rest of the scholars." The difference between that age and this would be very distinctly brought out if some contemporary scholar endeavored to entertain the poor of any modern city or the undergraduates of any modern college by the reading of some kindred work on topography!



NEW COLLEGE GARDEN. CHAPEL SIDE

The students were generally poor; many were supported by loans; some lived by begging. The fare was scanty and coarse; there was no glass in the windows; the college gown, which then had as definite a value as the degree, was a veritable garment; the rooms were small, barely furnished, and generally occupied by three or four students. There were no fires in the rooms, and Oxford must have been even colder in those days than it is to-day, when an American is chilled to the bone in lecture-rooms, chapels, and libraries until he becomes hardened. Lectures in the schools began at five o'clock, and in the dark, cheerless mornings which Oxford knows in winter attendance furnished satisfactory evidence of a genuine love of learning. Lamps were faint in their radiating power, draughts were strong, the manuscripts which took the place of books were difficult to read, privacy was rare, the town was so filthy that pestilences were many—truly the Oxford of the early days had neither the magic of the later middle age, nor the ripe and varied beauty of to-day! The students were largely from the poorer classes; they were rude in manner and boisterous in spirit; pitched battles between the Gown and Town were of frequent occurrence, the bells of St. Martin summoning the town to arms, and the bells of St. Mary calling the students from their quarters. Streets were swept by assaults, halls stormed, heads broken in great numbers, and, more than once, many lives lost. Football had begun that long career which has reached its culmination in this country, boating and cricketing having relegated it to a second place in the English schools.

There were no colleges in Oxford as yet, students lodging with citizens. The difficulties of enforcing even rudimentary order under this system were so great that Halls were opened, under the control of a Principal, who was clothed with some degree of authority. Instruction was carried on largely in houses secured by Masters, and these houses came to be known as "schools." Oxford was still a university; but it was soon to become a group of colleges practically independent of each other; later it was to become a federation of colleges.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century Walter de Merton, who was Chancellor during the reign of Henry III., laid the foundation of the college which bears his name—the first college planted in the town, though the earliest endowments of University and Balliol antedate Merton's gift in time. Into this college no monk or friar was to be admitted; the members were to be called Scholars; they lived as an academic household, taking their meals together in the Refectory, studying together in the somewhat dark but very interesting library where one still sees books chained to the desk or table; the founder's hope being to produce "a constant succession of scholars devoted to the pursuits of literature." They were to elect their own head or Warden, to obey him, to fill by election vacancies in their own number, to perform the customary religious services, and to be officially visited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose business it was to see that the rules of the House were kept. The endowment was to furnish the Fellows, or members of the academic household, food and raiment, and there were to be as many Fellows as the funds could support. The members of the House lived and studied together, but for instruction they went to the Schools of the University; for the College undertook no teaching, held no examinations, and conferred no degrees. Merton House was a natural evolution from the Hall, which was a kind of licensed students' lodging and boarding house under the management of a head recognized by the University. Merton went a step further, organized a permanent establishment, placed an academic household in it, provided for its perpetuity, and, to a large extent, for its support.

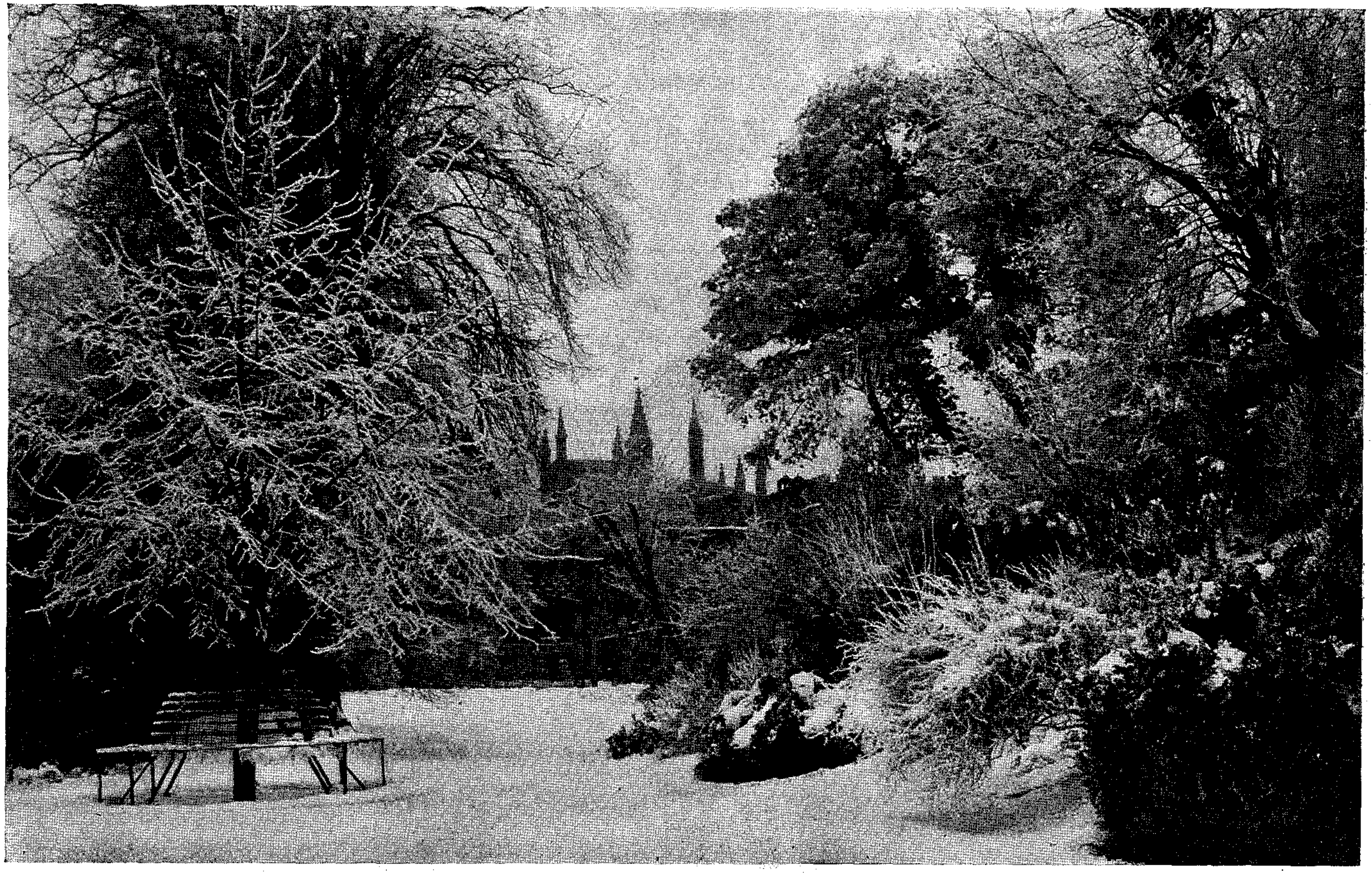
Other colleges on this general model were established in rapid succession. Among these one of the most beautiful and complete in its grounds, buildings, appointments, and architectural continuity is New College, which may be taken as a type of the English college. Its history is not so interesting as that of some of its sister institutions; it has not sent so many men into public life as Christ Church; it has no such scholarly tradition as Balliol; no such interest for the lover of English letters as Oriel, the college of Gilbert White, and with which, in later years, the names of Dr. Arnold, Keble, Newman, Clough, and Matthew Arnold are associated; the college within whose walls "Tom Brown" laid up great store of undergraduate memories for the book which was to make Oxford a household word throughout the English-speaking world.

New College has, however, points of very great interest, and may be taken as a representative college. It was fortunate in its founder, one of the great organizers of education in England. William of Wykeham was a bishop at a time when bishops were called upon to exercise the very highest qualities of statesmanship; but he was not an ecclesiastic by training. There is no evidence that he was a university man. He was, first and foremost, an architect; perhaps the most original and gifted builder of his age. His genius as an architect brought him to the notice of Henry III., and Windsor Castle was largely rebuilt under his supervision. All manner of rewards, ecclesiastical and secular, fell to his lot; he was the chief minister of two kings; he became Lord Chancellor of England, and in 1366 Bishop of Winchester. "This Sir William of Wykeham," says Froissart, "stood so high in the favor of the King of England that by him all things were done, and without him was nothing done." His genius as a builder appears to have been equaled by his genius as an administrator and his skill as a politician or courtier; for many were the places he held and great must have been the sum of his emoluments.

The times were stirring, and discontent was showing itself in Church and State; Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," had already risen at Oxford, and there were many and ominous omens of change in the old order. As Chancellor and Bishop of a great See, William of Wykeham was bound to a conservative attitude by many ties; and there is no reason to doubt that he was intellectually sincere in that attitude. On the practical side he was as far-sighted as he was effective; on the side of faith he was "a pious man in the conventional fourteenth-century way." Both at Winchester and at Oxford the largeness of the founder's plans are sufficient evidence of the greatness of his mind. Like many other men, he accepted the ideas of his time, but used them in a way of his own. He was eager to render a great service to the Church in which he was, in every sense, a prince; and that service took the form of a noble school at Winchester and a great college at Oxford.

"St. Marie Colledge of Wynchester" was solemnly taken possession of in 1386 by a company of scholars which had been housed for ten years in a neighboring Hall. Six colleges were already carrying on their work in the town, and William of Wykeham's foundation was immediately called New, and New College it remains to this day, though the ivy has been growing on its walls more than five centuries. Merton had until then been the most imposing college in the growing town; but New far surpassed it in extent and beauty. The Bishop of Winchester was planning a new source of strength for the Church, threatened with many perils and seriously crippled in its clergy by the ravages of the Black Death; he therefore organized the new college on an ecclesiastical basis. He was the greatest architect of his time, and he therefore gave his college the noblest architectual setting which any college had yet received.

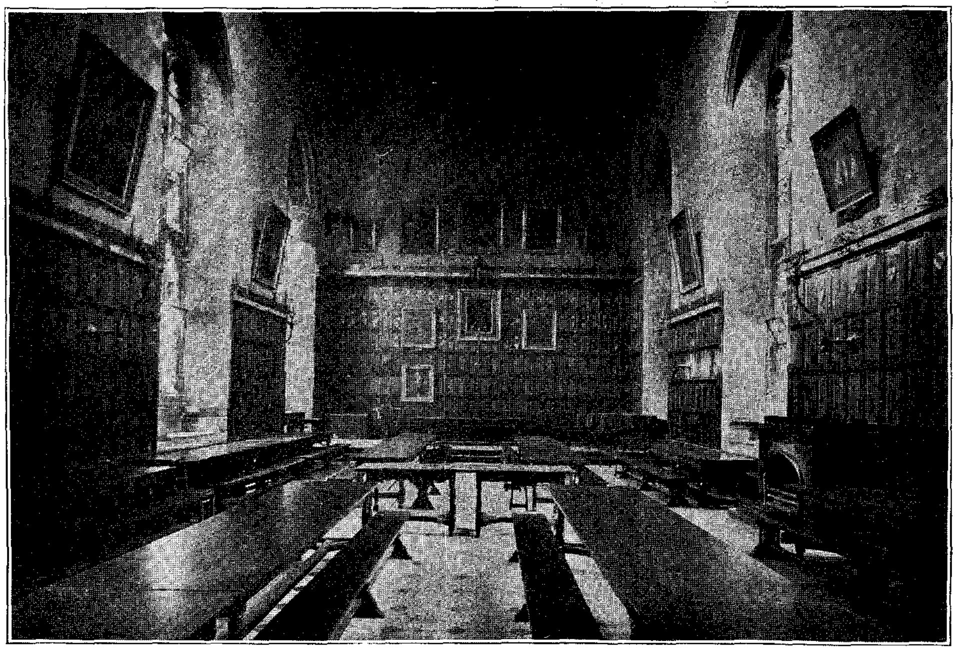
The beauty of New College, which has suffered less from the hands of later builders and restorers than any of its sister colleges, is emphasized by the approach to its gates through a narrow and unattractive street which might be irreverently called an alley. If one has come down Park Street past the gardens of Trinity and St. John's on the right, with those of Wadham on the left, and has stopped in front of the Bodleian, in the very heart of the colleges, with Hertford, All Souls', Brasenose, and the Radcliffe Library close about him, and the spire of St. Mary's over his shoulder, he doubts whether the narrow street, with its blank walls, can lead him to any place worthy of that historic neighborhood. Once within the gates, however, that doubt is instantly removed. There are not lacking those who think the garden of New College the most beautiful in Oxford; it is certain that none is more secluded, more fragrant, more enchanting in its glimpses of the spires and towers where "the enchantments of the Middle Ages still linger." The bell-tower rises upon a group of buildings planned by a man of genius as parts of one great structure, each part having its own function, and all co-ordinated to one end and harmonized in one design. The gateway, under a substantial tower, opens into the main quadrangle, on the north side of which are the Chapel and Hall. The Chapel was probably the earliest building in England in which the Perpendicular style was harmoniously and completely worked out. The builder's design involved not only the richly carven eastern wall of the choir, a mass of niches and statues, but also "a blaze of color on windows and walls, on groined roof and on sculptured image." The color is lacking; but the beauty of the Chapel remains. Through the cloisters on the western side of the Chapel in the smaller quadrangle the



NEW COLLEGE GARDEN. WINTER

members of the College, in copes and surplices, once walked in stately procession every Sunday.

But the glory of New College is its garden, bounded in part by the old city wall, now a mass of richest foliage. There are larger stretches of sward in Oxford, but none more lovely than this secluded and stately garden-space, overhung with noble trees, with venerable structures close at hand mellowed in tone by the ripening touches of centuries; the tower of Magdalen in the distance; silence, seclusion, and the memories of generations of scholars brooding over a place set apart by the use of centuries to meditation and rest. It is in this sense of rich and fragrant seclusion that one finds the characteristic quality of Oxford. It has no such stretch of academic beauty and nobility of structure as that which for half a mile makes the Cam one of the loveliest waterways in the world; on the other hand, although one writes with a cautious pen when he recalls the quadrangles of Jesus College and the charm which lingers in the Fellows Garden at Pembroke, Cambridge has no such lovely retreats as those in which Worcester and Wadham and New seem to preserve against time and change the soul of Oxford. The beauty of the two ancient towns is kindred in quality and singularly supplementary in kind. The shaded path along the Cherwell, with the deer park at Magdalen; the Broad Walk; the brightness and freshness of the flowers in the second quadrangle of Trinity; the charm of old Oxford felt so deeply in the small but rich garden of Exeter inclosed in part by the walls of the Divinity School, one of the oldest and most impressive of the University buildings—no lover of Oxford will forget these characteristic details of the picture which the town leaves on the memory; but to some, at least, the garden of New College on a quiet summer afternoon will seem the very shrine of Oxford. "I wish," wrote Hawthorne forty-two years ago, "I could put into one sentence the whole impression of this garden, but it could not be done in many pages." One doubts if it could be done at all; for it is the atmosphere which gives this garden its charm, and that atmosphere cannot be contained or conveyed by anything so material as words. Perhaps no one has so closely touched the secret of this spell, compounded of so many visible and invisible qualities, felt alike in the senses, the memory, and the imagination, as Hawthorne himself: "Lawns of the richest green and softest velvet grass, shadowed over by ancient trees, that have lived a quiet life here for centuries, and have been nursed and tended with such care, and so sheltered from rude winds, that



NEW COLLEGE DINING HALL

certainly they must have been the happiest of all trees. . . . A sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion."

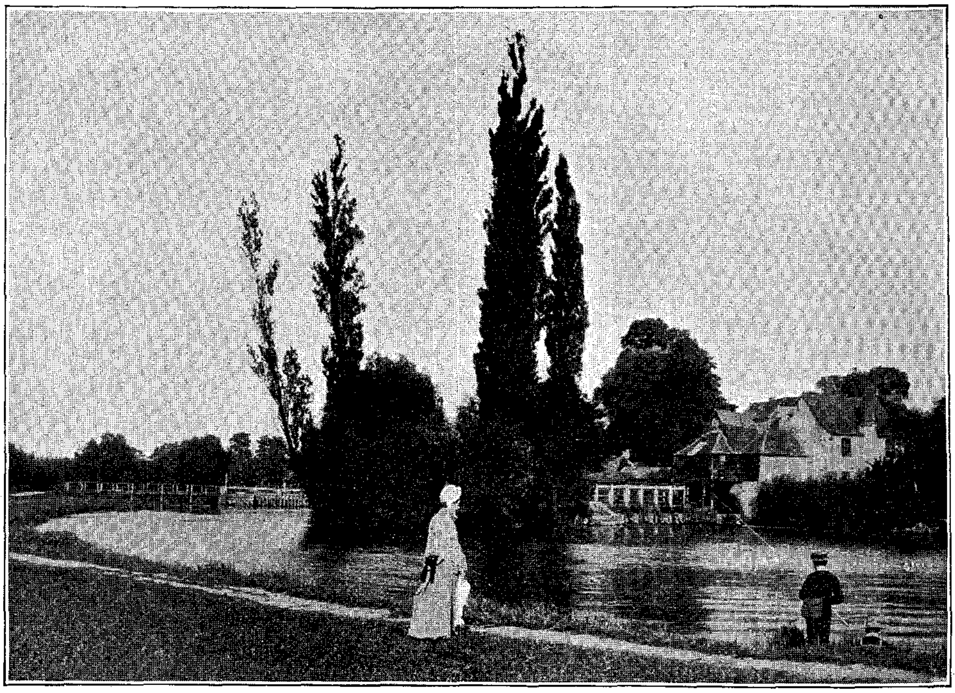
The society of New College, at its organization, consisted of the Warden, or head of the College, seventy scholars, ten chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers. The ecclesiastical element was dominant, and the Warden had all the dignity of the head of a great monastery; a house being set apart for him, and a large staff of servants. Winchester College, the earliest of the public schools, and perhaps the more important of the two foundations which preserve William of Wykeham's name, was closely allied to New College, and vacancies among the Scholars in New College were filled by the election of boys who had studied at Winchester, and these students are still called Wykehamists. The elections were held at Winchester, and the electors were the Warden and two graduate Fellows of New College, and the Warden, the sub-Warden, and the Head Master of Winchester. The worthy Bishop of Winchester was not only a pluralist of the most pronounced kind, having held at one time as many as eleven prebends, an archdeanery, and a parish church, but also a conspicuous practitioner of nepotism. On the curious ground that if he had not chosen "to make Jesus Christ his heir" his kindred would have inherited great possessions, he provided that his kin should have certain advantages over all other candidates for Fellowships; they had only to establish their good character on reasonable proofs, to be under thirty years of age, to have studied Latin grammar, and to prove a respectable degree of poverty in the matter of income. This determination of the founder to make the way easy for his kin imposed a heavy burden on his College, and one which was not removed until the reforms of the present century practically reorganized many of the Oxford colleges. Augustus Hare, who was himself a Wykehamist, was the first to make a formal attack on this abuse; and, although his appeal was dismissed on technical grounds, his effort was not made in vain. The pedigrees of some of the founder's kin after the lapse of five centuries were probably not above suspicion.

Under this system not only were a considerable number of students admitted to New College without examination, but, by a curious perversion of one of the founder's statutes, the Fellows enjoyed the privilege of taking their degrees without examination. This arrangement was too ideal in its adaptation to undergraduate nature to last even in Oxford, "the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties;" and in 1834 the College voluntarily renounced its dangerous privilege of securing for its students the fruits of scholarship without subjecting them to its discipline.

Of the seventy scholars on the foundation at the beginning, twenty were to study law, two astronomy, two medicine, and the other forty-six were ultimately to study theology. All the Fellows were required to enter the priesthood; and fellowships were for life provided the holders remained celibate, obedient, poor, unbeneficed, and resident in Oxford. Mass was celebrated every morning, *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters* were recited almost without number, special services in great variety were provided, and the Bible was read aloud at dinner. Games and noise were forbidden; but on festival occasions, and on certain evenings in winter, the members of the College were allowed to linger about the great fire in the Hall, to sing songs, and to read or recite "poems, chronicles of kingdoms, and the wonders of the world." The gate was not only locked at sunset, but the keys were delivered to the warden or sub-warden in person. Scholars could not go into town alone or ungowned. Books were carried to the schools by the servants of the College, and no woman save the laundress was allowed within its precincts. Oaths of great subtlety, elaboration, and stringency bound the student to keep the laws of the College and obey his superiors. Thus did the Bishop of Winchester seek to buttress the walls of the old ecclesiastical order in England!

And yet so much more powerful than artificial provisions and formal laws are the forces of human life and the natural development of the human spirit that New College became in a special sense the home of the new learning and of the spirit of the Renaissance! And it was within the walls of this semi-monastic college that Sydney Smith, the wittiest of ecclesiastics and one of the boldest and freest, was educated!

In the main, however, New College has been as conservative in temper as was its founder. Its influence was against the Reformation. One of its Wardens, Dr. London, was so eager in his hunt after the Protestant heresy that he is described in a contemporary



IFFLEY

narrative as "puffing, blustering, and blowing like a hungry and greedy lion seeking his prey." One of the Fellows of the College was confined by this Warden in the tower and died of hunger and cold. In his dying hour his friends were permitted to see him. They asked if he could eat anything. He feebly replied, "A warden pie." When he saw that they supposed he meant a pie of baked pears, he explained more fully that he wanted the "Wardens of Winchester and New College baked." And then, the narrative goes on to say, the dying man, "after his prayers, slept sweetly in the Lord." If there was bigotry in the persecutors, there was evidently some touch of unregenerate human nature left in the martyrs!

During the civil war the King's magazine was put in the cloisters and tower, and the students were driven, with much grumbling on their part, into "a dark nasty room." The College suffered less than most of its sister institutions at the hands of the Puritans, and in 1654 Evelyn reports the chapel "in its ancient garb, notwithstanding the scrupulosity of the times." The sleep which fell upon Oxford in the eighteenth century, and which called out such unsparing criticism from Gibbon, was shared by New College; but it must not be forgotten that even in that sluggish time it had its great scholars, like Bishop Lowth, who was one of the forerunners of the modern school of Biblical criticism—a school which has, however, received until very lately its chief support in the sister university at Cambridge.

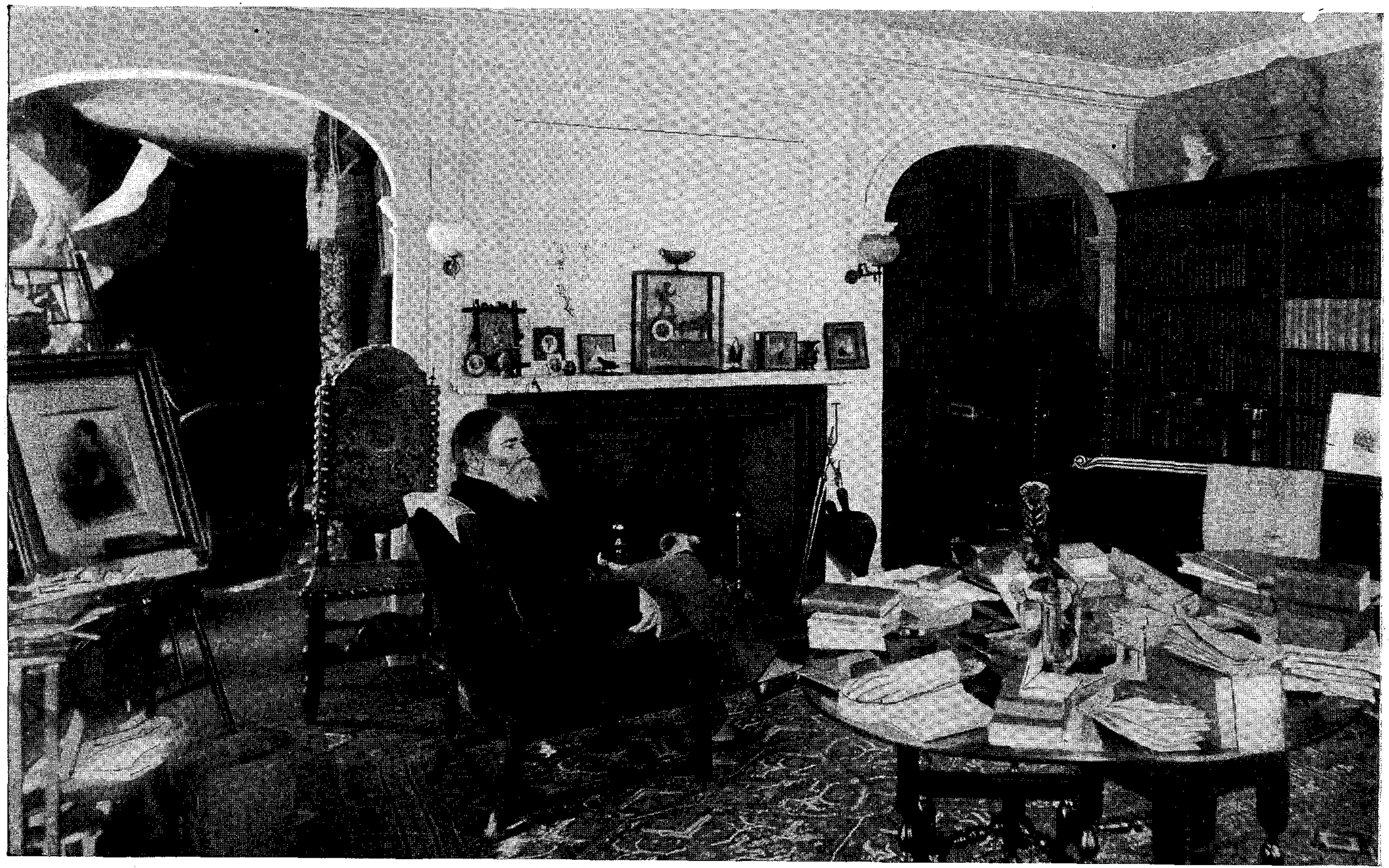
In our own time New College has become one of the largest and most influential of the Oxford colleges. The fellowships have been reduced in number, and half only are reserved for Winchester men; in 1854 the doors were thrown open to non-Wykehamist commoners. Old customs die hard at Oxford, and within the memory of living men the students at New College were called to dinner by two choir-boys who, starting from the gateway, made the circuit of the quadrangles, shouting the very polyglot and unacademic invitation, "Tempus est vocandi à-manger, O Seigneurs!" This sentence was expected to last until the boys reached the kitchen, and extraordinary skill in prolonging the syllables was developed.

Mr. Lang has compared Oxford to a palimpsest upon which each generation, for six centuries, has made its record. That record is to be found both in the architecture and in the organization of the University. Both register and conserve "the long results of time;" both are so extensive, so full of detail, so complicated, that it is quite impossible, within the compass of a single article, to touch them. The largest aspect of Oxford is that which relates it to the life and character of the English people. It has never, even in the worst times, lacked the presence of scholars devoted to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; the system of fellowships, although often abused, has practically provided for the endowment of research. But the great body of Oxford students are not, and never have been, men bent on scholarly pursuits. The University, like the great public schools, has come to be a place for the education of the English gentleman. That education is still, for the great majority of young Englishmen, conducted along the traditional lines. The American student at Oxford is likely to be surprised by the high average of classical knowledge among his fellow-students, and the low average of knowledge of modern languages and of general subjects. The boy who enters New College from Winchester, or Christ Church from Eton, is likely to have an ease in reading his Greek and Latin texts which fills the American student of the same relative rank in the schools at home with envy; the same boy knows his mathematics thoroughly, and often shows an astonishing familiarity with the Bible. But he is as often ignorant of his own literature and of modern literature in general.

There are always men in the University who are at work in all the terms—Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, or Trinity—but the majority are not students either in habit or taste; and Easter and Trinity, which are practically one and are called the Summer Term, are given over to out-of-door life. No small part of the University education is gained on the river and on the cricket and tennis fields. The place is a playground, all life and movement and sport. But in the long vacation which follows close upon this gayety, men who are now giving every golden hour of the early summer to the river and the fields will be reading with equal energy.

It is the atmosphere of Oxford which gives the place its deepest charm and its most penetrating influence. The men who escape or resist its ripening quality are few. The great majority of those who secure their degrees are not scholars; they have been students only so far as was necessary in order to pass the examinations; but the breath of culture is on them. They are rarely without that touch of idealism which is the saving element in a commercial age and nation. They are rarely indifferent to the appeals of those finer sentiments which give a trading civilization its soul; they are rarely without those deeper glimpses of things which give a trading world its wider horizons. It is the characteristic of Oxford that she teaches so many things which are not immediately useful; and it will be a melancholy day for England if Oxford ever becomes a place of utilitarian training. There was profound wisdom in Lowell's answer to President Walker: "A university is a place where nothing useful is taught." The Anglo-Saxon peoples on both sides of the Atlantic need constant reinforcement of the spiritual instincts, clarification of their vision of the relative importance of ends, widening of their spiritual interests. They will always do the practical work of life efficiently, and they are likely to secure its largest material rewards; what they sorely need is the education which shall give them command of the higher uses of material resources. It is far better that Oxford should be the "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties" than a mere training-school for commercialism.

It is this touch of idealism which redeems the tremendous executive energy of the English race; which softens its aggressive temper, restrains its imperious ambitions, and makes it the foremost civilizing force in that wide world which is being slowly organized into the forms of modern society. English rule is always expensive and often hard through lack of sympathetic insight; but it is efficient, capable, and just. The word character, with all its implications of spiritual relationship and moral obligation, stands for more in the history and organic political life of the English people than in the public life of any other modern people. It is the keyword at the Universities. The education they furnish is chiefly utilized in the organic life of the nation; its fruit is borne not so much in books as in men, not so much in the field of scholarship as in the larger field of life. "For myself," wrote Lowell, "I never felt the working of this spell so acutely as in those gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, conscious with venerable associations, and whose very stones seemed happier for being there. The chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship."



LOWELL IN HIS STUDY AT ELMWOOD

Taken in the spring of 1891. From a copyrighted photograph by Mrs. J H. Thurston, of Cambridge. Perhaps the last portrait taken of Lowell.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER XV.—CLOSING YEARS

LOWELL landed in America again in June, 1885. It was nearly seven years since he left us on his way to Spain. And these were seven years which had changed, in a thousand regards, the conditions of his old American home.

In August, 1891, he died—six years after this return. Of these years we have in his letters a record of pathetic interest, and every one who knew him and who loved him will say that of the seven decades of life—to which more than once he alludes—he never seemed more cheerful and companionable and cordial and wise than in the seventh. "And young," he would often have said himself. He discusses old age and its coming in his letters to near friends—yes, perhaps more than is wise, certainly more than is necessary. But once and again he tells his correspondent that he is as young as a boy. He signs himself, in writing to Mr. Gilder, "Giacopo il Rigiovinato." And he writes out

> "From the Universal Eavesdropper:
>
> "ANECDOTE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
>
> "Passing along the Edgeware Road with a friend two years ago, their eyes were attracted by a sign with this inscription, 'Hospital for Incurable Children.' Turning to his companion, with that genial smile for which he is remarkable, Lowell said quietly, 'There's where they'll send *me* one of these days.'"

But, all the same, seven years of Europe had changed Elmwood and Cambridge and Harvard College and New England and America and the world. In a way, of course, Lowell knew this as well as any man. He knew it better than most men knew it. And there were a good many sad things in his arrival, as there must be after seven years. So many deaths of old friends! So many changes in the daily life of the people around him! And he, almost without a vocation; obliged to establish his new avocations!

Some years before this, Mr. Lothrop Motley, in all the triumph of his well-earned success after the publication of his first volumes of history, came back to his old home, shall I say, for a holiday? I do not know but that he meant to reside here. Not many months after he arrived, however, he told me, to my surprise, that he was going back to Europe. He was going to work in Holland on the archives again; to continue his great historical enterprise. I need not say that I expressed my regret that he was to leave us so soon. But he replied, almost sadly, that there was no place here in Boston for a man who was not at work: "You ought to hang out a long pendant from one of the forts in the Harbor to the other, and write on it, 'No admittance except on business.'" This was fatally true then of Boston; it is near the truth now.

And Lowell was no longer a diplomatist: nor had he any special abuses to reform; he had no regular lectures to deliver; he had no wife with whom to talk and read and make dinner linger long, and breakfast and lunch. He was in a changed world, and for that world had to prepare himself.

Perhaps it is as well to say that Boston also was changed; the Boston of *1885* was not the Boston of 1838. The late Mr. Amos Adams Lawrence said to me, not long before his death, that in the beginning of the century Boston was governed by the great National merchants: such men as "Billy Gray," one of whose ships discovered the Columbia River; or as Colonel Perkins, who handled the trade of the East in the spirit in which a great artist composes a great picture; or as William Tudor, who supplied ice to the tropics, and when a winter failed him in New England sent his schooners up into Baffin's Bay to cut ice from the icebergs.

Mr. Lawrence said that when this sort of men gave up the government of Boston, it fell into the hands of the great mechanics: such men as developed the quarries at Quincy; as built Bunker Hill Monument, and in later days have built the Mechanics' Hall, have united Boston with San Francisco, and all the Pacific coast by rail. And then, he said, the government of Boston passed into the hands which hold it now—into the hands of the distillers and brewers and retailers of liquor.

So far as the incident or accident of administration goes, this bitter satire is true

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[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

and it expresses one detail of the charge between the Boston of the middle of this century and the Boston to which Lowell returned in June of 1885. Now, such a change affects social order; it affects conversation; in spite of you, it affects literature. Thus it affects philanthropy. The Boston of 1840 really believed that a visible City of God could be established here by the forces which it had at command. It was very hard in 1885 to make the Boston of that year believe any such thing.

But Lowell was no pessimist. He was proud of his home, and I think you would not have caught him expressing in public any such contrast as I have ventured upon in these lines. On the other hand, the letters which Mr. Norton has published in his charming volume confirm entirely the impression which Lowell's old friends received from him: that he was glad, so glad, to be at home; that he had much to do in picking up his dropped stitches; and that he liked nothing better than to renew the old associations. It was, so to speak, unfortunate that he could not at once return to Elmwood. In fact, he did not establish himself there for three years. But, on the other hand, at Southborough, five-and-twenty miles from Boston, where he lived at the home of Mrs. Burnett, his daughter, he had a beautiful country around him, and, what was always a pleasure to him, the exploration of new scenery.

I asked a near friend of his if Lowell were the least bit wilted after his return. "Wilted? I should say not a bit. Bored? yes; worried, a little. But," he added, as I should do myself, "the last talk I had with him, or rather listened to, I shall never forget."

He spent the winter of 1889 in Boston with his dear sister, Mrs. Putnam, from whose recollections I was able to give the charming account which he furnished to us of his childhood for the first pages of this series. And he was, of course, near his old friends and kindred: Dr. Holmes, John Holmes, all the Saturday Club, Dr. Howe, Charles Norton—his intimate and tender friendship with whom was one of the great blessings of his life. These were all around him. But there was no Longfellow, no Appleton, no Emerson, no Agassiz, no Dana; Story was in Europe.

For occupation, he had just as many opportunities for public speaking as he chose to use. He had to prepare for the press the uniform edition of his works, both in prose and in poetry. It seems to me that he was too fastidious and rigid in this work. I think he left out a good deal which ought to have been preserved there. And this makes it certain that the little side-scraps which the newspapers preserved, or such as linger in some else-forgotten magazine, will be regarded as among the treasures of

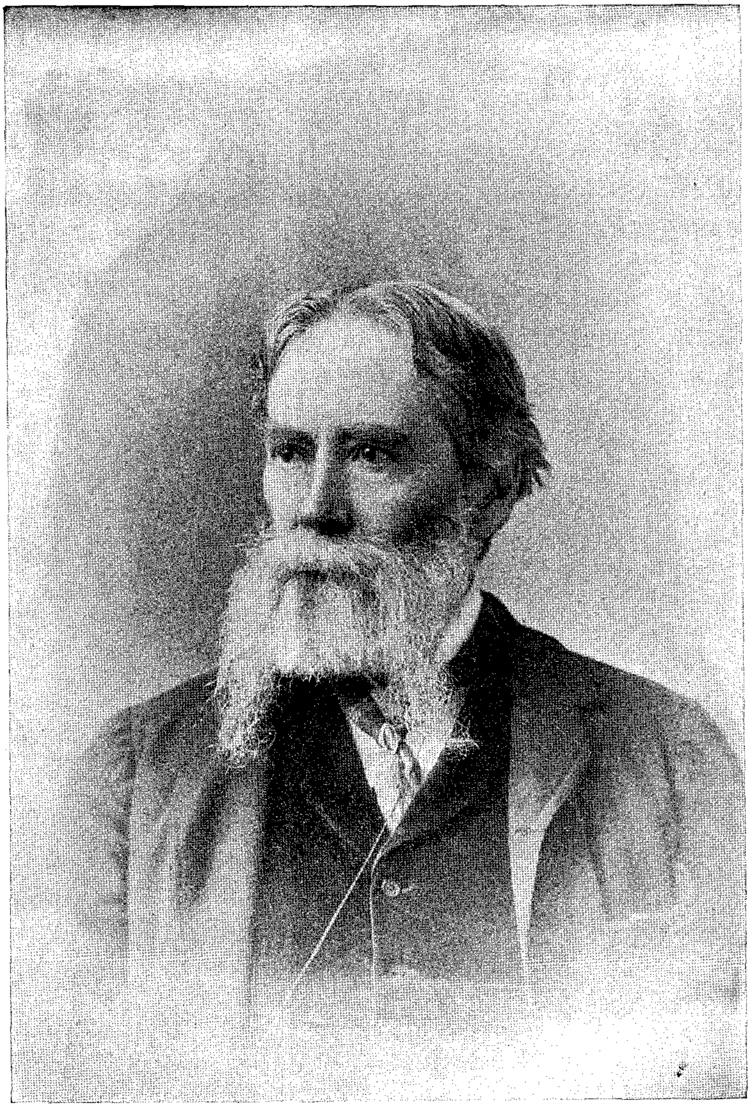
MARGARET FULLER
From an old daguerreotype.

collectors. More than that, many a boy and many a girl will owe to some such scraps inspirations which will last them through life. He occasionally published a poem, and occasionally delivered an address or lecture. But he took better care of himself than in the old days. There was no such crisis before the country as had engaged him then; and, in a way, it may be said that he enjoyed the literary leisure which he deserved.

He was, alas! at many periods during these six years a very sad sufferer from sickness. "Even 'Monte Cristo' fails to entertain me." There is something very pathetic in the manly way in which he alludes to such suffering. From no indulgence of his own, he was a victim of hereditary gout; and you find in the letters allusions to attacks which kept him in agony, which sometimes lasted for six weeks in succession. Then the attack would end instantly; and then Lowell would write in the strain which has been referred to, as if he were a boy again, skating on Fresh Pond or tracing up Beaver Brook to its sources.

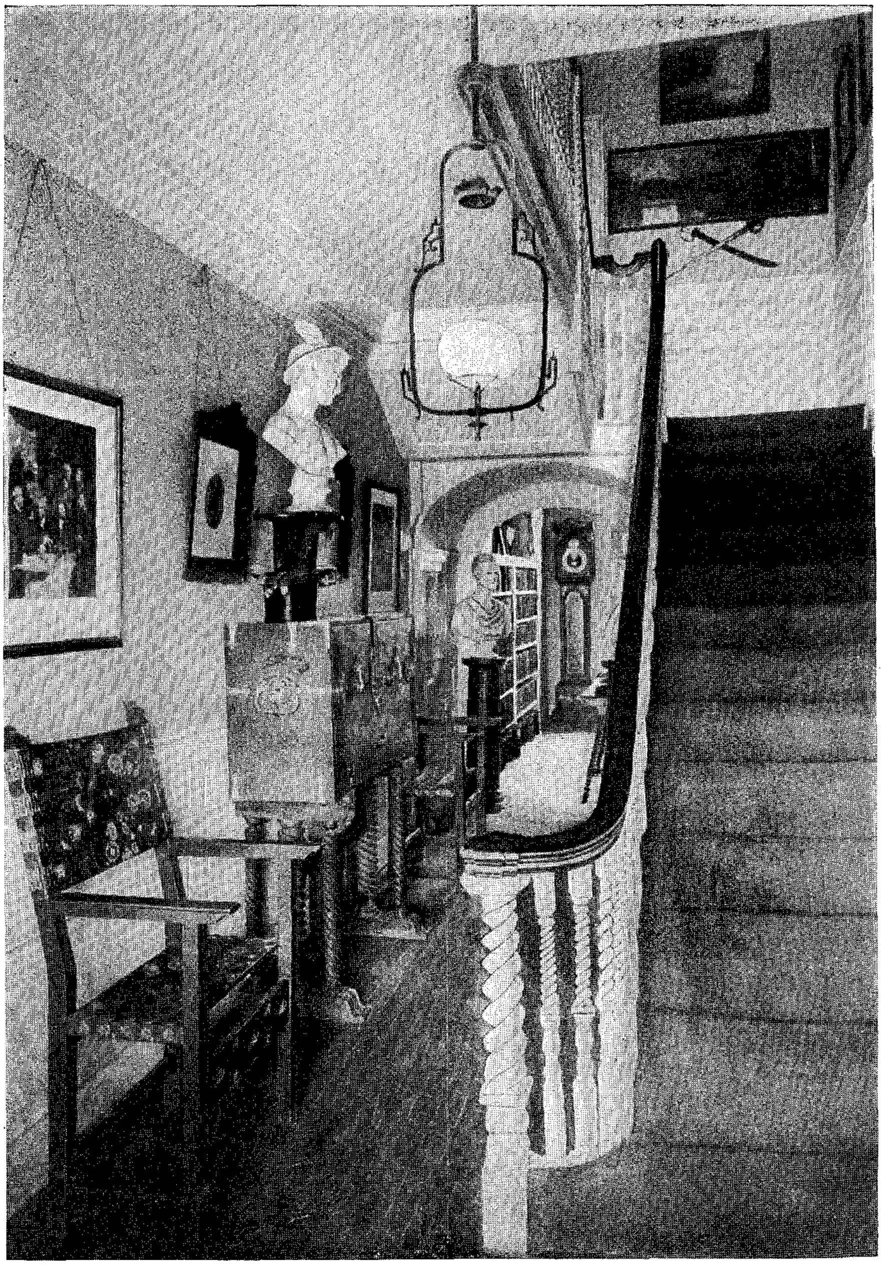
Simply, he would not annoy his friends by talking about his pains. If he could cheer them up by writing of his recovery, he would do so.

I remember that on the first visit I made him after he was re-established at Elmwood, when I congratulated him because he was at home again, he said, with a smile still, "Yes, it is very nice to be here; but the old house is full of ghosts." Of course it was. His father and mother were no longer living; Mrs. Burnett, who was with him there, was the only one of his children who had survived; and the circle of his brothers and sisters had been sadly diminished. He and his brother Robert Lowell died in the same year. Still, he was here with his own books; he had the old college library under his lee, and he had old friends close at hand. Once or twice in



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

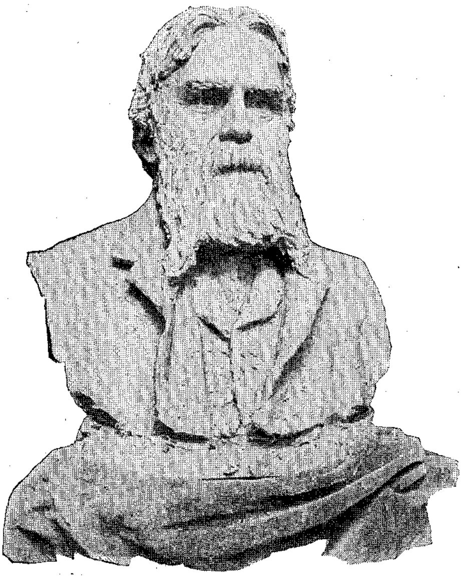
From a photograph taken in 1891 by Messrs. Pach Brothers, Cambridge, and called by them "The Last Portrait of Mr. Lowell."



THE HALL AT ELMWOOD

From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge his letters of those days he goes into some review of his own literary endeavor. Certainly he had reason to be proud of it. Certainly he was not too proud; and I think he did have a feeling of satisfaction that his neighbors and his country appreciated the motive with which he had worked and the real success which he had attained.

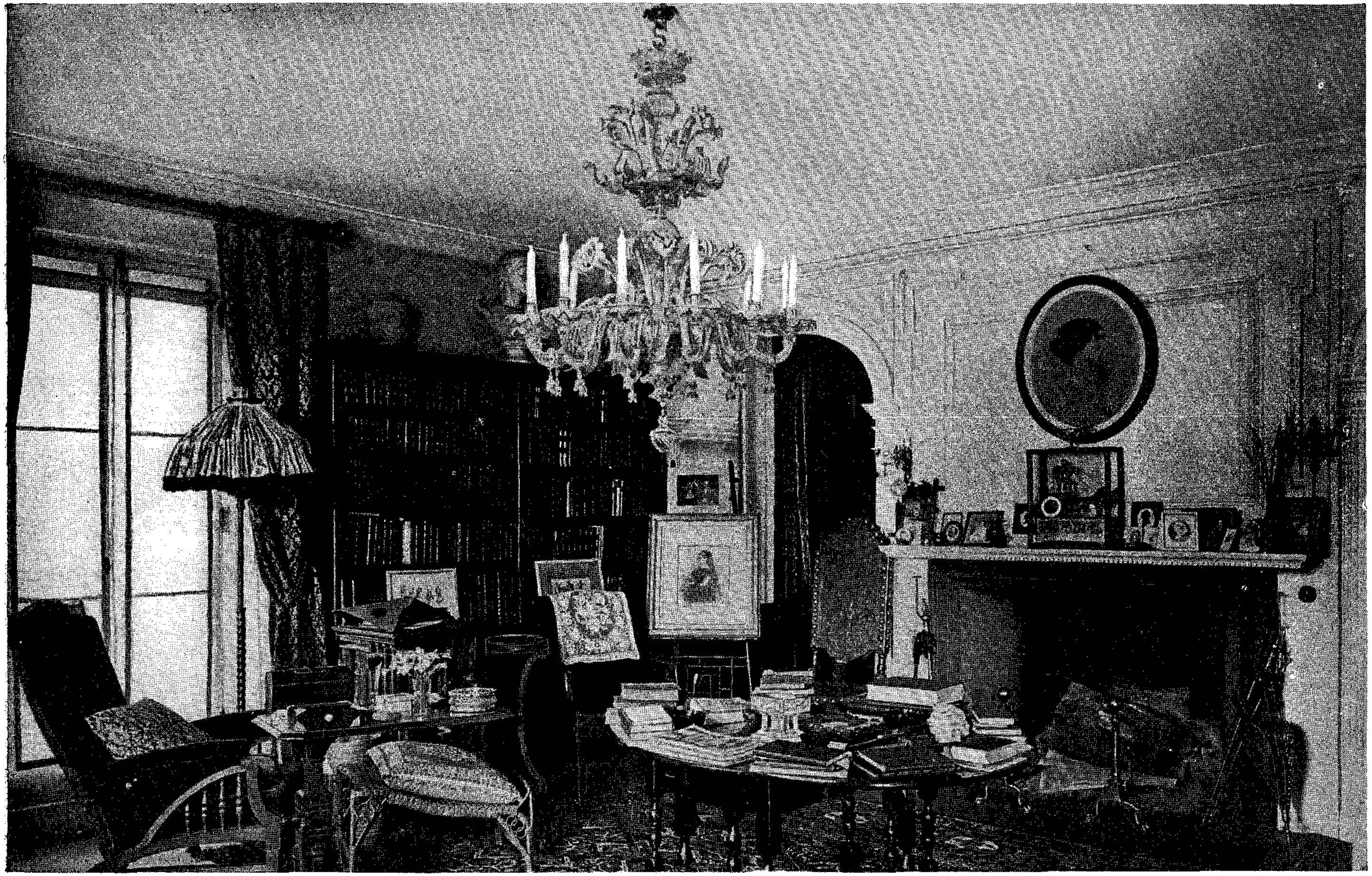
As the great address at Birmingham sums up conveniently the political principles which governed his life, whether in literature or in diplomacy, so the address at the quarter-millennium celebration of Harvard College at Cambridge may be said to present a summary of such theories as he had formed on education, and of his hopes and his fears for the future of education. There are two or three aphorisms there which I think will be apt to be quoted fifty years hence, perhaps, as they are not quoted to-day. In the midst of a hundred or more of gentlemen who had served with him in the college he had the courage to use the phrase I have already cited, "Harvard has as yet developed no great educator; for we imported Agassiz."


JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From the bust by Mr. William Ordway Partridge.

On the 30th of April, 1889, there was a magnificent festival in the city of New York at which he spoke. It is already forgotten by the people of that city and of the country, but at the moment it engaged universal attention. It was the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the United States as a nation; the centennial of the birth of the Constitution; of the inauguration of Washington. It was, of course, the fit occasion for the expression of the people's gratitude for the blessings which have followed on the establishment of the Federal Constitution.

For this celebration the most admirable arrangements were made in New York by the committee which had taken the matter in hand. In the evening a banquet was served at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and many of the most distinguished speakers in the country had gladly accepted the invitation to be present. Among them Lowell, naturally was one. But to those who listened, it seemed as if all these great men were in a sort awed by the greatness of the occasion. His address, perhaps because so carefully prepared, was for the purpose no better than that of any of the others. They could not help it. Every man who spoke was asking himself how his speech would read in the year 1989. There was no spontaneity; there was decorum and consideration, the determination to think wisely, and none of the eloquence which "belongs to the man and the occasion." For hour after hour this patient stream of considerate commonplace flowed on, till at two in the morning the new President of the United States made the closing speech. The expectation of this address, and that alone, had held the great audience together. He was probably the only man who had not had a chance "to make any preparation." He had gone through the day alive with the feeling of the day, drinking in its inspirations; and with such preparation as six hours at the dinner-table would give him, he rose to say what the day had taught him. He made one of the most magnificent addresses to which I have ever listened. He led with him from height to height an audience jaded and tired by the dignity of lawyers, the dexterity of politicians, and the commonplace of scholars. In fifteen minutes he had established his own reputation as a great orator among the thousand men who were fortunate enough to hear him.

And yet, such is the satire of what we call history, that, because the other speeches had been written out and could be sent to the journals—because even a New York morning newspaper has to go to press at some time—this absolutely extemporaneous speech of the one man who proved himself equal to the occasion did not get itself reported in any adequate form, and will never go down into history. There is, however, no danger that



ELMWOOD LOWELL'S STUDY

From a photograph by Mr Wilfrid A. French.

any of the other addresses of that great ceremonial will be read at the end of the hundred years.

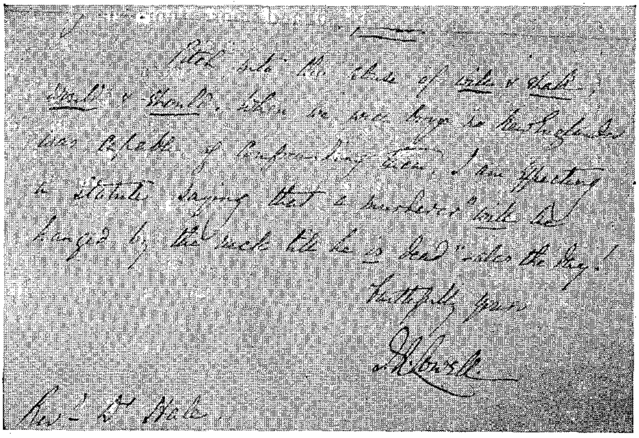
His cousin says that our Mr. Lowell was chiefly occupied by his addresses and other prose essays in the first years after his return, but that he wrote a few poems. Most of these will be found in the "Atlantic." For the Lowell Institute he prepared a course of lectures on the old English dramatists, which have been published since his death. Of his addresses he printed but few, but the address on "The Independent in Politics" which he delivered in 1888 before the New York Reform Club was printed by that Club.

Of his Cambridge life after his return to Elmwood his cousin writes: "The house was haunted by sad memories, but at least he was once more among his books. The library, which filled the two rooms on the ground floor to the left of the front door, had been constantly growing, and during his stay in Europe he had bought rare works with the intention of leaving them to Harvard College. Here he would sit when sad or unwell and read Calderon, the "Nightingale in the Study," in whom he always found a solace. Except for occasional attacks of the gout, his life had been singularly free from sickness; but he had been at home only a few months when he was taken ill, and, after the struggle of a strong man to keep up as long as possible, he was forced to go to bed. In a few days his condition became so serious that the physicians feared he would not live; but he rallied, and, although too weak to go to England, as he had planned, he appeared to be comparatively well. When taken sick, he had been preparing a new edition of his works, the only full collection that had ever been made, and he had the satisfaction of publishing it soon after his recovery.

The revision of his works for publication was the last literary work he was destined to do, and it rounded off fitly his career as a man of letters. Of these six years perhaps his friends remember most his conversation. Like other great men and good men, he did not insist on choosing the subject for conversation himself, but adapted himself to the wishes and notions of the people around him. His memory was so absolute, his fancy was so free, and his experience so wide, that he seemed as much at home in one subject as in another. But when he had quite his own way among a circle of people more or less interested in books or literature, the talk was quite sure to drift round into some discussion of etymologies, of dialect, or of the change of habit which comes in as one or two centuries go by. And when his curiosity was once excited about a word—as I said when I was speaking of his talk with Mr. Murray—he would hold on to that word as a genealogist holds on to the biography of a great-grandmother of whom he knows only half the name. Here are one or two passages from notes which illustrate what I mean: "I used to know some about Pennsylvania Dutch, but forget their names." "I wish I could have studied the Western lingo more, for it has colored our national speech most." "I think perhaps W. P. Garrison might put you on the track of something about the Southern *patois*."

"Pitch into the abuse of 'will' and 'shall,' 'would' and 'should;' when we were boys, no New Englander was capable of confounding them. I am expecting a statute saying that a murderer '*will*' be hanged by the neck till he *is* dead.'" Alas the day! And again: "*Daddock* I knew, but never met it alive; *dodder*, for a tree whose wood is beginning to grow pulpy with decay, I have heard, and the two words may be cousins. The latter, however, I believe to be a modern importation." Murray and the dictionaries confirm his quick guess between the relation of one of these words to the other.

We have a fine American proverb, "Get



Pitch into the abuse of will & shall, would & should, when we were boys no New Englander was capable of confounding them. I am expecting a statute saying that a murderer "will be hanged by the neck till he is dead" Alas the day!

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell

Rev. Dr Hale

NOTE FROM LOWELL TO DR. HALE

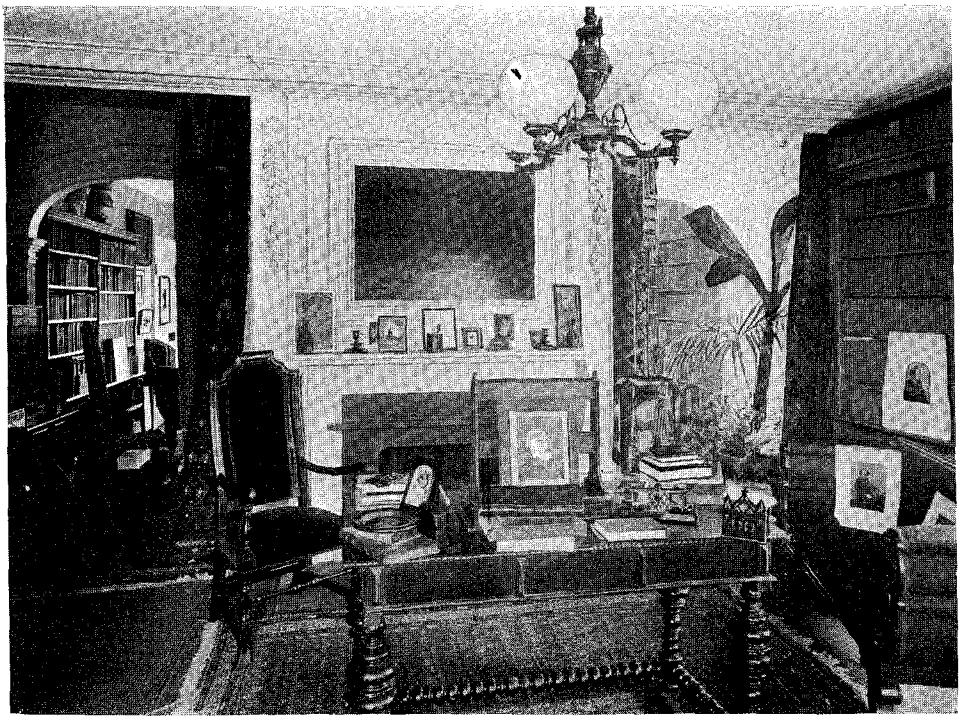
the best." In later years I have tried to make some Western State adopt it for its State seal. I have never seen it in any earlier use than in one of Lowell's pleasant letters describing a canoe voyage in Maine; and I wrote to him rather late in his life to ask him if he were the inventor of the phrase. It has been adopted, as the reader may be apt to remember, by the authors of Webster's Dictionary, and is a sort of trademark to their useful volumes. I am sorry to say that Lowell himself did not remember whether he had picked it up in conversation or whether he coined it in its present form. For myself, I like to associate it with him.

I find, as I said, I am always reading with pleasure his estimate of his own work in the close of his life. It seems to me to be free from mock modesty on the one hand, as it is from vanity on the other. He seems to me to be as indifferent about style as I think a man ought to be. If a man knows he is well dressed, he had better not recall his last conversation with his tailor; he had better go and come and do his duty. Other people may say about the dress what they choose. In Lowell's self-criticism, if one may call it so, you see the same frankness and unconsciousness, the same freedom from conceit of any kind, which you see in those early expressions which have been cited as illustrations of his boyhood and his youth. If he had said what he wanted to, he knew he had. If he had failed, he knew that. But it seemed to him almost of course that if a man knew what he wanted to say he should be able to say it. One wishes that this unconsciousness of method could work itself into the minds of literary men more often and more thoroughly. Let a man eat his dinner and let him enjoy it, but do not let the guests discuss the difference between the taste of red pepper and of black pepper. It is as true in literature as everywhere else that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. There will probably be sophists and verbal critics and fencing-masters and dancing-masters in all phases of society. They will certainly give much pleasure to each other, and perhaps they will give pleasure to the world; but it may be doubted whether they will be of much use to anybody. I suppose Grant enjoyed a dress parade when he saw it well done, but when they asked Grant how long it took to make a light infantry man, he said, "About half an hour." Let us remember this as we listen, a little bored, to what people have to tell us about style.

There are some curious discussions as to the places and the duties of prose and of poetry; what you had better say in prose, what you had better say in verse. But I am disposed to think that such discussions with him were merely matters of amusement or possible speculation. Everybody who is really familiar with Lowell's writing will remember many passages where the prose may be said to be the translation of his own poetry, or the poetry to be the translation of his own prose. And with such training as his, with such absolute command of language, with his accurate ear and perfect sense of rhythm, it would be of course that he should "lisp in numbers, for the numbers came."

To the very end of his life, his conversation, and his daily walk indeed, were swayed by the extreme tenderness for the feelings of others which his sister noticed when he was a little boy. He would not give pain if he could help it. He would go so much more than half-way in trying to help the person who was next him that he would permit himself to be bored, really without knowing that he was bored. He would overestimate, as good men and great men will, the abilities of those with whom he had to do. So his geese were sometimes swans, as Mr. Emerson's were, and those of other lovers of mankind.

His letters are never more interesting than in these closing years; and, as I have suggested, the fun of his conversation sparkled as brightly and happily as it ever did. Mr. Smalley, in an amusing passage, has described his ultra-Americanism in England. A pretty English woman said, "Mr. Hawthorne has insulted us all by saying that all English women are fat; but while Mr. Lowell is in the room I do not dare say that all American women are lean." When Lowell came home he would take pleasure in snubbing the Anglomaniacs who are sometimes found in New England, who want to show by their pronunciation or the choice of their words that they have crossed the ocean. I think that every one who is still living, of the little dinner-party where he tortured one of these younger men, will remember the fun of his attacks. This was one of the men whom you run against every now and then, who thought he must say "Brummagem" because Englishmen said so a hundred years ago; and on this occasion he was taking pains to pronounce the word "clerk" as if it rhymed with "lark"—"as she is spoken in England, you know!" Lowell just pounced upon him as an eagle might pounce on a lark, to ask why he did so, why, if it were our fashion to pronounce the word "as she is spelled," we might not do so, whether on the whole this were not the old pronunciation, and so on, and so on. Never was anything more absurd than the idea which the Irish sympathizers took up, that a residence in London had spoiled his fondness for the old idioms and the other old home ways. Indeed, I think his stay in Southborough was specially pleasant to him because he learned in another part of Middlesex County how to renew some of those studies of "Early America" which he had begun before he knew in Cambridge.



ROOM ADJOINING THE LIBRARY, ELMWOOD

From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge.

As one turns over the volume of his letters, he finds traces of the fancies which shot themselves in a wayward fashion into his conversation. One of the fads of his later life was the taking up of the notion which we generally refer to Lord Beaconsfield, that almost everything remarkable in modern life may be traced back, later or earlier, to a Hebrew origin. He would discourse at length on the Hebrew traits in Browning, and affected to have discovered the line of genealogy where, a century or two ago, a streak of the blood of Abraham came into the lines of the Brownings. He was quite sure—I am sorry to say I have forgotten how—that he had a line of Jewish blood himself, a line which he could trace out somewhere this side of the times of Ivanhoe. Then there was the hereditary descent of his mother's family from the Hebrides, which has been referred to. The Spences were of Traill origin—his brother Robert carried the Traill name. And Lowell liked to think that he had in his make-up something of the element which in a Lochiel you would call second-sight. Sometimes he alludes to that in his letters; he has only to shut his eyes, he says, and he can see all the people whom he has known, whom he wants to see, and carry on his conversation with them. I have already said that when I painfully worked through the poems of James Russell, our James Russell's great-grandfather, rendering that homage to the shade of that poet which no one else has rendered for a hundred years, I had to remind myself that he, alas! had no second-sight, and that he differed from his great-grandson precisely in this, that he was not of Norna's blood and could not work Norna's miracles.

One of the men of letters whose impressions of such a life every one is glad to read writes to me of Lowell's work: "Mr. Lowell excelled at once in original and critical work, thus giving the lie to the sneer that a critic is a person who has failed as a creator. Both as a poet and an essayist he revealed himself as a genuine cosmopolitan. He had the wisdom of the scholar and the horse sense of the man of the world. He was equally at home in the splendid realm of the imagination and in the prosaic domain of hard facts; and it may be said of him, as Macaulay said of Bunyan, that he gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. As a satirist and humorist he produced in the 'Biglow Papers' a work which is unique in our literature. He was not given to moralizing; his was as far as possible from being a dull didactic brain; but all to which he put his pen was wholesome and in the best sense stimulating, free from morbidness and that pessimism of

John P.
Robinson, he

who declared that

They didn't know everything
Down in Judee."

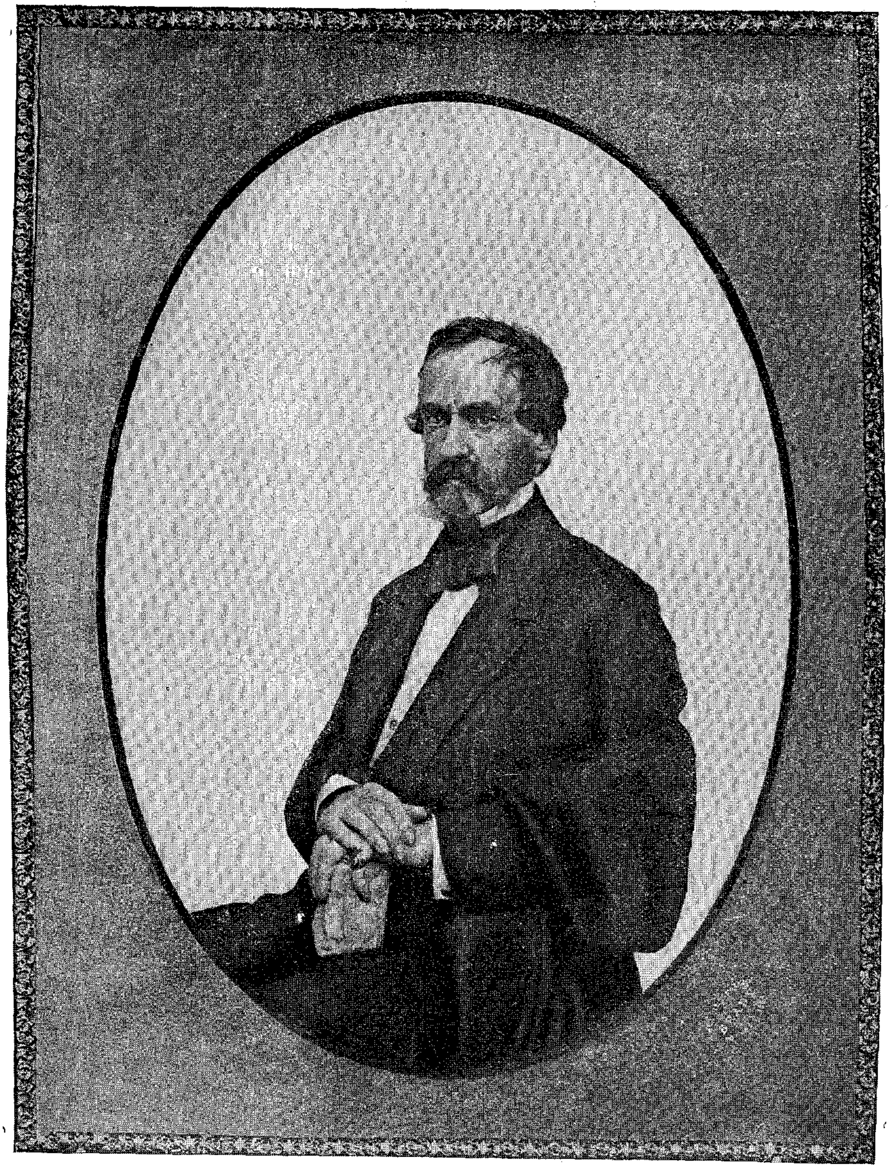
In one of our Lowell's letters written to England after his return he says that in America they had invented a new torture while he was away, in the shape of calling upon authors to read their own works aloud for the benefit of charities. I am always grateful to this form of torture when it brings as agreeable compensation, as I remember on an occasion when I think we were reading for the pleasure of an audience which had contributed to the purchase of the Longfellow Park at Cambridge. For this gave me the pleasure of talking to Lowell for the two hours while the "entertainment" lasted, as we sat upon the stage in the Boston Museum. It is rather a curious thing, to a person as little used to a stage as I am, to find how wholly the footlights separate you, not simply from the personal touch of the people in the audience, but from them, until it comes to be your turn to address them. Even at a public dinner, when you sit by some agreeable person, you have not exactly the chance for conversation with him which you have when both of you are in mediæval chairs dug out from the property-room, and reading is going on quite in front of you which you may attend to or not, as you both choose. Of course the fortune of a charity was made if he were willing to read poetry or prose which he had written.

FRANCIS J. CHILD

As the reader remembers, he lectured again in Boston in one or two full courses to large audiences at the Lowell Institute. He did not absolutely refuse calls from distant cities, but I think traveling became somewhat a burden to him, and after he was once in Elmwood the associations of the old books and the old life were so pleasant that it was more difficult to draw him away from home.

For his summer holiday, however, he could run across the ocean and visit his English friends in the country, or go back to his pleasant Whitby surroundings. Whitby had for him a particular charm, and one really wishes that he had been in the mood at some time to make a monograph on Whitby, so interesting are some of the references which he makes to it in his letters.

"I am really at Whitby, whither I have been every summer but 1885 for the last six years. This will tell you how much I like it. A very primitive place it is, and the manners and ways of its people much like those of New England. The people with whom I lodge, but for accent, might be of Ashfield. It is a wonderfully picturesque place, with the bleaching bones of its Abbey standing aloof on the bluff and dominating the country



CHARLES F. BRIGGS

for leagues. Once, they say, the monks were lords as far as they could see. The skeleton of the Abbey still lords it over the landscape, which was certainly one of the richest possessions they had, for there never was finer. Sea and moor, hill and dale; sea dotted with purple sails and white (fancy mixes a little in the purple, perhaps); moors flushed with heather in blossom, and fields yellow with corn, and the dark heaps of trees in every valley blabbing the secret of the stream that fain would hide to escape being the drudge of man."

We shall find this "hiding of the stream" again. "I know not why wind has replaced water for grinding; and the huge water-wheels green with moss and motionless give one a sense of repose after toil that to a lazy man like me is full of comfort." "I wish you could see the 'yards,' steep flights of stone steps hurrying down from the west cliff and the east, between which the river whose name I can never remember crawls into the sea." The river appears to have been the Esk river which Lochinvar swam where there was no ford.

A year afterwards he says: "I am rather lame to-day, because I walked too much and over very rough paths yesterday. But how could I help it? For I will not give in to old age. The clouds were hanging ominously in the northwest, and soon it began to rain in a haphazard kind of way, as a musician who lodges over one lets his fingers idle among the keys before he settles down to the serious business of torture. So it went on drowsily, but with telling effects of damp, till we reached Falling Foss, which we saw as a sketch in water-colors, and which was very pretty.

"Thunder-storms loitered about over the valley like 'Arries on a Bank Holiday at a loss what to do with their leisure, but ducking us now and then by way of showing their good humor. However, there were parentheses of sunshine, and on the whole it was very beautiful."

Again, the next year, in 1889, he says: "I was received with enthusiasm by the Misses Galilee, the landladies; they vow they will never let my rooms so long as there is any chance of my coming. I like it as much as ever. I never weary of the view from my window; the Abbey says to me, 'The best of us get a little shaky at last, and there get to be gaps in our walls.' And then the churchyard adds, 'But you have no notion what good beds there are at my inn—.' The mill runs no longer, but the stream does, down through a leafy gorge in little cascades and swirls and quiet pools with skyscapes in them, and seems happy in its holiday." We shall come to this "happy holiday" again.

It is to a series of summers spent in this charming retirement which he had discovered at Whitby that we hear people speak who talk of his summers in England as if the grand society he had met there had spoiled him for America. One cannot read Lowell for five minutes without seeing how large his life was, and how little he was fettered by the commonplace gyves of space or time or flesh or sense. He never preaches as Dr. Young would do, or Mr. Tupper, or Satan Montgomery. But, all the same, he is living in the larger life, and so are you if he calls you into his company. Writing to Miss Norton, he says:

"I don't care where the notion of immortality came from. . . . It is there, and I mean to hold it fast. Suppose we don't know. How much *do* we know, after all? . . . The last time I was ill, I lost all consciousness of my flesh. I was dispersed through space in some inconceivable fashion and mixed with the Milky Way. . . . Yet the very fact that I had a confused consciousness all the while of the Milky Way as something to be mingled with, proved that I was there as much an individual as ever.

"There is something in the flesh that is superior to the flesh, something that can in finer moments abolish matter and pain. And it is to this we must cling. . . .

". . . I think the evolutionists will have to make a fetich of their protoplasm before long. Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the rock of ages, by which I understand a certain set of higher instincts which mankind have found solid under all weathers."

If I am writing for those who have read Lowell carefully and loyally, they know that he knew that "the human race is the individual of which different men and women are separate cells or organs." They know that he knew that "honor, truth, and justice are not provincialisms of this little world," but belong to the life and language of the universe. They know that he knew that he belonged to the universe and was the infinite child of the infinite God. He says sometimes in joke that he hates to go to church. I am afraid that most men who could preach as well as he would say the same thing with the chances of the ordinary religious service. But he also says, "If Dr. Donne or Jeremy Taylor, or even Dr. South, were the preacher, perhaps—"

As it happens, I recollect no expressions of his more enthusiastic than those in which he described public services of religion. His mother had belonged to the Church of England, and his love for the Prayer Book was associated with his earliest recollections of her.

For the rest, I am sure I should be most sorry to have any one think that a man of his large, religious nature, who lived in the eternities, could be satisfied with the average ecclesiastical function of to-day.

It was a disappointment to him that his health forbade one more visit to his dear Whitby, which he had proposed for the summer of 1890. On the last day of his last visit there, as I suppose, he wrote the beautiful poem, not so well known as it should be, with which I will close this series of reminiscences. He wrote it happily and he liked it. He calls it "My Brook." It begins with a gay description of the flow and joyous dash of young life. As time passes on, the lively brook is held back by dams sometimes; it is set to work to feed mankind, or to help men somehow; it is pent in and almost prisoned. But not for always. Why should not his brook burst its bonds and leap and plash and sparkle as happily as when it was born?

We print this poem because the circumstances of its composition and publication prevented its insertion in what are generally spoken of as the complete editions edited by himself. He says to his daughter, in speaking of it, "A poem got itself written at Whitby which seems to be not altogether bad; and this intense activity of the brain has the same effect as exercise on my body, and somehow braces up the whole machine." It is a pleasure to feel that he read this beautiful poem himself with something of the satisfaction which every one will find in it. And it is impossible that it should not suggest the conditions of his own closing life. "My Brook" he calls it. And one need not run back to the memories of "Beaver Brook" to fancy the walk or the ride in which some mountain brook in the North Riding renewed the old Cambridge experiences. The charming brook of his youth, gay and joyous, had passed through one and another channel of hard work and of close discipline; but, as he says, there was no reason why, as he and his brook came nearer to the ocean, there should not be the same joy and freedom that there was when he and his brook began on life.

JOSIAH COOKE

MARY LOWELL PUTNAM

As it happened, just after he had written this charming poem—better than that, just as he liked it—he received an earnest request from that excellent friend of literature, Mr. Robert Bonner, asking him to send something which he might print. On the impulse of the moment Lowell sent this poem. Mr. Bonner kept it for illustration. He illustrated it beautifully, and it appeared before the world fifteen months after, at Christmas of the year 1890, in the New York "Ledger." By the courtesy of Mr. Bonner's sons, I am able to print it all—as the fit close of this series. I could not have hoped to give so charming a review by the poet of Lowell's own life and his eternal hopes.

[Copyright, 1890, by Robert Bonner's Sons.]

MY BROOK

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Earth's burthen weighs wearily now on us both—
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,
How you danced there, my nautch-girl, 'mid flag-root and fern,
While the flashing tomauns tinkled joyous and clear
On the slim wrists and ankles that flashed in their turn.

. . . .

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages it seems,
And, now I return sad with life and its lore,
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,
And Will-o'-Wisp light me his lantern no more?

Where the bee's hum seemed noisy once, all was so still,
And the hermit-thrush nested secure of her lease,
Now whirr the world's millstones and clacks the world's mill—
No fairy-gold passes, the oracles cease!

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold;
And the sungleams and moongleams, your elf-gifts to me,
The miller transmutes into work-a-day gold.

. . . .

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,
But the shekels you tost me are safe from decay;
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thralldom! 'Tis only a leap;
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath;
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep.
If there's peace in the mill-pond, so is there in death.

Leap down to me, down to me! Be, as you were,
My nautch-girl, my singer; again let them glance,
Your tomauns, the sun's largess, that wink and are there,
And gone again, still keeping time as you dance.

Make haste, or it may be I wander again;
It is I, dear, that call you; Youth beckons with me;
Come back to us both, for, in breaking your chain,
You set the old summers and fantasies free.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life
I made you a Naiad, that were but a stream;
In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

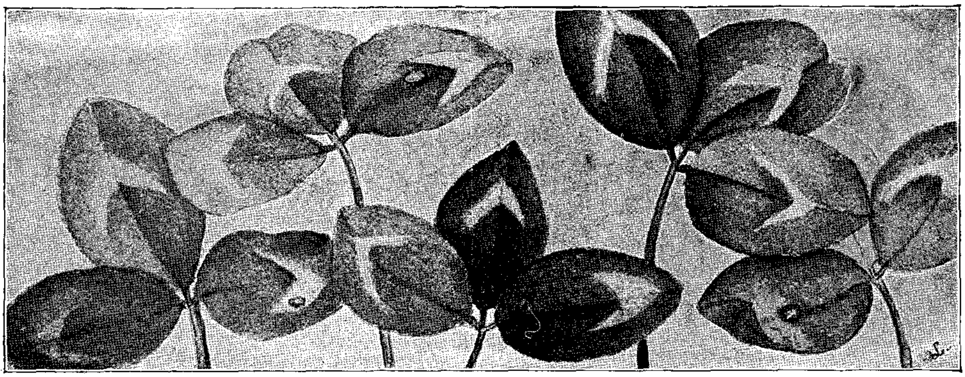
Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,
Where the dials move backward and asphodels blow;
Come flash your tomauns again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the year.

And so "my brook" passes into the ocean.

THE END



Abbé Constantin's Cassock

By Miranda

Translated from the French by H. Twitchell

"JEANNIE, is King Melchoir's ear glued on?—Monsieur, tell little Peter not to stammer so with the responses!—Jeannie, give Gelynette and Moreau some nuts and apples to put in the children's shoes.—*Et in secula seculorum*," murmured the curate earnestly, relapsing into a devotional mood and attempting to finish his breviary, after numerous interruptions on account of the preparations required for the next day's celebration.

But it was in vain that he bent his glasses down close to the large book and tried to shut his ears; the holiday spirit which pervaded everything could not be shut out; it broke through his meditations as rays of sunlight pierce the mist hanging over roofs. He could not prevent his fatherly heart from sharing the innocent pleasure of the flock over which he had presided for more than thirty years. There was no holiday he preferred to Christmas, not even that of the glorious resurrection. On this day the transports of his tender piety led him to the very gates of heaven, close to the angels. To all, even the most miserable, the most unworthy, he prayed that the sacred time might leave a sweet remembrance.

This year, for the first time in his life, the curate was about to celebrate the holy anniversary with a joy that was not quite perfect, a heart that was not quite light. An anxiety disturbed his serene benevolence and impeded the waves of his piety. Those comedians, installed in front of the parsonage, at the Hôtel du Dauphin, what a trial they were to the old priest! During the ten days they had been there, Soulaire seemed to have been in a fever. Colored posters were displayed at every corner, and before them stood knots of people commenting on the play of the evening before and the one to be presented on the evening to come. The streets, usually deserted before nine o'clock, were thronged till past midnight. Throughout the little town, little was talked of except the actors and their respective merits.

"Ah, monsieur, what an actor that Artémon is!" the notary's wife, who set the fashion, had dared to say to the pastor himself. "If you were to see him in Rabbi David of *Ami Fritz*, you would shed tears just as I did!"

Shed tears—for a Jewish priest! The worthy curate trembled with horror before such unconscious depravity. Then, occasionally, on turning a corner, he found himself face to face with one of those perverted men, enveloped to the ears in the fur collar of a shabby ulster, or, worse yet, one of the shameless women with fluffy golden hair, whose bursts of rippling laughter floated out on the breeze. The pure-minded Abbé's nights were troubled with wakefulness and visions in which he saw his loved parishioners being dragged down to eternal perdition by this crowd of actors and mountebanks.

In vain, at the tribunal of penitence, he had scolded, menaced, supplicated. They promised, but they all knew that he would have sought for extenuating circumstances for Beelzebub himself—so, assured of final pardon, they yielded to the temptation to hear *Pattes des Mouches* or *Cagnotte*.

The Abbé felt somewhat consoled by the fact that he had confessed a great many souls that morning, and he felt fairly assured of their firm resolutions. His only care now was to hasten piously through his breviary.

"Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!" M. Lamier started at this sound of a drum under his very window. The nasal voice of the town-crier could be distinctly heard calling out, in exactly the same tone used in commanding the citizens to muzzle their dogs:

"Hochary Company, at the Soulaire Theater to-night, for the first time, the great success of Ludovic Halévy, of the Academy, the Abbé Constantin. M. Artémon will play the rôle of the Abbé; Mlle. Valérie (of the Brest Theater) will impersonate Bettina. Tickets at the usual price. On account of the Christmas festivities the curtain will rise at half-past seven!"

The drum then beat again, and Père Onésime passed on, surrounded by a crowd of urchins, while the old priest, overcome by so much iniquity, turned over the leaves of his breviary with trembling fingers.

At this juncture the stage from the neighboring city drove up on the square, rattling over the rough pavement. All the women in the neighborhood at once rushed out like a swarm of bees, deafening the driver with their chorus of orders.

"Late as usual, Mathieu! My lobster, quick! My muff, Mathieu! Mathieu, Totor's toy horse!"

Mathieu, whose round face was encircled by the ear-laps of his cap, plunged under the cover of the stage, which was swelled out like a bellows, hunting for boxes and packages.

"Give me the Abbé's new cassock, Mathieu," said Jeannie, in an authoritative tone.

"Mathieu, have you my cassock, too?" cried a voice from the hotel window, where a man stood with one half of his face covered with lather, a napkin around his neck, and a razor in his hand.

The driver dove again under the cover, upsetting boxes and barrels in his rummaging, and finally appeared with two bundles of unequal size.

"This is for you, Mademoiselle Jeannie; and this, Monsieur Artémon, is all that was given to me for the Hochary Company."

As he spoke, he tossed a long, narrow box to the actor, who was leaning out of the hotel window. In its aerian flight the cover dropped off, and a wig of long yellow hair was adroitly caught by Artémon, to the great delight of the bystanders.

"Bettina's hair!" exclaimed the excited comedian. "That isn't my cassock. What in the devil have you done with it, you blockhead?"

"Upon my honor, I was given nothing else," replied Mathieu.

"That is an unheard-of proceeding! There must be some mistake! Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!" he shouted to Jeannie, who was walking majestically away; "are you sure that cassock is for you?"

"*Sacripant!*" murmured the haughty housekeeper, hastening her footsteps to escape from these apostrophes which seemed like irreverent jests.

M. Artémon went down the staircase four steps at a time, and burst into the room where the rest of the troupe were sitting.

"Friends!" he exclaimed, as tragically breathless as Théramène, "a disaster! We shall have to change our programme or not open the house—I cannot play Abbé Constantin to-night!"

Mlle. Valérie dropped the white gown she was patching under the arm. M. Hochary manifested his surprise by a convolution of the long, surprisingly thin limbs by means of which, both on and off the stage, he was accustomed to express his emotions.

"Artémon," he said, in a hollow tone, "what does this mean? Think of the money to reimburse; of the expenses of the programme and posters. You know very well we are at the end of the roll. Don't act your Mlle. Mars!"

"But I have no cassock!" blurted out the unfortunate Artémon, dropping both his arms in sheer helplessness.

All exchanged glances of dire consternation.

"Couldn't we improvise one out of a black dress or one of the ladies' cloaks?" ventured M. Hochary.

"The ladies are too short and too slender," groaned Artémon, who was possessed of an imposing corpulence.

The situation was indeed a critical one for the poor artists, who, burdened with debts and bankrupted by a dishonest manager, were touring in company until each one could find a lucrative engagement. More than once already, by dint of coolness and assurance, they had extricated themselves from dilemmas caused by poverty of scenery and other stage accessories. This time, however, the obstacle appeared insurmountable.

"And not a single judge in this cursed hole!' grumbled Hochary in the rage of despair.

All at once Artémon struck his forehead violently, which act denoted the passage of a genial inspiration.

"Ah, friends!" he exclaimed in broken tones. "A senseless hope! But I shall attempt it! It is our only chance for salvation!"

Then in a few words he explained his plans. Followed by the good wishes of the whole company, he went back and finished his shaving, after which he donned his blackest coat and set out for the priest's house.

Fortunately for the actor, the Cerberus-like Jeannie was absent putting the finishing touches to the decoration of the church; a choir-boy innocently opened the door of the presbytery, and ushered the visitor into the apartment where the priest was persistently trying to finish his breviary. At the apparition, M. Lamier stood as stiffly erect as the statue which ornamented the mantel. His benevolent face, usually so smiling, reddened to the roots of his hair, which was as fluffy and light as a swan's plumage, and instinctively he pressed his book to his breast as if it were a protecting shield.

Meanwhile the disciple of Satan bowed deferentially.

"Monsieur," he began, in the subdued tone suited to an exordium, "the object of my visit may appear singular to you. I even fear it may shock you. And yet, it is to your well-known charity that I wish to appeal, in the interest of ten poor creatures who are awaiting the result of my visit with devouring impatience."

Impressed in spite of himself by this reserve, under which emotion was concealed with dignity, the priest, who could not yet find his voice, motioned his visitor to a chair and sat down opposite him.

"Defrauded by a dishonest manager who left us without paying us a cent," continued Artémon, arranging his long coat-tails, "we are now traveling from village to village after the example of our famous ancestor Molière, exhibiting to the rural population the beauties of modern plays. But we are far from rolling in the Pactolus, and the two legendary ends obstinately refuse to meet. This evening's performance promised to be a fruitful one, but through a stupid stage-driver's carelessness everything is spoiled. We shall be obliged to use all the money we have to meet expenses already advanced, and we shall be stranded, unless you deign to come to our rescue. You only, monsieur, can save us from ruin."

Charmed by this skillfully modulated voice, M. Lamier studied the smooth face opposite him, astonished at finding in it neither cynicism nor vulgarity, but instead simplicity mingled with refinement. At the last words, the old priest decided that financial assistance was what was asked for, and his hand wandered towards his pocket.

Artémon stopped him with a gesture.

"No, monsieur, we do not ask for alms. Only *lend me your cassock!*"

"My cassock!" stammered M. Lamier in bewilderment. "My cassock!"

"The oldest, most worn-out one you possess!" Artémon hastened to explain. "I am to play Abbé Constantin to-night, and his appearance must be conformable to his pious character and his sacerdotal dignity."

M. Lamier bounded from his chair.

"You surely do not desire to profane a robe used in the holy office!" he gasped, choked with surprise, but repressing his indignation, fearing to give himself up to anger on such a day, "and make me an accomplice in these—blamable amusements! Your ignorance of the holy things of religion is certainly your excuse."

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the actor, slightly disconcerted, but resolved to struggle, cost what it might. "It will not be the first time that religion has lent its aid to dramatic art. Remember the mysteries celebrated in the cathedrals in the Middle Ages. I was educated in a small seminary, and it was there that my vocation first came to me, from playing Athalie at the superior's celebration."

Without yet disarming, M. Lamier surveyed the actor with a growing consideration. If this unfortunate man had followed the wrong path, his point of departure had at least been good. His heart ought not to be perverted to the very core, and perhaps he could be made to realize the sinfulness of his conduct.

"But how can you think of playing on Christmas Eve?" he asked, sternly.

"Alas!" replied Artémon, modestly, "we must eat on this night as well as others."

M. Lamier's benevolent heart was touched by this pathetic reply. The poor fellow! The kind priest felt a poignant sorrow at being compelled to refuse him anything.

"At least," he groaned, pitiable in his enforced rigor, looking plaintively at Artémon, "could you not have chosen another play—rather than exhibit a servant of God to sacrilegious eyes, and distract souls prepared for worship?"

"Is not 'Abbé Constantin' an edifying play?" exclaimed Artémon, taking fresh courage since the mildness of the priest's voice softened the severity of his reproaches. "Your parishioners are sure of preserving their pious attitude; much more so than if they had remained at home. Many of them, you know, would have made a tour of the saloons during the evening, while we wil send them to you affected by the unction, the benignity, of the worthy abbé, who cannot but recall to them the holy man who has administered to them for so many years, and whom I have been studying for the last quarter of an hour."

"Oh, Satan, Satan!" thought M. Lamier, frightened, lowering his eyes, "am I going to sin through vanity now?"

As he coughed twice to get time to clear his bewildered mind, Artémon said, confidentially:

"Have you ever been to a theater, monsieur?"

"I? Why, certainly not," stammered the Abbé, startled at such a supposition.

"That is why you have such an unfavorable opinion of it. The theater is a school of morality which seconds that of the pulpit. Our dramas are sermons put into practice. There is not a play in which virtue is not praised, vice crushed, hypocrisy punished. The most ignorant spectator goes away capable—if only for a moment—of actions as chivalrous as those of the hero he has just applauded. Ah! a noble work is that of the comedian who knows how to appreciate it!"

"What a pity this Artémon is not a preacher!" thought M. Lamier, fascinated. "That broad, smooth face, those Dominican cheeks, would be wonderfully effective in the setting of a pulpit, aided by such insinuating manners and such free gestures."

"And how many worthy people you will find in our ranks!" continued Artémon, entirely carried away by his enthusiasm. "United families, good mothers, and useful citizens abound in our companies."

Then he cited examples: Mlle. Valérie, the support of her parents; M. and Mme. Hochary, perfect models of conjugal affection; and all with their heart in their hands, never refusing to do a kindness to a comrade, or lend their support to any good work.

This said, discouraged by the priest's silence, he rose, brushing his hat with a melancholy energy.

"Well," he sighed, "we alone shall have a sad Christmas, while every one else is rejoicing. I beg your pardon, monsieur, for having intruded upon your time." He then started towards the door.

The old priest seemed to rouse from a profound reverie. The convincing eloquence of the comedian had disturbed him, but he distrusted his own judgment; it would be so easy for him to fall into error, knowing the world and its snares so imperfectly. Perhaps Artémon had spoken truly—he wanted to think so!—but, in spite of the candor of his nature, the good Abbé remembered the velvety dark eyes he had noticed between fluffy golden locks and the fur of a boa. Words of censure burned on his lips, when his eyes fell upon a colored print in the breviary he had been mechanically fumbling. It represented the Samaritan woman listening to the Saviour, seated near the well; and, as if struck by a heavenly warning, he bowed humbly before Him who found pardon for all sinners, consolation for all misery. Could he be more inflexible than his Master?

He hastened after the actor, and grasped his arm.

"Jeannie," he cried out, in the exaltation of triumphant charity, "bring me my new cassock."

"Ah, monsieur," was all the poor actor could say, stupefied by this unexpected success.

When Jeannie came in with the cassock folded over her arm, her master chided her for her slowness.

"Now bring my shoes with the silver buckles. Quick! and a hat! You will need a hat."

"What! are you going to lend your clothes for the play? Your new cassock, too, that you were going to wear at the midnight mass."

"Really, I do not ask so much," protested Artémon, as the priest piled the articles into his arms. "An old cassock would answer—do not rob yourself, I beg of you!"

"An old one!" cried M. Lamier, in the thirst for sacrifice. "No one will see mine under my surplice, while yours will have to *confront the footlights!*" he added, victoriously. "If the patches should show, it would be too bad. Abbé Constantin must not excite derision."

"How can we ever thank you!" replied the actor, his eyes filled with tears.

"My dear child," said the priest, hesitatingly, as if fearing to appear to ask payment for his kindness, "get through quickly—as quickly as possible—and afterwards come to the midnight mass. The good Lord will be satisfied, and I shall be, too."

That night, thrilling with emotion, Artémon surpassed himself. As he had promised, he edified his spectators, and they decided that the Abbé Constantin resembled their priest like a brother. In this manner the play softened the hardest hearts and prepared them for the religious impressions of the Christmas celebration. Grace takes a thousand paths between heaven and earth.

When, from the brilliantly illuminated altar, the good priest stretched out his arms lovingly over the prostrate throng, he trembled with pleasure at seeing, in the back of the church, among the common people, a group of men and women with tired faces, who respectfully bent their heads during the benediction. Whatever their past had been or their future was to be, for an hour a light from above penetrated their hearts and led them back to the happiest remembrances of their childhood.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Kindly state the most generally accepted interpretation of the creation of Adam and Eve. 2. What *was* the creation? Was it material, or the endowment with superior intellectuality? 3. How may the Biblical account be interpreted to students of fourteen years of age, that they may see in it no contradiction of evolution in its present accepted sense? W. W. S.

1. The story in Genesis ii., acknowledged to be from another hand than Genesis i., is generally regarded by scholars as a religious legend, not as history, and as rewritten in the interest of monotheism from the ancient legends of Mesopotamia. 2. "Creation" is the word by which we denote the production of a new kind of being. As regards man, it includes all the characteristics, material or mental, which specifically distinguish him from the next lower kinds. 3. It is in vain to try to harmonize it with scientific teaching. Children should be taught to emphasize the truth in the story, that our life is from God, and that other points in the story show what the ancients thought about the way in which it came from God; also that, while they did not know anything about this, it is still a mystery to us.

In your issue of October 8, "A. L. P." asked in reference to divine providence. 1. Please tell us if you think that those who never think of asking for God's blessing nor are grateful toward him, but call it "luck and chance," receive as many blessings as those who ask for special providence, look for them, and are thankful to the Giver of all good. Christ said "Ask." 2. Can God overrule present seeming evil to become a good in the end? Will not faith and trust help bring the good results?

A CONSTANT READER.

1. Certainly not. But "those who ask for special providence" are answered by opening their minds to a better recognition of that universal providence in view of which the poet wrote:

> In each event of life how clear
> Thy ruling hand I see!

2. Assuredly: the Scripture tells us that the wrath of man is made to praise God, and its excesses restrained by him. (Psalm lxxvi., 10.)

What works in English would you suggest on the study of Jeremiah besides the Expositor's Bible and Cheyne in "Men of the Bible" series? Has Cornill written anything on Jeremiah which has been translated? J. M. M.

See Professors Sanders and Kent's "Messages of the Earlier Prophets," containing Jeremiah's prophecies chronologically arranged and paraphrased in modern style (Wattles, Philadelphia, $1). Professor Cornill's sketches of the Prophets have been translated and are published by the Open Court Company, Chicago.

Please give names and prices of best works on Explorations and Discoveries in Egypt, Syria, Babylon, and also the best and most recent books on Bible chronology as modified by the later discoveries. C. R.

Hastings's "New Dictionary of the Bible," of which the first volume is now out, covers these subjects very well and gives full references to special works (Scribners, New York, $4). See also Professor McCurdy's work, "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments" (Macmillan, New York, 2 volumes, $3 each).

Dr. James Freeman Clarke told of a dissolute German nobleman who dreamed that he saw a figure who said sadly to him, "After Four!" at the same time pointing to a dial where the hands marked the hour of four. He thought it meant that he should die in four days, and made what preparation he could. But he did not die in four days, or weeks, or months. His preparation for death thus begun led to permanent reformation, and at the end of four years he was chosen Emperor of Germany, becoming one of the best ever elected. Kindly let me know to what Emperor reference is made in the above legend.

W. M. B.

Referred to our readers.

1. Is it the accepted and modern view of "The Revelation of St. John the Divine" that it is a pictorial unfolding of the spiritual conflict between right and wrong, between Christ and the devil, in which we are given repeated assurances of the final and complete victory of our Lord? What other explanation is there? 2. Does it teach the personality of the devil?

A. L. S.

1. This book is still a battle-ground of critics and interpreters, but your statement fairly includes the truth common to them all. 2. It assumes it.

"M. E. D." will find the song, "O Come Away from Busy Care," etc., in "The True Juvenile Song Book," by A. N. Johnson, published by the John Church Company, Cincinnati, O.

F. A. J.

For the Little People

☘

Why Cats Wash After Eating

By Eva J. Beede

You may have noticed, little friends,
That cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing,

"All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!"
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse said his good-by,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed, in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till *after* eating.

The Palace of Gold

By Etta C. Ide

In a great swinging palace of gold, far up in the blue sky, a long way from the earth, lives a band of fairies. Such a wonderful place it is, with the walls, the floors, all of a shimmering gold, set in topaz, opals, diamonds—all the jewels that have a gleam of gold in their depths. Even the little fairies that go dancing about through the halls are clothed in dazzling gold, with flashing wings of rainbow hues. And if you listen very closely you will hear soft, sweet music, for so happy are these little fairies and so sweet their voices that the whole palace seems constantly filled with music. One great room of this palace is the court-room of their King, and here they all gather each night to receive instructions; for they are not useless little fairies that go dancing about in the moonlight, but each day they are sent on a mission to the earth, and each night return to this palace of gold to tell the beautiful King the story of their work.

Long before any of you children are out of dreamland, the King summons them all before his throne, and, in a voice wondrously soft and tender, he tells them of their mission to the far-off earth, to which he is sending them, and of the good each one must do ere night falls. Then he lifts his scepter and out of the doors and windows in golden streams float the sunbeam fairies to the sleeping world.

They sweep over the sea, and the waters grow bright and sparkling; they fill the sails of the floating ships with a golden glow, and then stream landward. They touch the folded wings of the birds, who wake and greet them with a flood of song. They creep into the hearts of the roses, which unfold their petals and send forth their sweetest fragrance. They brush the sparkling dew from the grass, and kiss into life the butterflies, who unfold the beauties of their sainted wings; and the tiny streams ripple with laughter, as the fairies plunge into their clear depths.

Ah! what a happy time it is for the fairies, this touching into song and life the flowers, the birds, the streams! They dart here and there, their golden wings flashing light over the mountain-tops, down into the valleys, then into the dense woodland, where they drive away the shadows.

When they have wakened all nature, as the glow and light, the humming and singing, about them indicate, they know their serious work begins, and each remembers what she has to do for the beautiful King 'way off in the palace of gold.

To weary, aching hearts they whisper sweet messages of comfort, till the clouds of care and trouble melt away, and the world seems suddenly filled with joy and gladness.

All feel the magic touch of these sunbeam fairies, from the little child whose happy upturned face welcomes their golden coming, to the one with soft white hair and trembling steps. The shepherd-boy wakens at the rustle of their wings, and drowsily takes his staff for the steep climb up the mountain to the plateau where feeds his flock. But the fairies go dancing before him, till the path grows easy and he breaks into a song which the mountains catch and toss from peak to peak.

Wherever they go they carry joy, hope, comfort with them, from the great castle on the hill down to the lowly cottage; for not once do they forget whose messengers they are; and only when the day has grown old do they feel that they have fulfilled their mission, and are ready to return to the beautiful King.

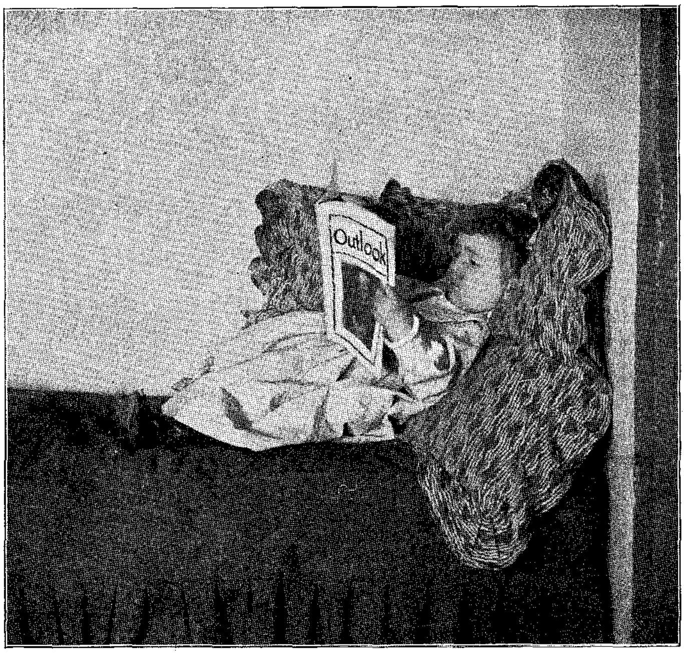
How that great mass of dark cloud in the west grows softer and lovelier, as the fairies gather from far and near! They are coming in great numbers now, for it is growing late, and the flash and sparkle of their wings make a wonderful golden glow in the western sky.

At last they look over the world, which is slowly sinking into gloom and shadow, and they know all the fairies are ready for their flight to the swinging palace; so away they go, leaving only a faint golden gleam which wavers and at last disappears. Then the bird quietly seeks his nest, the flowers close their petals, the lullabies are sung to the tired little ones, and the world is asleep.

When Baby Reads

By Ella Beecher-Gittings

When baby reads, no
mouse must stir,
No cricket chirp nor
kitten purr;
The very wind must
softer blow
Lest it confuse his
thought, you know,
When baby reads.



"WHEN BABY READS"

A Giant, a Pygmy, and a Journey

The pygmy sat peering out into the bright-lighted room through a very small hole. There was no question that he was nervous; he started at every sound, ran back into the darkest corner several times, and, when he left it, moved very cautiously. The light in the room grew dimmer, and the pygmy bolder. At last it was quite dark except at one place, where a giant with great glasses sat staring at something on a desk.

"What in the world?" questioned the pygmy as he pushed himself through the small opening. Suddenly he drew back. "If I were only sure!" and he again pushed himself through and peered anxiously around. And then he seated himself to watch the giant, who apparently knew nothing of his presence. Slowly the intruder moved nearer the giant. "I am so hungry," he muttered, "I must get something to eat," and he grew bolder and went still nearer the giant, who was absorbed in something lying before him.

The intruder looked sharply about him. "Not a thing that I can eat, and I do not know how I can stand it!" and the pygmy almost cried; in fact, he made a sound that caused the giant to look up and gaze round him searchingly. "I guess not," he growled, in a voice that froze the poor pygmy so that he could not move, or thought he could not, until he saw a figure crouching low on the ground stealing toward him. Move! The pygmy jumped, caught his claws into something up which he could climb, scrambled, scratched higher and higher, fell into a hole as black as night on top of a bun. The mouse had found something to eat. He ate it, but, thankless wretch! he gnawed a hole in the pocket of the giant's coat and fell into a deeper hole that gave him a great deal of space in which to run. At last the giant was ready to go home. He put on his coat and went down his castle stairs into the hurrying crowd of giants on the streets. Something moved up his back; he tried to reach it and could not. He shivered and shook, but he could not put his hand on the moving thing between his shoulders. He hurried faster and faster, so that other giants looked at him. At last he reached the door of another castle, and hurried upstairs, saying, "Mother, mother, quick!" A gentle lady came at the call, put her hand on the giant's back, exclaimed, "Take it off!" and the giant took off his coat. There was great shaking and beating. A half-dazed mouse jumped out of the hole which was in the pocket and ran through the hall. A week later Bridget exclaimed, as she took out a raisin-cake, "There's a mouse in this house. Look at this," and her face was red with indignation.

A roly-poly mouse behind the big tin bread-box shook with laughter.

A Runaway Fox

He lived with the other animals in the Central Park menagerie, this beautiful silver-tailed fox, but he was not happy shut up in a cage; he wanted to get out and roam about under the trees that were all about the buildings in which the cage was placed. No one knows how it happened, but he got out of his cage and could not be found. A week after he disappeared a policeman saw a strange object under a clump of bushes. He looked; could it be possible?—a fox asleep in broad daylight! He hurried off to the menagerie building and told the men in charge. They laughed at the policeman—a fox asleep in the daytime! The policeman insisted that he was right, and persuaded the keepers to go with him. Sure enough, Mr. Silver-Tail Fox was caught napping.

The Out-of-Door Wonders

There is a sloth in the London Zoo that looks like a lichen on a log or branch of a tree. Naturalists say this is an imitation of nature to protect it from its enemy the jaguar. Have you not noticed worms that are so exactly the color of a leaf that you would pass and repass it several times before you would discover it, and perhaps you would never have discovered it if it had not moved? The coat of the deer is sometimes the color of the foliage through which it is passing. Trout will hide in holes under trees or in banks that are just their own color. Unless they move, you cannot see them.

It is this that makes woods and streams so intensely interesting when one has learned how to use his eyes. You know we have to learn how to see pictures, how to listen to music, and we have to learn how to see out-of-doors. Artists see far more than untrained people, and the man who is a naturalist is the man who has learned to see things rightly out-of-doors.

The long winter days are coming. To those who can go into the country, or who live in the country, there are beautiful, wonderful things occurring all the time, if their eyes are opened to see them, in the great out-of-doors. The children who go to school in these days have books which tell them how to see the world of insects, flowers, fishes, animals, trees, ferns, rocks, and stones. All these cold months these books will be helping to train the eyes, so that when the spring and summer and autumn come, the little children will be able to see the wonderful lives of the out-of-door people in their queer clothes of feathers, furs, scales, hair, and hide. No theater ever presented such wonders, and no circus ever had more wonder people in its ring, than can be found in meadow, hollow, mountain, and brook by any boy or girl who has his or her eyes really open to see. To depend on the book is a mistake. The book is the guide to these wonders that any one can discover who really wants to see them.

Away to the North Land

We have become so accustomed to the daily newspaper with dispatches giving all news of the world each morning that we have ceased to think of it as wonderful.

Perhaps you remember that some whalers were imprisoned in the northern seas last fall, and that there was much anxiety about them lest they should starve for want of food. The Government sent a vessel north with supplies and instructions to find the whalers and give them food and all the assistance they needed. The vessel went as far as it could until the ice stopped it, and then the men and officers went in sleds further north until the whalers were found and plenty of food had been supplied them, and they began the return journey. The rescuing party, when it returned where there were newspapers, were surprised to find that war had broken out between this country and Spain.

They knew nothing of what had occurred, having left the last place at which they could hope to get news in November, and received their first news on their return July fifteenth, when the last battles of the Cuban war had been fought and won.

You may be sure that newspapers were highly prized by these men, who loved and served their country.

The Season's Books

READERS of The Outlook will be interested in a rapid survey, which does not aim to be in any sense inclusive, of the books of the season which are likely to be of interest to them either by reason of their subject-matter or their workmanship. The books of the season, with few exceptions, have been reviewed from week to week in these columns as received; these brief notes do not aim, therefore, to comment on the entire output of the publishers, but to recall in rapid survey representative volumes.

FICTION

The foremost place among American novels of the season must be given to Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock: A Chronicle of Reconstruction." This is Mr. Page's first long story, and its appearance has been awaited with a great deal of interest and no small anxiety by those who have appreciated and valued the reality and charm of his work as a writer of short stories; for the transition from the short story to the long story, even by the practiced writer, is not always successfully made. The reading of "Red Rock" in its complete form happily removes all doubts about Mr. Page's ability to paint on a large canvas. The story has some of his best qualities; that is to say, those fundamental human qualities—humor, pathos, passion, and dramatic feeling—which must go to the making of all enduring fiction. It is a serious piece of work, seriously conceived and seriously executed, by a man who takes his art conscientiously, without, however, a touch of self-consciousness, save perhaps in the introduction—which might better have been omitted, for in it Mr. Page strikes a distinctly hollow note. It is in the manner of Thackeray, but there is just a trifle of assertion about it which jars the taste of those who know how sure Mr. Page's instinct usually is. The story deals with the tragical period in the history of Virginia which followed immediately upon the close of the war, and throws, for discerning readers, no small light on the present situation in North Carolina. It is a picture of a society in which power has been taken from the hands of the governing classes in the community and placed in the hands of those who have heretofore been slaves. It involves, therefore, an absolute destruction of an old order and the subversion of an old system. Northern readers will make here and there notes of protest as they read; but if they know anything at first hand of the situation with which Mr. Page is dealing, they will not deny his candor, and, on the whole, his dispassionateness. He sees the problem on many sides, and, although his feeling for one side is never concealed, he is too thorough an artist and too conscientious a man not to shade his picture and to give facts an essentially true perspective. In one or two instances one feels that the carpetbagger has been a trifle overdrawn; on the other hand, if one happens to have known some types of carpetbaggers with which the South is familiar, he will feel that it could not have been overdrawn. The story would have gained by reducing its proportions. This does not mean that it is diffuse; on the contrary, it is singularly compact. It errs on the side of presenting too much material; and it must be added that something of Mr. Page's charm of style seems to have been lost in this long story. But when one has finished it, he finds in his mind a living community of acting, breathing, and vital men and women; and that is saying that "Red Rock" is the work of a man of genuine artistic power. It is a contribution to our literature because it is real; because it deals with a very dramatic period in American history; because it introduces, not the sublimation of the psychological method, but the free play of elemental human motives and passions. (Scribner.)

The reader finds himself still in Virginia in Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope"—a delightful story of the early colonial period in the Old Dominion; a graphic picture of social conditions which have now utterly passed away. If this is a first story, it is very successful, and it gives promise of genuine worth in the future. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Arlo Bates's "The Puritans" brings the reader into an entirely different atmosphere—the end-of-the-century atmosphere in Boston, or rather in a certain set of Boston society; for it must not be supposed that all Boston is consumed by the devastation of fruitless intellectual curiosity. Mr. Bates has given us a study of one of the reactions from Puritanism; a study of genuine interest and of no small psychological value. As a work of art the novel cannot be regarded as perfectly successful; it does not convey the sense of reality which "Red Rock" gives the reader; but it is clever, ingenious, full of bright conversation, and distinctly entertaining. (Houghton. Mifflin & Co.)

Mr. Watts-Dunton has long been known as one of the best critical writers on the London "Athenæum," and as the intimate friend of many of the foremost men of letters and artists in England for the last twenty years. He lived with Rossetti, and he now lives with Swinburne. His story "Aylwin" betrays the atmosphere in which he has lived. It is far out of the range of the commercial age and spirit; it belongs almost in the realm of pure imagination; it will select its readers, but those who find it will be refreshed by contact with nature, by insight into human life, and by literary and artistic beauty of many kinds. It is an intensely dramatic story, with a very unusual and tragic motive, which happily works itself out without exacting the last penalty of tragedy. The story is not without defects of construction, but presents elements of the very highest interest and charm. It is a book to read and re-read: issued in a flood of books, but instantly finding a place of its own. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Mr. Gilbert Parker is always brilliant, though not always consistently brilliant. His latest story, "The Battle of the Strong," is not so well put together as "The Seats of the Mighty," but it has the same dash, and it is touched here and there with great beauty of imagination. The scene is laid at the close of the last century in the Island of Jersey and on the adjacent seas. It is essentially a story of adventure—the story of an exquisite young girl, secretly married to an ardent but volatile young English naval officer, who is captured and taken to France, and in a moment of sudden and overwhelming temptation forgets his wife. In the meantime the wife is bearing at home the reproach of motherhood without marriage. The novel is full of striking passages. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

In the first of the two short stories in "The Two Magics" Mr. Henry James deals with a motive which exactly fits his psychological method, and tells a ghost story of intense psychological interest with exquisite literary skill. One may dislike very much the material with which Mr. James deals in his story, but one cannot but enjoy the consummate artistic instinct which guided him through its delicate and subtle phases. It is a modern reading of the possession of living people by evil spirits. (Macmillan.) Mrs. Peattie's little volume, "The Shape of Fear," deals with ghostly visitors and the extra-human aspect of things in a much lighter spirit. These little sketches are very uneven, but they show in some instances very promising directness and simplicity of touch. (Macmillan.)

Of Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Stories of the Cherokee Hills," it need only be said that they are among the best pieces of work which he has given us. They are full of humor of the most natural and contagious kind; and stories which have this quality, springing out of the soil, cannot fail to refresh and delight. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

In "The Heart of Toil" Octave Thanet has found a fitting title for a number of those vigorously conceived and vigorously executed sketches of life, chiefly among the working people of the Central West, which she does with such insight and skill. For a certain vigor and honesty Miss French's stories belong with the best American short stories. (Scribner.)

No one who has followed the literary career of Dr. Weir Mitchell has failed to note that his work is as versatile in subject as it is excellent in execution. His new story, "The Adventures of François" (The Century Company), again illustrates this. It is a far step from the Quaker life of the time of our Revolution to the days of the Terror in Paris—not in time, but in people and motives. François, as the fascinating sub-title tells us, is in turn foundling, choir-boy, thief, juggler, fencing-master, conspirator, and finally servitor of a great family. Merely as a stirring story the novel is alive with interest, and the chief actor is a distinct creation, abounding in dry humor and imperturbable cheerfulness, with ready brain, active hand, and never-failing invention. He is a bit of a hero, too, in a homely way, and, scamp as he is, at the test holds his own in devotion and chivalry against French nobility. The strength of the novel lies largely in its bringing close to the imagination the Paris of the Revolution as it might have been seen from the lower side, as it were—seen by a man who was of the people and yet was politically indifferent, one who could view with equally cynical indifference the madness of the mob and the folly of the nobles. The story is as different from "Hugh Wynne" as a book by the same author could well be, yet is not an unworthy successor.

In "The Terror" (Appleton) an equally fascinating and perhaps more impressive and artistic presentation of the most passionately tragic period of French history is given. The English-reading world last year fully recognized its indebtedness to Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier for her thoroughly satisfactory translation from the Provençal of Félix Gras's "The Reds of the Midi." That book was beyond doubt one of the two or three best works in fiction of the year. The relation of events is carried on in "The Terror" with many of the same characters as in "The Reds of the Midi," and again the straightforward narration as of deeds done and things seen is wonderfully effective. Close historic study, a novel point of view, delightful literary quality, quite unusual skill in making characters act and talk simply and naturally, equal skill in interweaving the imaginative and the real, abundance of incident, and constant movement of the story—all these things are M. Gras's in an eminent degree.

Of Mr. Kipling's "The Day's Work" we have already and quite recently spoken. The stories included are of many kinds, and thus we get a many-sided view of the most popular living English writer of short stories. Granting all the faults which offend or irritate, it is certain that Mr. Kipling has here no story which has not the stamp of power and originality. (Doubleday & McClure.)

A new and racy type was brought into American fiction in the person of "David Harum." (Appleton.) The author, Edward Noyes Westcott, did not live to reap the success he had richly earned. He has done in a measure for the small-town life of central New York what others have done for New England, Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and other States and sections of the country. The story, as a story, is not particularly effective, but the reader would have been content if the novel had been only a monologue by David. Where else can we find such shrewd, quaint, long-headed, dryly humorous talk? David never bores one, always talks with a purpose and to the point, never preaches, never pretends to be on a high moral plane, but is always a son of the soil, open-minded, keen in a horse trade, but generous to friends and those who need help The character is a notable one, and the book one not to be left unread.

The late Harold Frederic left behind him, in "Gloria Mundi," a novel of unequal execution, far from dull—not a book to be read twenty years hence, but having single characters and episodes that are vivid and trenchant. If less powerful as a whole than "The Damnation of Theron Ware," it is also less unpleasant in its general impressions. Mr. Frederic has been called a pessimist, and it is true that here his unworthy characters stand out far more distinctly than those who are unselfish, and that the futility of idealism seems to be the message of the book. The coarseness and viciousness of a part of English so-called nobility he evidently takes keen delight in throwing into the lime-light, though he carefully abstains from indicating that his beastlike duke and besotted lords are types. There is clearly a sarcasm in his title. Mr. Frederic had defects that would never have allowed him to become a really great novelist, but he did honest work, never imitated, never clung to the commonplace, and always had something of his own worth saying. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

Mr. Neil Munro's "John Splendid" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is of special interest as a study of Highland character and history by a writer of Highland blood. It is poorly constructed as to plot, but there is great promise in the author's thoroughness and avoidance of sensationalism. His analysis of motive and character shows strength and thoughtfulness, and his style has something of the quality found in "Hugh Wynne."

Mr. Merriman's "Roden's Corner" (Harper) has a novel subject in the exploitation of philanthropy for the covert purpose of making millions by a corner. It will be widely read, and will add to the reputation already gained by this author's successful novels of the past two or three years.

BIOGRAPHY

What may be called the miscellaneous books of the season—books, that is, which are not readily put into a specific catalogue—cover a wide range and are very unequal in insight, originality, and literary quality. A first place among these books must be given to Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny," translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro. This volume, like its predecessor, "The Treasure of the Humble," is a chapter from the spiritual experience of a modern mystic; a book which must select its readers, and, when it finds them, will make a very deep impression upon them. It is an attempt to reconcile the outward happenings of life, over which man has no control, and which may be summed up in the word destiny, with that free, spontaneous, and inward life which finds its expression in wisdom. The secret of the book may perhaps be found in a single phrase: "Wisdom, perhaps, is only the sense of the Infinite applied to our moral life." The book is full of beautiful thoughts which the non-elect will find somewhat elusive, but which to the elect will seem like the shining of the true light which makes the world intelligible; a book of the deepest consolation, because essentially a book of reconciliation. "When we lose one we love, our bitterest tears are called forth by the memories of hours when we loved not enough. If we always had smiled on the one who is gone, there would be no despair in our grief; and some sweetness would cling to our tears, reminiscent of virtues and happiness." . . . "Sorrow is just, above all; and even as the cast stands ready awaiting the molten bronze, so is our whole life expectant of the hour of sorrow, for it is then we receive our wage." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

It gives one something of a shock to pass from the atmosphere of Maeterlinck's meditations to that which meets the reader on the very threshold of Jules Hoche's "The Real Bismarck"—an attempt to put into the hands of the reader the psychological key to the character of one of the most tempestuous, aggressive, and influential of modern men of executive genius. In Maeterlinck we are plunged into a world of thought; in the story of Bismarck we are plunged into a world of action; or, if not of action, of that intense energy of character which expresses itself in talk when it cannot express itself in deed—or, to be more accurate, which constantly overflows through both channels. The attempt to get at the moral quality in Bismarck gives this volume its special interest and importance. (R. F. Fenno & Co.) Mr. Sidney George Fisher's "The True Benjamin Franklin" is a book of somewhat similar purpose, dealing with an American who must be placed, in any classification, among the half-dozen foremost men this country has yet produced; for Franklin's life was singularly representative of the freedom, the largeness of opportunity, the unconventionality, and the individual energy of the New World. It was not a well-balanced life, although in many ways it was an extremely rational one; breadth of interest and fruitfulness rather than elevation or dignity were its characteristics. It was a very faulty life, but it was also an immensely useful one. It is better to know Franklin as he was than to cherish a false image of him. Mr. Fisher has endeavored with perfect frankness to tell the story of the life of this extraordinary personality, who was at once a man of science, a man of affairs, a statesman, a printer, a philosopher, and a writer of great skill and ability. (Lippincott.)

Another chapter in American biography which is worth more than passing attention is Mr. Hamlin Garland's "The Life of General Grant," some of the chapters of which have appeared in the pages of "McClure's Magazine." This is a plain, homely, straightforward account of another representative American character and career; a successful endeavor to tell the story at first hand, to fill in the background of actual conditions, and to let the man stand forth in his strength and his faults without any attempt to heighten the one or to soften the other. It need hardly be said that the final result on the reader's mind is one of heroic patience and a certain grand simplicity which almost conceals defects of judgment. (Doubleday & McClure.)

In the judgment of foreign critics, "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War" is in many respects the most important contribution yet made to the history of the great struggle of thirty-five years ago; a book of genuine insight, comprehensiveness, and military judgment; a piece of adequate and authoritative writing. Stonewall Jackson was one of the heroes of the Civil War; mistaken as to his course, but conscientious in the very highest degree; a man of the purest and noblest character, with a touch of genius, the elements of whose nature contributed a large amount of substantial truth to the process of idealization which was begun when he fell. (Longmans.)

The reader is hardly aware of a change of atmosphere in passing from the life of Stonewall Jackson to the "Scientific Memoirs of Professor Huxley;" for Huxley was a born fighter—one who loved the fray for its own sake, and who was marvelously well equipped for successful battle. His Scientific Memoirs, when completed, will record not only the progress of modern science during one of its most fruitful periods at the hands of one of its most practical and fruitful disciples, but also the struggles of modern science against preconceived notions, the traditions of scholarship, of philosophy, of ecclesiasticism and theology—not, it must be remembered, the traditions of religion. Professor Huxley often thought that he was contending with religion, when, as a matter of fact, he was contending with systems of theology, which is a very different matter. (Appleton.)

HISTORY

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation" is a contribution to current history which has immediate interest for all English and American readers. It is a chapter in the new development of the Far East; and in that story of expansion in which nearly all the Great Powers play their part, Mr. Colquhoun writes from the standpoint of an ardent Englishman. But he has gathered his facts with so much intelligence, and they sweep so extensive a territory, that his book must not be classed with those hurried journalistic treatments of situations and conditions which any crisis in political or diplomatic affairs brings to the surface. It is a book for all those who wish to keep themselves informed of the larger movements of their time. (Harper.) In the same class, although a book of more effectiveness and brilliancy of style, must be placed Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "The Control of the Tropics," the substance of which was contained in an article contributed by Mr. Kidd to the columns of The Outlook early in the present season. Mr. Kidd is a thorough believer in the development of the tropical countries under the direction and control of the peoples in the temperate zone. (Macmillan.) Dean Worcester's "The Philippine Islands" is the most elaborate and comprehensive work of the kind which has yet appeared; a substantial volume, summing up in an orderly way the results of a thorough study of the Philippines, their geography, topography, and their moral, physical, and commercial characteristics and possibilities. From one point of view it is a tract for the times; from another point of view it belongs with the most serious literature of foreign observation and study. (Macmillan.)

Miss Grace King's "De Soto and His Men in Florida" is a characteristically strong piece of work, well constructed, full of the dramatic spirit, and breathing the very atmosphere of adventure and heroism. Miss King knows the Spanish origins well and lovingly; she is in touch with the old Spanish quality of daring, audacity, and love of achievement; she knows the spirit of Spain at its moment of greatest exaltation, and that spirit she has transferred out of the old chronicles into this modern narrative, which is all movement, vivacity, and life, with the reality of history behind it and with the deep human interest of a chapter from the book of life, evoked by the skill and the insight of a thorough artist. Miss King's book will be read for its intrinsic interest. It ought to be in the hands of every young American, for it is one of the books which has something to teach American boys and girls, not only of the early history of their own country but also the quality of life which went into the exploration and colonization of the continent. It covers but a single episode in that early history, but the episode presents in miniature the great qualities which made the subjugation of the continent possible. (Macmillan.) Colonel Higginson's "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic" carry the reader behind history into that dreamland of mythology and legend in which the spirit of the race reveals so clearly its hopes, its fears, and its dreams of possible achievement. Colonel Higginson had a rich field, and has taken some charming material from it. (Macmillan.) A local historical study of special interest to New Yorkers is Mrs. J. K. Van Rensselaer's "The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta," a study of what might be called the mothers of New York—the women of the earliest colonial time, whose descendants have become eminent in the social and political history of Manhattan Island. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has gone to the homes of the early Dutch colonists for the sources of their later history, and, by disclosing the qualities of the women in those homes, has made us understand the characteristics of the metropolis from the earliest to the latest day. Her book is a delightful foot-note to the more elaborate histories of the country. (Scribner.)

Mr. Cy Warman's "The Story of the Railroad," the latest addition to the "Story of the West" series, so successfully edited by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, follows in point of time "The Story of the Cowboy," and describes the building of the first transcontinental lines of traffic across the Far West The story has all the interest of a romance, so full of adventure, daring, and sheer human pluck is it; so full also of inventive genius. It is a book which shows how commercial enterprises are in their very nature moral enterprises as well, as involving for their success the higher possibilities of character.

(Appleton.) Readers of "Scribner's Magazine" have followed for months past Senator Lodge's "The Story of the Revolution," which now appears in two substantial volumes, and will undoubtedly be recognized as one of the best popular accounts of the Revolutionary period which has yet appeared. Mr. Lodge is an ardent patriot, whose patriotism has sometimes taken on an aggressive tone not without a touch of provincialism, but this quality does not detract in the least from his work, which will receive fuller attention. (Scribner.)

"The Great Salt Lake Trail," by Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), not only preserves the famous Indian scout's recollections of life and adventure along the route of the Mormon exodus, but tells again in a fresh and truth-loving way some of the most interesting chapters in the history of the marvelous colony in the desert. As compared with most writers on Mormonism the authors' attitude is distinctly sympathetic, and they speak of the blossoming of the wilderness under the efforts of the Mormons as "the product of a faith equal to that which inspired the Crusader to battle to the death for the possession of the Holy Sepulcher." But this sympathetic attitude has perhaps brought the authors nearer to the truth about the Mormons than if a hostile bias had kept them from getting at the better part of the colony. The book, however, is not a book about the Mormons, but a book about border life and frontier enterprise. Colonel Cody's stories of this rapidly disappearing phase of our civilization are told with evident faithfulness and a good deal of spirit. The book is well illustrated, and will be valued by all who care for the picturesque period it depicts. (Macmillan.)

EDUCATION AND DRAMA

President Eliot's volume of essays entitled "Educational Reforms," recently reviewed at length in these columns, and President Gilman's "University Problems in the United States" (Century), represent the ripe experience and professional study of two of the foremost educators which this country has produced; both are important contributions to the literature of education and to the discussion of what is perhaps the most important question now before the American people—the constitution of its educational system and the spirit of its educational life.

That brilliant play "Cyrano de Bergerac" has now appeared in three separate translations, of none of which it can be said that it perfectly catches the accent and reproduces the quality of the original, because the original is essentially untranslatable; and yet in the case of none of these translations is there any serious misreading of the spirit and vivacity of the play, its wit and poetry. The Doubleday & McClure Company announce that they are paying the author a royalty upon the sales of their translation. The latest translation is that which comes from the hand of Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury, and is the one used by Mr. Mansfield in his striking and interesting interpretation of "Cyrano." (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

POETRY

No reader who cares for light humor will fail to read Mr. Oliver Herford's "The Bashful Earthquake, and Other Fables and Verses"—a taking book of easy and comfortable rhymes, of somewhat uneven merit, as all humorous rhymes must be, but, on the whole, very successful. Mr. Herford is a born wit, whose *bon mots* are the delight of the New York clubs, and are to be found floating about detached from their author in all parts of the country. (Scribner.)

The season has been singularly unfertile in volumes of verse, and the few which have appeared have not been significant. Exception must be made, however, to the volumes by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, already noticed in these columns, and to the new volume by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder with the title "In Palestine, and Other Poems"—a small and characteristic collection of the thoughtful, refined, and ardent verse of one of the most sincere, aspiring, and conscientious of contemporary American poets. (The Century Company.)

RELIGION

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle" substantially reproduces, with some extensions, the series of chapters which appeared in The Outlook last year. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Professor William James's lecture on "Human Immortality" is very compact both in size and thinking. It is an eminently suggestive discussion of the question whether the function of the brain in its relation to the creation of thought is one of production or of transmission. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mr. Granville Ross Pike's book, "The Divine Drama," is an institute of theology, written from the standpoint of the evolutionary view of the cosmos and the human world, to show them as proceeding from and related to the activity of the indwelling Deity who therein reveals himself. It has strongly reminded us of the late Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God," and equally with that, though with strongly marked differences, deserves attention as showing the trend and reach of a conservatively liberal theology. In its form it is somewhat original, and in its scope it is, as we have said, an institute of social theology. We should not quickly dissent from any one who called it the best theological work of the year. (Macmillan.)

LITERARY STUDIES

Students of literature will find among the publications of the season a number of books of considerable importance. It cannot be said that any of them may be called epoch-making. They are books of scholarship and of intelligence rather than books of creative force; but they reveal that kind of culture which comes from a generous acquaintance with the best literature, and which becomes itself provocative of the best literature by extending the appreciation of it. Mr. Austin Dobson's "Miscellanies" is written in that charming, somewhat old-fashioned style to which he has accustomed his readers—old-fashioned, that is, in the sense of being leisurely, digressive, and devoted rather to manners and form than to problems and questions. Mr. Dobson knows his eighteenth-century literature. He is on intimate terms with the great figures of that literature; and if they were not great as creative artists, they were great as personalities. Mr. Dobson has recalled the gifted and picturesque personages of the last century in a long series of papers characterized by exact knowledge, thorough sympathy with the spirit of the time, and a graceful, easy, cultivated style. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Lowell and His Friends," so familiar to the readers of The Outlook that it needs but a passing reference here, will take its place with that growing literature which is the aftermath of the earliest and most extensive literary movement which has yet taken place in this country. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Dr. Mellen Chamberlain's "John Adams and Other Essays" contains some admirable characterization and some very interesting and suggestive comments on earlier movements in our history. Dr. Chamberlain brings out with special clearness the large part which was played in the Revolutionary movement by the opposition to English ecclesiasticism, not only in Puritan New England, but in cavalier Virginia. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Leon Vincent's "Bibliotaph and Other People" has a delightfully companionable quality. Mr. Vincent is widely known as a successful lecturer on literary topics; is accustomed, in other words, to share his information with people at large and to take people at large into his confidence. This attitude of mind, easy of approach and hospitable of spirit, comes out in these essays, which are very pleasantly informal, genial, and conversational. They have a bookish flavor, but no trace of pedantry. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co)

Mr. John J. Chapman, in his "Causes and Consequences," takes us into an entirely different field. The exceeding frankness of Mr. Chapman came out in his discussion of Emerson, of which Mr. James has said that it is one of the most thorough and intelligent endeavors to analyze the spirit and work of Emerson yet made in this country. In his latest volume Mr. Chapman ranges over a wide field. He talks about politics, democracy, and education in the freest and frankest possible style. He sees the vices which stand out so prominently in the present political condition of the country quite as clearly as the pessimists of the New York "Evening Post," but he also looks beneath and behind them. He does not believe that they are permanent; he believes they are due to the temporary distortion of human nature in this country by the excess of the commercial spirit. Mr. Chapman is not a sedative writer; he is a provocative one; he stimulates rather than leads thought. His insight is not always true, but it is often exceedingly keen, and his work shows unusual quality of force. (Scribner.) The delightful writer who has been contributing to the columns of the New York "Evening Post" a series of discursive chapters on Men, Manners, and Things has collected them in book form and issued them under the attractive title "Worldly Ways and By-Ways." Elliot Gregory has evidently traveled widely and observed keenly. In the rush of contemporary life, and under the pressure of contemporary problems of all kinds, it is pleasant to come upon a book which invites one to sit by the fire and meditate. These essays are worldly in a good sense; that is to say, they show first-hand knowledge of men, manners, and places. (Scribner.) Mr. Mabie's "Work and Culture" is an attempt to analyze the qualities which go to the making of successful work, and to bring out its spiritual significance. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A book which no student of literature will pass by is the delightful volume made up largely from the correspondence of Petrarch with his friends, edited by Professor Robinson, of Columbia University, with the collaboration of Professor H. W. Rolfe, which puts into the hands of the English-reading student, almost for the first time, material for an adequate impression and judgment of Petrarch. Everybody knows the lover of Laura and the writer of the sonnets, but the first modern scholar—the leader of the Renaissance—is not so well known. The book is distinctly one of the most important contributions to the study of literature which the season has given us. (Putnam.)

Miss Vida D. Scudder has already made a very interesting study of English poetry as illustrative of the life of the spirit in the English race; she now takes her readers a second time into the field of English literature for the purpose of bringing into clear light "Social Ideals in English Letters." Her survey begins with William Langland, touches upon Sir Thomas More, the modern novelists, the doctrine of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold, and has a word to say about social ideals as they are revealed in contemporary English literature. The volume will receive fuller treatment. It is mentioned here in passing as one of the serious books of the season, which, if they succeed in fulfilling the purpose of the author, are likely to be read for many seasons; a book which, while dealing with the material of literature and written in the literary spirit, is an attempt to translate the significance of the literary art in terms of human experience. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly has succeeded in making a compendious "History of Spanish Literature" which has the rare quality of being thoroughly interesting. Single-volume histories of great literatures are of necessity so condensed that the life is in danger of being expelled from them; they get the encyclopædic quality. The author of this history has done his work with remarkable accuracy; he has also done it with very uncommon breadth and freshness. It has been possible to point out (as a few critics have done) verbal errors, but the book has been received with expressions of delight on the part of those who know what difficulties lie in the way of such a survey of centuries, schools, and almost of languages. The story has at this time a special timeliness; and Americans, who are apt to forget the greatness of Spain in her modern inefficiency, would do well to re-read the story of the supreme value of her literature. (Appleton.)

M. Brunetière's "Manual of French Literature" is so far above the usual History of Literature that it may be said to hold a place by itself. One must put it beside the works of Ten Brink and Taine as constituting an original group of first-hand and successful attempts to interpret literature in its relation to the spiritual development of the race. M. Brunetière's book is intensely interesting to any one who cares to read in a literature the development of the human soul, and who is eager to find in art the play of spiritual energy. The whole subject is treated with a comprehensiveness, intelligence, and grasp which make one long to have the same treatment of English literature. The volume is really a contribution to modern thought. (Crowell.)

Of Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Literature" these things cannot be said, but the book has distinct value. It is the work of one of the best-equipped literary scholars of the day—a man who knows his English literature from Beowulf to Austin Dobson intimately, who has written about many of its periods and aspects, and who brings to his latest work a great experience as well as great knowledge. The book has obvious defects; it also has obvious excellencies, and among these excellencies is that of being interesting. Professor Saintsbury does not write good English prose, and yet he is never dull, and one feels, moreover, that he is never an echo. He always knows what he thinks and says what he thinks. (Macmillan.)

To these foreign literary studies must be added an American book—Professor Lawton's "New England Poets"—a bright, keen, intelligent piece of literary characterization and criticism, dealing with a movement already thoroughly studied and intimately known, and yet not clearly understood even now in its significance as an expression of the spiritual life of the country. Professor Lawton has the invaluable qualifications of New England birth and education for the doing of this work. He also has the New England mind—its alertness, keenness, quickness, and natural intelligence. His book is, in the main, an appreciation, but not in any sense an imitative or slavish one. (Macmillan.) Another volume of literary study from an American source is Professor Lorenzo Sears's "Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism"—a suggestive and interesting book, prepared from a pedagogical rather than a literary point of view, but not without value for general readers. (Putnam.)

Lovers of literature for its own sake, and of Charles Lamb, in particular, for his own sake, will welcome "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," a series of newly discovered letters of Lamb, Coleridge, the Lloyds, and others, edited by E. V. Lucas. These letters were discovered four years ago in a mass of correspondence relating to the family of a well-known philanthropist and banker of Birmingham, Mr. Charles Lloyd. With that correspondence were discovered upwards of twenty-five unpublished letters of Lamb, together with letters of Coleridge, Southey, and different members of the Lloyd family. The book is, therefore, an important contribution to the Lamb literature, and will receive further attention. (Lippincott.)

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

The most notable feature about the illustrated books of the season is their quantity. Apparently the publishers have had several in preparation for many months, waiting perhaps for "piping times of peace." One has but to look at the "Gift Books" and "Annuals" of fifty years ago, with their "embellishments," to note, not only the great difference between then and now, but the enormous strides the art of illustrating has made. Formerly a race of book illustrators were working in conjunction with the engravers to produce vignettes that would catch the eye and tickle the fancy of our forefathers. The decay of steel-engraving and the revival of wood-engraving brought about a complete change in style as well as workmanship; the greatest change, however, was wrought by the introduction of various processes of reproduction. Photogravures, photo-etching, half-tones, electrotyping, etc., have supplanted wood and steel engraving, and even etching has had to take a back seat. Formerly the artist drew upon the wood block, and the engraver interpreted his lines exactly. Then came photography, and at once everybody could illustrate, while the engraver became an artist also. Both the man whose canvas was as large as the side of a house, and the pen-and-ink draughtsman whose drawings were no larger than the block to be engraved, could illustrate.

The books of the season may be divided into two classes—those illustrated from new and original designs, and those illustrated by reproducing notable paintings or photographing landscapes and buildings. In the former class five books call for especial attention: Wallace's "Fair God" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mabie's "In the Forest of Arden" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Van Dyke's "The Lost Word" (Scribner), Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Allen's "The Choir Invisible" (Macmillan). In the latter class Armstrong's "Gainsborough" (Scribner) and Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis" (Macmillan) hold a first place. Who could write better of Rome than Mr. Crawford? What more appropriate way of illustrating than by artistic reproductions of the buildings and the many points of historic interest in the Eternal City?

Dr. van Dyke's "The Lost Word" contains only four photogravures from original drawings by C. K. Linson, but they are poetic in conception, full of action, and most sympathetic as illustrations. One can hardly imagine more perfect harmony between story, illustration, and artistic book-making than this presents.

Long ago Mr. Low captivated the public by his drawings illustrating Keats's "Lamia" and "Odes and Sonnets." Of late he seems to devote his attention more to mural decorations than to the embellishment of books. His designs to Mr. Mabie's "In the Forest of Arden" (Dodd, Mead & Co) show him to be essentially an illustrator of the first rank telling a story, at the same time that he pleases the eye and stirs the imagination. Besides the full-page drawings, this book has a very effective cover design and contains illuminated borders printed in sepia, with head and tail pieces in the same color—the combination producing a most pleasing effect, and reminding one of some mediæval missal.

Walter Armstrong's sumptuous work on "Gainsborough" is the most conspicuous book of the season. It is the largest and most profusely illustrated. It belongs to a class of books of which the "Rembrandt" and "Correggio" issued by the same firm were striking examples. Photogravures of the finest quality are used to interpret the originals. Such well-known pictures as "The Blue Boy" and "Mrs. Siddons" are here given more satisfactorily than any of the many reproductions one is accustomed to see. Beauty of text, width of margin, and purity of paper make one dissatisfied with most other books.

The quality that strikes one in looking at the illustrations by the Misses Cowles to the new edition of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" is truth of interpretation, and a further study does not change one's first impression. Rarely have artist and author understood each other better. As Hawthorne cannot come back to life and thank these artists for their faithful interpretation of his story, we must do so—and renew with added joy our acquaintance with this classic work of fiction, henceforth to be read with these embellishments. Is it fair to say that these artists have been greatly influenced by Boutet de Monvel?

Lew Wallace's "The Fair God" is a tale of the Conquest of Mexico, and Eric Pape was exactly the man to illustrate it. A vivid imagination, not trammeled by the fixed traditions of art, was needed to interpret this dramatic story. The illustration facing page 94 is suggestive of Gérôme's style. One can almost read the story by looking at the illustrations—a high compliment to pay to an illustrator. While the initial letters in red are highly decorative and artistic, one doubts the wisdom of printing the reproductions in so many different colors.

To illustrate some books is like painting the lily. James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible" is one of these. The announcement that it was to be illustrated caused fear and trembling; but no one could depict the scenes and characters in this exquisite story with more sympathy and insight than Mr. Orson Lowell, who has come to be regarded as one of our rising young illustrators.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have been reissuing Irving's best-known books in a sumptuous two-volume form, with photogravures and highly decorative borders. This season they have brought out "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville" in a new dress, and have reminded us once more that Irving is not only our earliest but still one of our most delightful writers. These illustrations are a mixture of photogravures with some very old steel plates and reproductions of drawings designed for the book. We confess a dislike to the mixture.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle is a delver into old records and journals. She has made a pleasing book of "Home Life in Colonial Days" (Macmillan), while the camera has been of indispensable assistance in reproducing many objects of real historic and authentic value to illustrate it. To the numerous students of their ancestors we commend this book, because the pictures are of real objects, and not the imagination of illustrators, more or less artistic.

Some twenty years ago the late Frederick Barnard, of London, illustrated a sumptuous edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in a most satisfactory manner; since then various others have appeared, notably the one with etchings by W. Strang. The three brothers, George W., Frederick, and Louis Rhead, have just made one hundred and twenty designs for this old favorite, and the Century Company have issued it in a sumptuous quarto, with elaborately decorated borders. One of the remarkable drawings is "The Jury," facing page 108. The pictures deserve close and careful study, and the book is finely informed with the spirit of Bunyan's age in art and method, as well as with the spirit of his purpose in writing his immortal allegory.

A new edition of the well-known work on "The Cathedrals of England," written by Dean Farrar and others, has been brought out by Thomas Whittaker in a large two-volume form. It contains the fine pen-and-ink work in illustration by Railton, Whymper, and other artists, and as a whole is a work of authority on the subject, as well as a collection of readable articles.

The ever-delightful "Cranford," the enjoyment of which is one of the wholesome signs of the times, appears this year in another still more captivating form, with quaint and beguiling old-time illustrations in color and effective title-page—a form for this delightful classic which suggests its leisurely refinement and remoteness from the vulgarities of life. (Macmillan.)

Many other books deserve more than passing mention, but they may be classed by themselves as being fully illustrated without any striking characteristics from the artistic standpoint. Marion Harland's "Where Ghosts Walk" (Putnam) is pleasingly full of half-tones, and Miss Cary's "Tennyson: His Homes, His Haunts, and His Friends" (Putnam) brings the Laureate's personality very near to us.

The Religious World

Dr. Abbott's Resignation

At the close of the sermon preached on Sunday morning last at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the pastor, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, read the following letter:

"When, eleven years ago, I was asked to supply the pulpit of Plymouth Church, it was frankly given as one reason for the selection that my duties as editor of The Christian Union would absolutely prevent me from being regarded as a candidate for the pastorate; and when, four months later, I was asked to accept the title and office of Acting Pastor, it was only that the church might be properly represented in Church Councils and similar ecclesiastical gatherings. It was not until the close of the season, May, 1888, that it was deemed possible by either the church or myself that I could fulfill the duties of the pastorate while continuing to fulfill those of editor; nor did I accept your invitation until the proposition had been submitted to my editorial associates and its acceptance had received their cordial approbation. During the ten years which have elapsed since the final call was extended to me and I entered upon the pastorate of this church, it would have been impossible for me to fulfill the duties which the two offices involve but for the great consideration exercised by my co-workers in both the church and the newspaper. You have not demanded pastoral calling; you have provided efficient and untiring assistants in the administrative work of the church; you have co-operated heartily in that work, supporting it generously by your contributions and your services; you have given open-minded consideration to every plan proposed involving departure from former methods; you have accorded me long periods of summer rest; you have loyally sustained my liberty of utterance whether you have agreed with the utterances or not; and many of you have come considerable distances, at no little sacrifice of convenience, in order to support the church in its regular services by your attendance. My associates in The Outlook have shown equal consideration by relieving me of all office detail.

"Nevertheless, if not the work, certainly the responsibility in both fields has sensibly increased. The activities of Plymouth Church have grown somewhat greater and materially more complex. There are great advantages in preaching in a pulpit to which past history has given a National character; but he who occupies such a pulpit cannot escape the obligations involved in the fact that his utterances are always liable to be reported far and wide, and taken as an expression, not only of the church, but of that unorganized party of progress with which this church has always been associated. The obligations involved in the editorial office have increased even more. The growing difficulty and complexity of the problems of our time—industrial, political, ethical, and spiritual—the changed character of the paper, changed to adapt its ministry to the larger life, and its increasing constituency, have all combined to add to the responsibilities involved in the duty of directing the utterances and controlling the policy of such a journal in such a time as ours. To add the further duty of supervising the spiritual industry of a church which, with its two branches, is scarcely less than three churches, and the preaching, in this age of singularly commingled spiritual doubt and spiritual activity, to such a congregation as gathers here every Sabbath day, and to the wider congregation which listens to the echoes of this pulpit, is—to this conclusion I have been very reluctantly forced—more than my strength is any longer equal to. It is not that your demands or those of my editorial associates are excessive. You have both asked less than you had a right to ask—the one of its senior pastor, the other of its editor-in-chief. It is with the demands of my own conscience I must reckon. I have endeavored to avoid the inevitable conclusion, or at least to delay it, by abandoning other work and by laying on my associates in these two fields of Christian activity all responsibilities which do not necessarily inhere in the office of chosen leader. I have withdrawn from the lecture field, refused all invitations to sit on boards and committees of philanthropic and Christian societies, and have discontinued literary work to which I had pledged myself; and my occasional absences have been rather a relief from the strain of a too continuous work than an addition to it. Perhaps—so reluctant am I to sever my pastoral connection with Plymouth Church—I should still have hesitated and delayed had not a warning been given me this fall which scarcely needed the doctor's interpretation. He tells me frankly that I am using up vital energies faster than nature supplies them; he imperatively declares that I must prepare to discontinue the attempt, though made with all possible reserve and every aid, to fulfill the duties of two such offices, either one of which would be quite sufficient to tax my fullest and best energies; and he leaves me no option but to withdraw from the pastoral work and devote myself to the equally responsible but quieter work of the pen. I have, therefore, no choice but to resign into your hands the office with which for these ten years you have honored me. It is hardly necessary to say that it is my earnest desire that the result should be the least immediate injury and the greatest ultimate benefit to the church I love. It is not necessary that my work with the church should immediately cease, though it will not be possible for me to continue it beyond the present season. Within that limit I leave to the officers of the church, or to such special committee as the church may appoint, to determine the time when this resignation shall take effect.

"I can never resume the labors of a pastorate; but I hope, in occasional ministries, to carry the Gospel of God's love in Jesus Christ our Lord to other congregations who perhaps need it more than you because it is less familiar to them. Even inspired by this hope, the decision to retire from Plymouth pulpit would be for me very difficult were it not that duty is never difficult when it is clear; and this duty is very clear. But, though not difficult, it is as painful to me as I believe it will be to you.

"I love Plymouth Church. Here, forty years ago, I first learned that God is love, not merely law; here first received the illumination which comes from the recognition of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; here received the inspiration which renewed my earlier desire to enter the Christian ministry. When, eleven years ago, I came back here, it was as a man comes back to the home of his boyhood. No other church ever was or ever can be to me what Plymouth Church is and has been. In my preaching of the Gospel of faith and hope and love I have but interpreted in words the spirit which ever abides within these walls. If I have ministered to you, much more have you ministered to me. Your faith has clarified mine; your hope encouraged mine; your love has inspired me in loving. With far better reason than Paul had in writing to the Romans, 'I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world;' often shall I 'long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift; . . . that is, that I may be comforted by the mutual faith both of you and of me.' 'My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.'"

It may be added that, while Dr. Abbott's intention to resign was known beforehand only to the officers, and came as a great surprise to the congregation, the church has manifested, with its deep regret, a sympathetic acquiescence in Dr. Abbott's judgment as to the necessity of the resignation. A committee has been appointed by the church to determine the date when the resignation shall take effect. Until that date is determined, Dr. Abbott will continue his pastoral duties as usual.

The Baptist Congress

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Baptist Congress was held in Buffalo, November 15–17. The attendance was not encouraging. The people of Buffalo were either ignorant of what the Congress stands for or not interested in the subjects. But the papers and addresses are said to have been of an unusually high order. Among the subjects discussed were "Man's Fall and Redemption in the Light of Evolution." Those who took part in this discussion were, Drs. A. H. Strong, George Dana Boardman, H. H. Peabody, and L. C. Barnes. We quote as follows: "All seemed to feel that the doctrines of the Fall and Redemption became more luminous and received added emphasis from the philosophy of evolution. Dr. Strong said that the will of God is the only real force in nature. The Fall was the revolt of man from the will of God. Redemption necessitates the surrender of the life of Jesus for the life of the race. Since pain is the consequence of sin and Christ is the life of the race, He must suffer." Dr. Boardman said that "evolution is the unveiling of God's plan;" "I am proud to be an evolutionist;" "The story of the Fall is a divine parable." This is only a sample of the kind of work which was done at the Congress. The great questions of current thought were at the front, and seem to have been fearlessly and ably discussed. Another sample subject was, "How far can the truths of Christianity be stated in terms of naturalism?"

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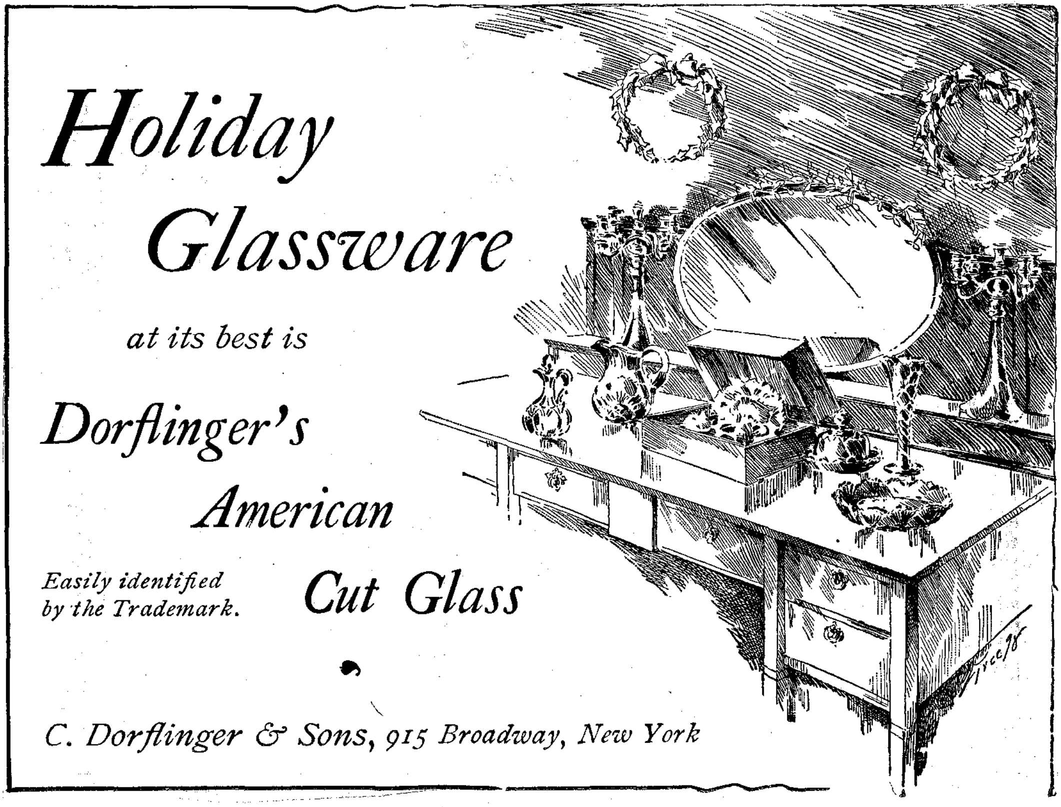

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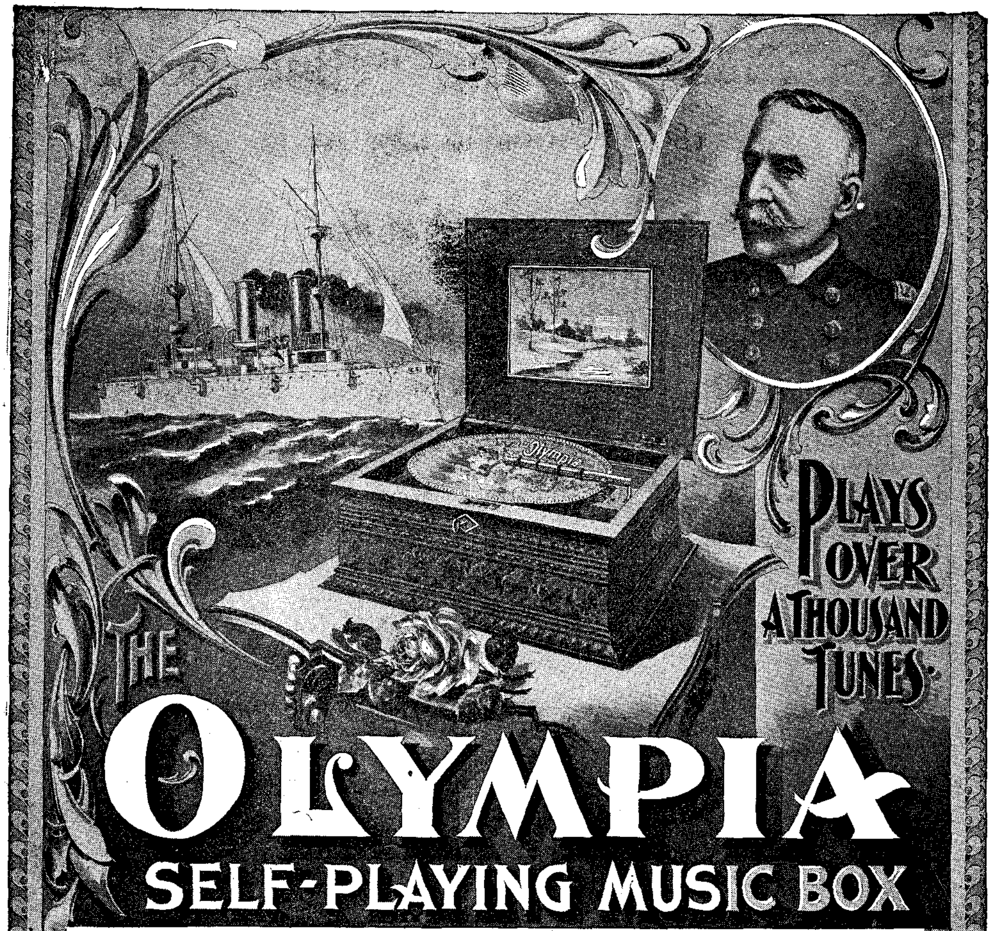

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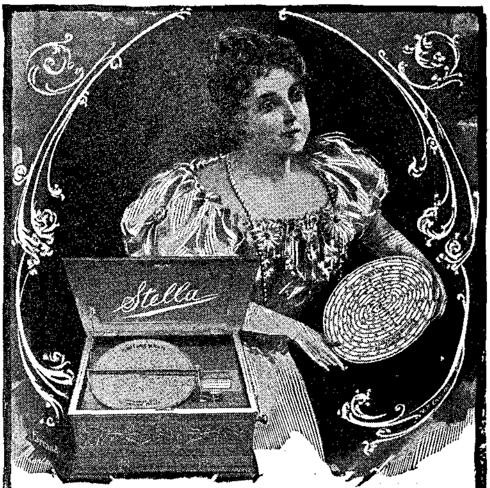

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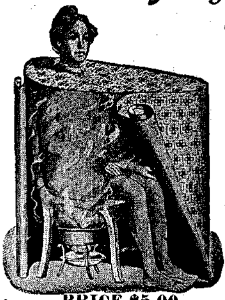

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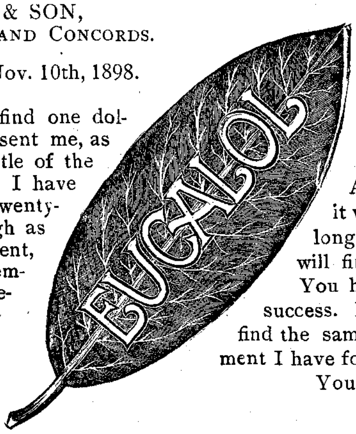

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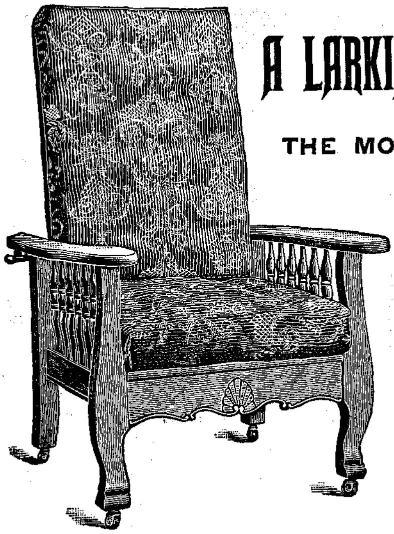

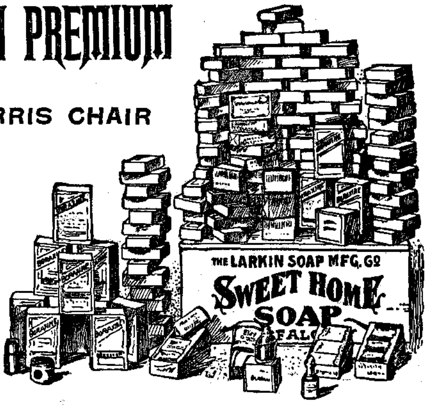
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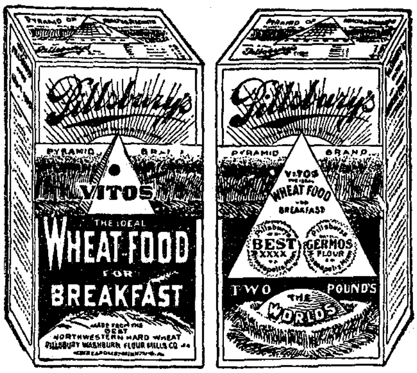
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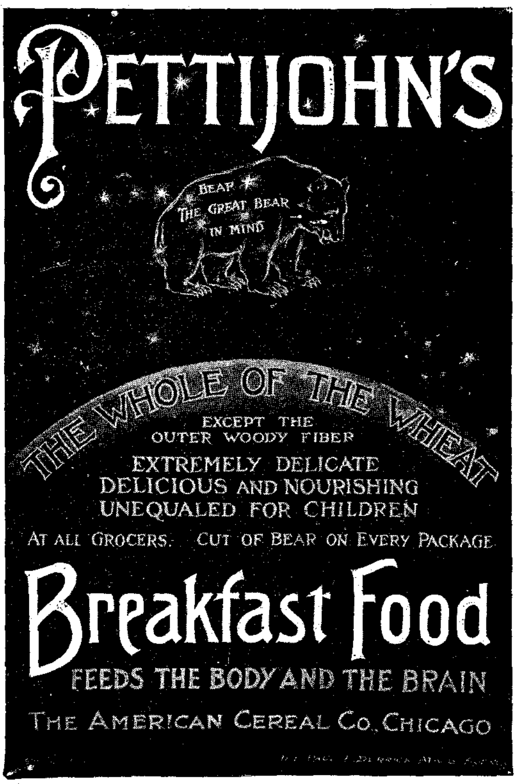
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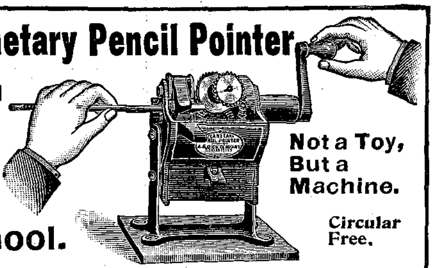
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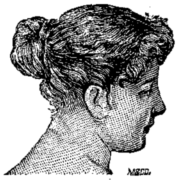

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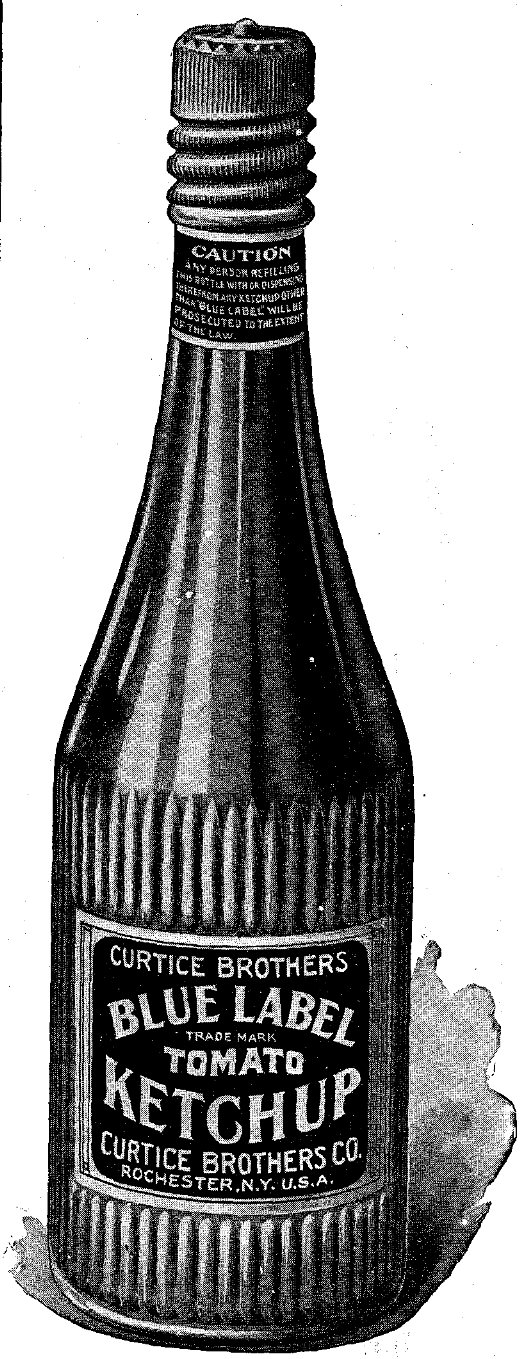
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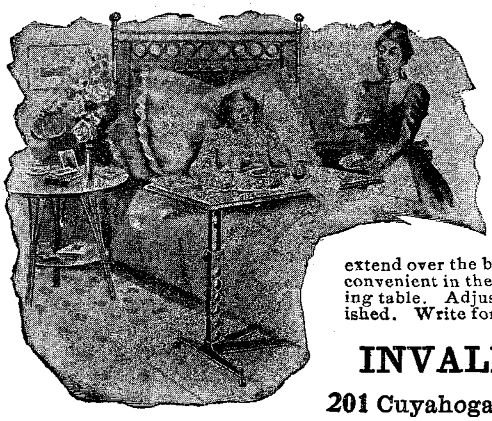

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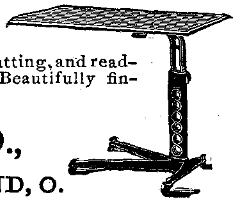

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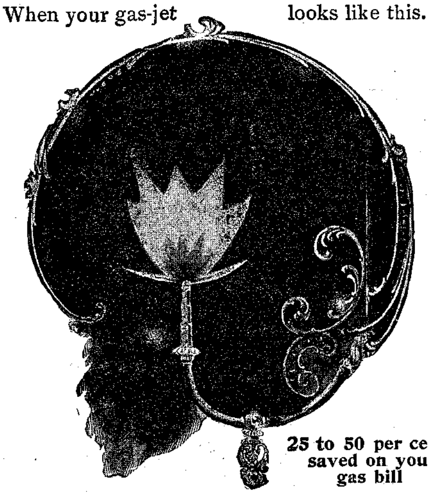

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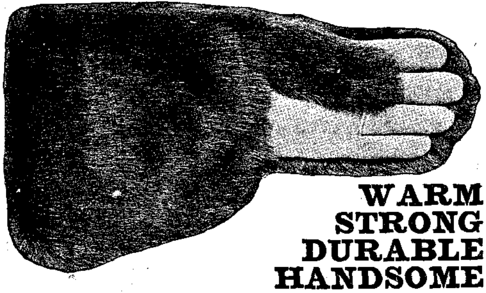

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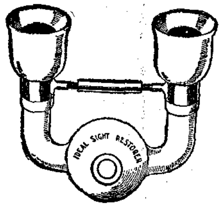

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